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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Wednesday-night curtain time at all theatres is now 7:30. . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE BEST MAN—A nimble journalistic piece of work, in which Gore Vidal, the author, takes us behind the scenes at a rowdy and imaginary Presidential convention. The leading candidates—one principled, the other unprincipled—are Melvyn Douglas and Frank Lovejoy, in that order. Lee Tracy is splendid as a venerable ex-President, straight from the cracker barrel. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A THURBER CARNIVAL—This happy Thurberian anthology now even features the Master as an active participant onstage. Paul Ford lends a jovial helping hand, and Burgess Meredith directed. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TOYS IN THE ATTIC—Maybe Lillian Hellman's story of the disintegration of a New Orleans family beset by sex, money, and foolish fantasies isn't very consistent in its dramatic development, but there can be no doubt that it is the work of a playwright born. Among the actors are Maureen Stapleton, Jason Robards, Jr., Anne Revere, Irene Worth, and Rochelle Oliver. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE WORLD OF CARL SANDBURG—Readings from the Middle West's most famous prosodist. The elocution lesson is provided by Bette Davis, Leif Erickson, and Clark Allen (who also plays a guitar off and on). Only occasionally interesting. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—FIVE FINGER EXERCISE: Roland Culver, Jessica Tandy, and Michael Bryant in a drama about the way things are in a neurosis-ridden English country house. Peter Shaffer wrote it. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 1.) . . . **THE MIRACLE WORKER**: The story of Helen Keller, who, through the good offices of an Irish girl named Annie Sullivan, overcame the handicap of being blind, deaf, and mute. Patty Duke and Anne Bancroft play Miss Keller and Miss Sullivan, and William Gibson is the author. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE TENTH MAN**: Paddy Chayefsky wrote this parable about a Jewish girl possessed by a demon. With Donald Harron, Jacob Ben-Ami, George Voskovec, and Lou Jacobi. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Friday, Sept. 30, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 24-25, at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

THE HOSTAGE—Brendan Behan's play, imported from London, with Avis Bunnage and Alfred Lynch. Directed by Joan Littlewood and presented by Leonard S. Field and Caroline Burke Swann, by arrangement with Donald Albery and Oscar Lewenstein, Ltd. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

BYE BYE BIRDIE—An unpretentious, barely resistible musical that Gower Champion has directed from a score by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams, and a book by Michael Stewart. Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	1

are the stars, and the subject is the teen-age phenomenon at its most joyous. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

VINTAGE '60—A topical revue, so it is alleged, that was driven here by a fitful breeze from Hollywood. It has a large and energetic cast, which makes no progress whatever against material that may have been derived from leftovers of television shows. (Brooks Atkinson Theatre, formerly the Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—FIORILLO!: The early career of the little mayor with the big hat, set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley, a dead ringer for the eponymous floweret, is helped by Pat Stanley and Howard Da Silva. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **GYPSY**: Ethel Merman plays the domineering momma of the young Gypsy Rose Lee. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE MUSIC MAN**: Bert Parks in Meredith Willson's musical, which has to do with an Iowa con man and his girl. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY**: Michael Allinson and Pamela Charles are the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064.

	Page
THE CURRENT CINEMA	168
LETTER FROM THE OLYMPICS	152
MUSICAL EVENTS	150
THE RACE TRACK	102
THE THEATRE	97
THE WAYWARD PRESS	170

THE NEW YORKER

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Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **LA PLUME DE MANTA**: A French revue, created by Robert Dhéry, who is also a leading performer. Colette Brosset is another of the clowns. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC**: Mary Martin in a Rodgers and Hammerstein show based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Theodore Bikel is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **TAKE ME ALONG**: A musical adaptation of O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness!" In the cast are Jackie Gleason, Walter Pidgeon, Robert Morse, and Eileen Herlie. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **WEST SIDE STORY**: Carol Lawrence and Allyn Ann McLeer in Leonard Bernstein's musical about the Jets and the Sharks. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

FAREWELL, FAREWELL EUGENE—Margaret Rutherford, Mildred Dunnock, and Leueen MacGrath in a London play by John Vari and Rodney Ackland. Produced by Ronald Rawson and directed by Ronald Winston. Opens Tuesday, Sept. 27. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:40. Opening-night curtain at 8. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

IRMA LA DOUCE—A musical currently running in Paris and London. The music is by Marguerite Monnot; the book and lyrics are by Julian More, David Heneker, and Monty Norman; and the cast is headed by Elizabeth Seal, Keith Michell, and Clive Revill. Staged by Peter Brook and presented by David Merrick, in association with Donald Albery and H. M. Tennent, Ltd. Opens Thursday, Sept. 20. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

THE BALCONY—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genet. The perverse fantasies of the customers are presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is more gaudy than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

THE CONNECTION—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

A COUNTRY SCANDAL—In a new adaptation by Alex Szogyi, this early play of Anton Chekhov's is unquestionably funny but doubtfully Chekhovian. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays, except Sept. 22, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

THE FANTASTICKS—A musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door, chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsy. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker

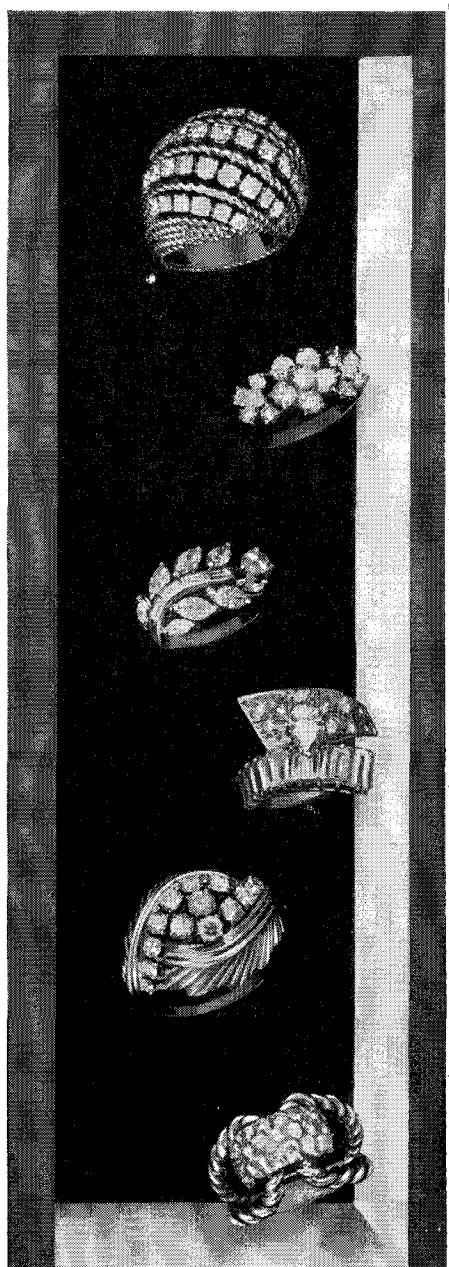
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1401 Peachtree St., N. E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVI, No. 32, September 24, 1960. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. © 1960, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year \$7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, \$8.00. Other Foreign, \$10.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

HERE COME THE CLOWNS—A revival of the Philip Barry play. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

H.M.S. PINAFORE—The best things about this revival of G. & S.'s fourth collaboration are the bold, chests-out performances of Douglas Campbell, as the Boatswain, and Harry Mossfield, as Captain Corcoran. The rest of the production is in the firm hands of Tyrone Guthrie, the show's director, who believes that lots of slapstick stage business, muffled articulation, and altered lyrics are what are needed to make Gilbert and Sullivan palatable to jet-age tastes. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Oct. 9.)

KRAPP'S LAST TAPE AND THE ZOO STORY—Two excellent sketches, the first by Samuel Beckett and the second by a young American playwright named Edward Albee. The members of the cast are Henderson Forsythe, Mark Richman, and William Daniels. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

LEAVE IT TO JANE—This musical antique, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, first saw light in 1917, and the intervening years have only added lustre to its appealing idiosyncrasy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. Eileen Brennan ticks off the heroine with consummate art. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

LA RONDE—Arthur Schnitzler's celebrated sexual circle has all the fascination of a chart of a round-robin golf tournament but little of the fascination of a play. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

SIGN OF JONAH—A diatribe against Wicked Man, in which the author, a German pastor named Guenter Rutenborn, attempts to make us all, including God, guilty for the sins of the world, particularly those committed by the Nazis. However, what Mr. Rutenborn is really advocating is not old-fashioned self-scouring guilt but remorse, the plushiest of emotions. The acting is hoarse, the costumes unintentionally bizarre, and the sets 1936 pillbox. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougall St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

THE THEATRE OF CHANCE—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Sundays at 8:30.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—President McKinley

liked it. In the cast are Gerald Price and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

ROYAL BALLET—Thursday, Sept. 22, at 8:30: "La Fille Mal Gardée."... Friday, Sept. 23, at 8:30: "Ondine."... Saturday, Sept. 24, at 2:30 and 8:30: "La Fille Mal Gardée."... Sunday, Sept. 25, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Ondine."... Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 8:30: "Le Baiser de la Fée" (American première), "Les Sylphides," and "Antigone" (American première)... Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 8:30: "Ondine."... Thursday, Sept. 29, at 8:15: "The Sleeping Beauty."... Friday, Sept. 30, at 8:45: "Giselle."... Saturday, Oct. 1, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Les Sylphides," and "Antigone." (Metropolitan Opera House. OX 5-6157. Through Sunday, Oct. 9.)

BALLETS AFRICAINS—A troupe of dancers, singers, and musicians from the Republic of Guinea in a four-week engagement that starts Monday, Sept. 26, and will run through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Alvin, 52nd St. W. of Broadway. CI 5-5226. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

MARCEL MARCEAU—The French pantomimist and admirer of Charlie Chaplin in half a dozen solo sketches, in which he attempts to realize the actions of such as tightrope walkers, gossiping nurses, and billboard painters. There is also a wispy (though forty-minute-long) "mimodrama," based on Gogol's "The Overcoat," a relentless short story that deals with the sorrows of a poor clerk. M. Marceau's five-men-and-three-women Compagnie de Mime broods with him. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8089. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Final performances Sunday, Sept. 25.)

MILBOURNE CHRISTOPHER—With his company, in "Christopher's Wonders," an illusion show. A two-week engagement that starts Monday, Sept. 26, and will run through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays, Sunday, and Wednesday, Sept. 28, all at 3.)

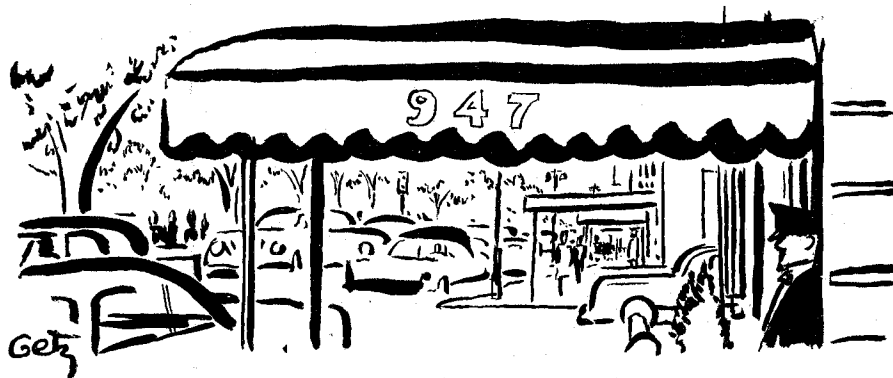
NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Unqualifiedly recommended to people who like life to be an open book. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's dance orchestra perform for anyone who gets tired of reading.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room, game these days for innovation, has brought "The Merry Widow" to a gentle boil, thus evaporating most of the jokes but preserving most of the melodic line. The music master is the jolly Wilbur Evans; also present are the stout-throated Jimmy Carroll and Larry Douglas. This goes on





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

twice a night. Dance music between shows. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling little spa in which a small group of musicians, almost always Stanley Worth's, offers invitations to the dance.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room becomes, at the dinner and supper hours, a *fête champêtre* for Jacqueline François, a clarion voice that is *sans peur, sans douleur*, and above all *sans reproche*. An ample bundle of music to dance to wells up from Ted Straeter's fervid vintners and Mark Monte's agile Latin scholars. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra does lemon-or-cream music in the Palm Court from four to seven, and thought-for-food music in the Edwardian Room at dinner. No dancing in either domicile. . . .

¶ No abrupt changes in the weather (perpetual spring) or the tempo (the dance bands of Maximilian Bergere and Nicholas D'Amico) will ever ruffle the populace of the Rendez-Vous. The music begins at eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Sammy Kaye, who likes to visit New York but etc., and his large assortment of bandmen are in the equally large Grill. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The great men of the two sister republics (the United States and Texas) find an uncommon meeting place in the grand old Maisonette, where they and their ladies waltz about to the handiwork of Milt Shaw's baby band and Walter Kay's trio. Fernanda Montel, who represents the Republic of France, spends her dinner and supper hours singing about all three nations. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns, a simultaneous paean to Roman architecture and the witchery of moonlight, tees off with feasting music by Gunnar Hansen's orchestra a bit past seven, but blossoms at eight-thirty into dance music (the Hansens and Charles Holden's band) that goes on until two. Closed Sundays. . . .

¶ In the Savoy Room, now a dim and handsome forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley plays piano from cocktails through supper every night but Sunday.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The course of Empire; that is to say, the Embassy Club, with Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band doing dance medleys from eight-thirty or nine to one-thirty or two, and the Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's fiddle goes to work at eight or so. Both palaces are closed to the public on Sundays.

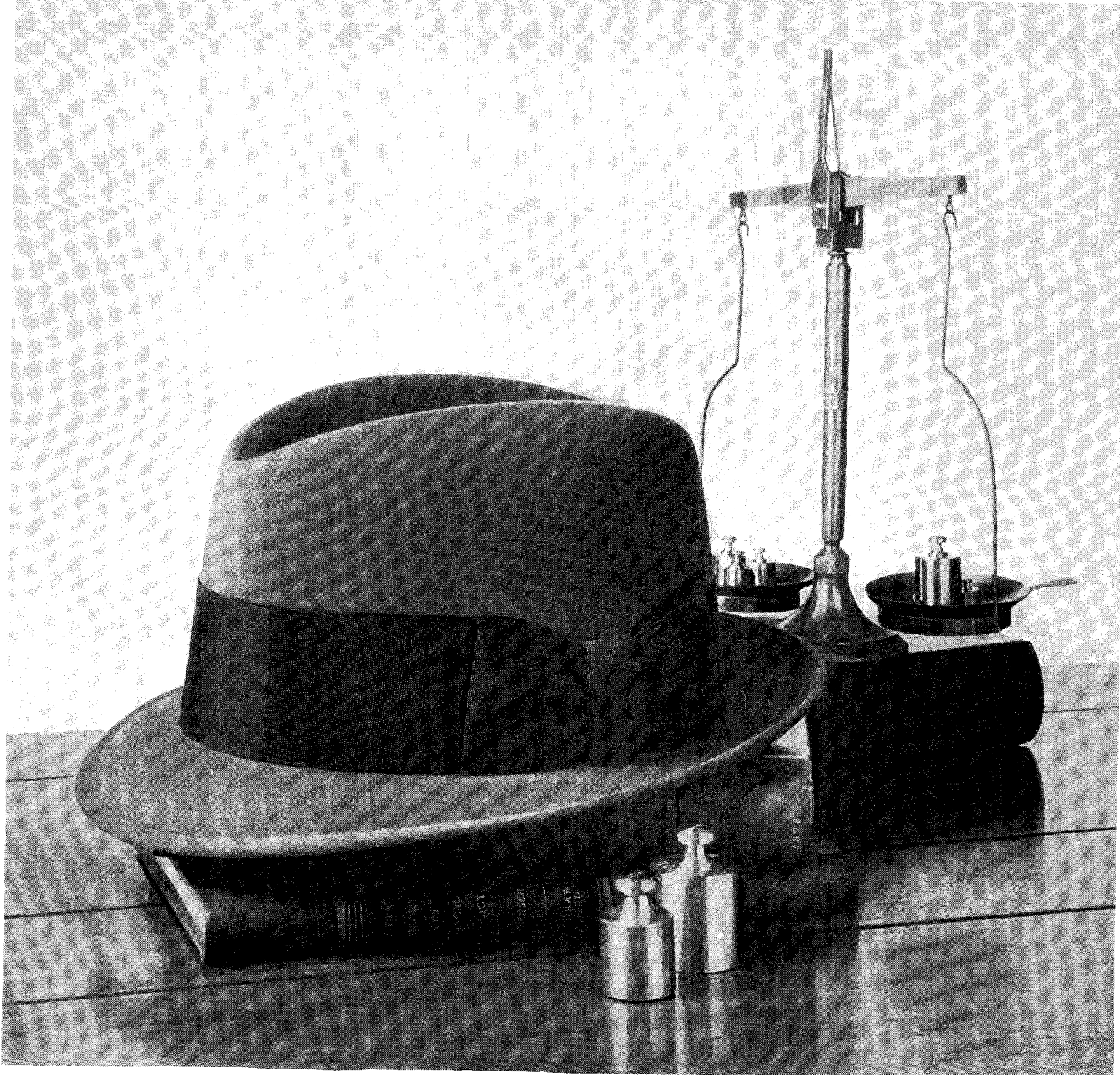
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 40th St. (EL 5-3000)—Emil Coleman, who knows how to keep the time immemorial that New Yorkers have always liked to dance to, runs the big, suave orchestra in the Empire Room, and (at dinner and supper) keeps an always-fair-weather eye on Rosemary Clooney, singer of the evening, who has the use of his band. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley pursues the very even tenor of its ways every night of the week; i.e., Michael Zarin's trio and Ray Bari's chirruping band (thinking music from six to eight-thirty, dance music thence to one) except Sundays, and the Baris all by themselves on Sundays (dancing from eight to one).

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, a bar big enough to float ten thousand cocktail olives in at once, offers a view of the city and the docile drinking-and-dining music of a trio from four-thirty through the dinner hour. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone is CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): New York, New York, it's a hell of a town, and here are a lot of the characters who keep it hotsy-totsy. The parade is accompanied by small talk and (after eight) the lambent piano of Budd Gregg. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S**



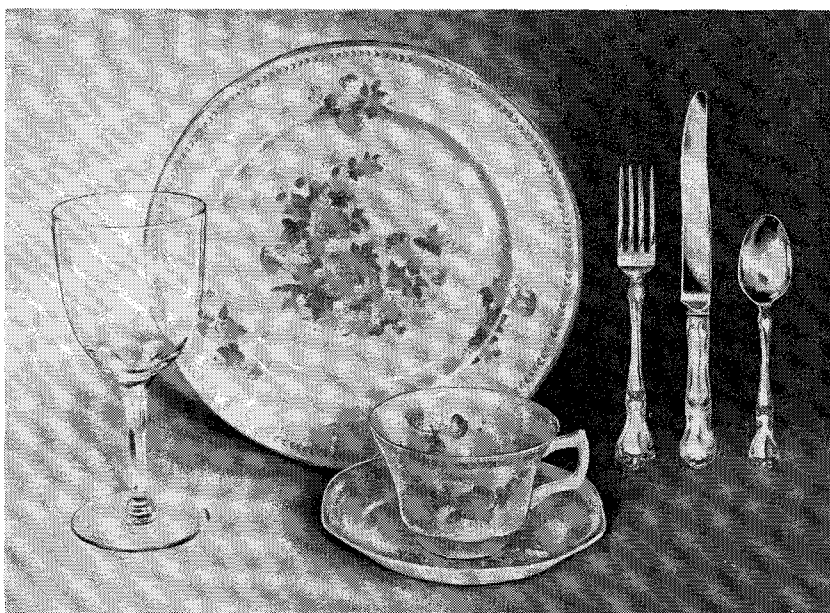
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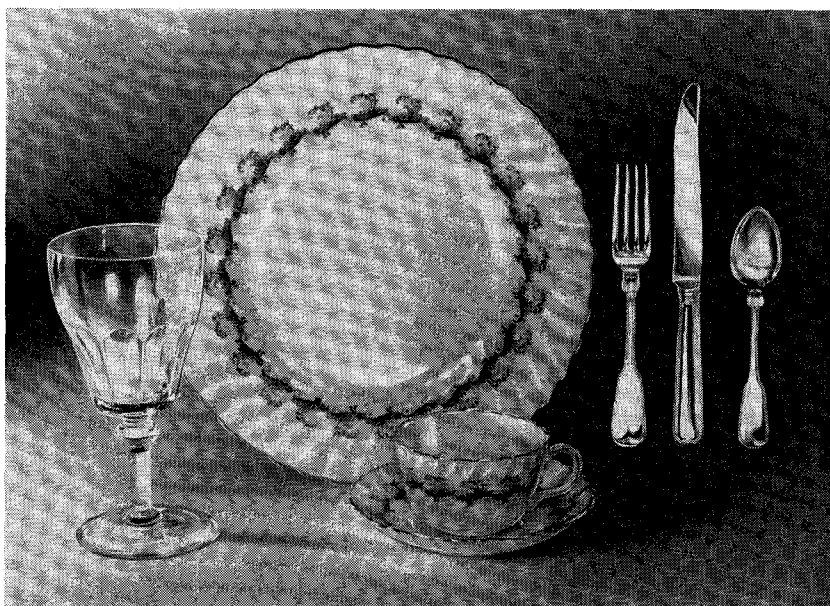
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

NEW YORK, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The children's hour goes on and on into the night; the party spirit is slightly leavened by gray-beards who have managed to survive into their thirties. Bob Printz plays ah-youth! piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders do single and double piano from then on. Closed Sundays. . . . **MON-SIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): It's not too easy to find in all the Eternal City an assembly hall that could hold a Roman candle to this one. Through the throngs of merrymakers, the beautifully regimented choir of mobile violinists run by Herman Honigsberg makes its way, tailed by a squadron of Latin guitarists and choristers. Closed Sundays for refuelling. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter (who may be the best ivory hunter in the business) whips up dozens of concentric and eccentric ripples on an admiring Steinway. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Joel Forbes is the Sunday handyman. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The home life of the Trapp Family if they lived in Florence. All week long, there's regional piano by Aldo Bruschi from dinnertime on; Thursday through Saturday, Mr. B., doubling on oboe, leads a trio, to which there is dancing after ten; Wednesday through Saturday, a supply of lasagna like "The Barber of Seville" is bandied about viva voce. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An old, old Spanish custom, apparently all play and no work, with emphasis on song, dance, and the pursuit of happiness. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castle, moat, and drawbridge—it all used to be in the Fifth Avenue window of F. A. O. Schwarz. Norbert Faconi, the major-domo of this wonderland, moves from table to table with a listen-he's-playing-our-song violin under his chin. No music Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): State banquets in miniature. Jules Kuti plays conversational piano in the bar from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): *Poor's Manual* taking its resplendent ease, which may or may not be difficult for anyone else to take. George Feyer, who doesn't mind making an occasional false move at his piano, is in residence from eight-thirty through the supper hour. Closed Sundays. . . . **GATSBY'S**, 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-3775): A social hall with a setting that is satisfactorily ornamental. Charles de Forest, specialist at the wistful half-world ballad, and Stanley Paul, pianist, look after the aural portion of the amusement. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the very matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, introduces his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the ones he's picked up in this country. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): A playing field of Eton. The piano, a good remove from the bar, is tickled pink by Rudy Timfield from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty every day but Sunday. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): This one wasn't built in a night, as the careful detail of mural and music quickly indicates. It's patrolled by a closely knit group of street musicians wooing the night, which begins at six and ends at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LUAU 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A seven-day-a-week South Seas shopping center—resort clothes and all—equipped with bar, kitchen, menu, and string music that's as Polynesian as things ever get on this island. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The Moorish invaders seem to have stopped in at this enterprise, whose large and artfully meandering interior reflects their stay. Conrad Monjoy's piano meanders, too, from six-o'clock cocktails to midnight supper, and a bit later on Saturdays. Its occasional companion is Richard Wilson's violin. No music Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): As is true of the establishment's namesake in Madrid, not even Basic Spanish



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is required to understand the staff or the music, the best of which is Fernando Sirvent's eloquent guitar. Closed Sundays. . . .
CHARDAS, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): As good a place to go Mittel-europa-native as the town affords. The evening breezes are perpetually laden with the sound of zimbabons, fiddles, customers, Lili France's unguided soprano, and Tibor Rakossy's balm-of-Gilead tenor. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . .
STANHOPE GATE, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Half the time, the star of the evening is the anonymous wit who devised the décor. The rest of the time, the star is the guitar of the nonymous Renato Rossini, which believes every word of the fiery songs it sings. Music from nine-thirty to one every night but Monday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Japan, says the enormous and well-dressed extravaganza that goes on and on here, is the fifty-first state of our Union. Its population, though, is unquestionably Rising Sun, and the innumerable young ladies, all in their teens and their opera-length hose, are as alive, alert, and merry as can be. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Shelley Berman, a young man under stringent self-analysis, can speak articulately of his travail. His words of unquiet desperation are supplemented by Noël Harrison, the son of Eliza Doolittle's most famous spiritual adviser, and Barbara Gilbert, a girl from the limberlost. Mr. H. sings folk songs of all nations; the unknown Miss G.'s ditties have a funny turn of mind. Jimmy Lyons' trio and Otis Clements's piano fill the interludes. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty and piano preside over the six-to-eight activities every night from Monday through Friday, and the Lyons family is apt to do extra-curricular sets early in the morning. . . .
DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): The fools that rush in here are Rose Murphy and Slam Stewart, whose songs and music-making haven't a grain of sense. They are assisted by the bongos of someone succinctly named Boguee, and they commence at nine-thirty; Paul Trueblood's piano études commence at nine. Closed Sundays. . . .
CHÂTEAU MADRID, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The most effective part of the florid floor show in the dining room is sometimes the assiduous pursuit of the rumba and samba by the town's knowledgeable Spanish colony, which gets its meals and its kicks here. The professional part, now Latin-American clamor, becomes flamenco once more on Tuesday, Sept. 27. Sundays, the one activity is a tea trot, three to eight. . . . ¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a crowd, and herein Domingo Alvarado (voice) and Juan de la Mata (guitar) do flamenco music so beguiling that half the audience joins in. . . .
BON SOIR, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A wholehearted effort to bring chaos out of order. The participants are Tony and Eddie, hounds at bay whose weapons are the gramophone recordings of others; Phyllis Diller, housewife at bay with only her tongue, which has the strength of ten, to defend her; the dithery sing-alongs of Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames; and the piano of Peter Daniels. Jimmie Daniels, that old boulevardier, is *padrone*. Closed Mondays. . . .
KING ARTHUR ROOM, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Upstairs over the Roundtable is the dais upon which Mabel Mercer, classicist, *salonnière*, and humanist, is again installed. It's not only what she sings but how she sings it. Her pianist, of course, is Sam Hamilton. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): It's a stormy night as often as the returning Wild Bill Davison, who used to sleep in, lifts his trumpet from its bed of coals. His band follows him thorough bush and

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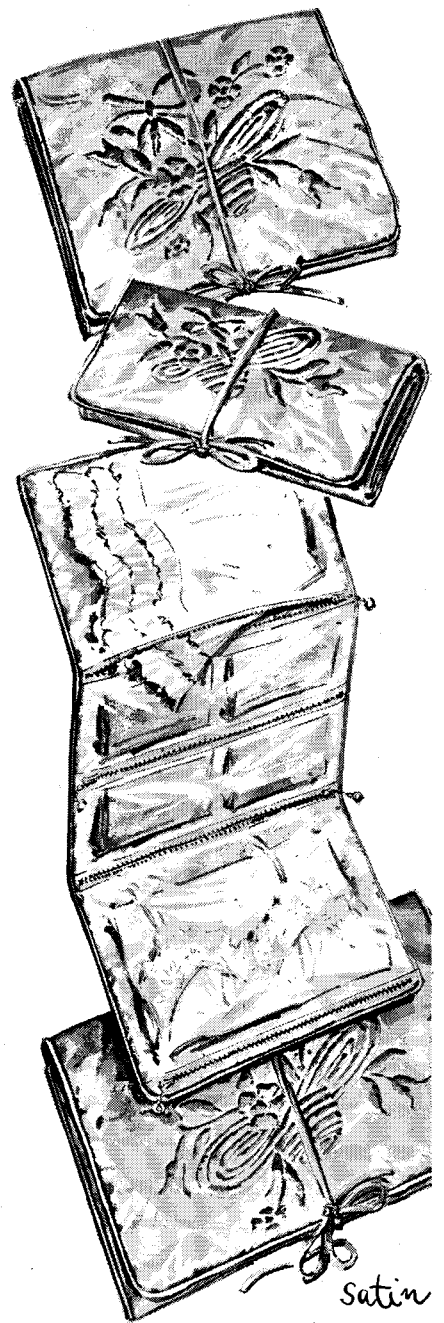
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

thorough fire. Graham Forbes is the interim curator of the keyboard. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Chris Connor's voice giving a Cubist look to everything she tries her angle shots on. Ronnie Ball's trio is her supporting cast; Roland Hanna's threesome is the rest of the music. An afternoon session on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, too. Closed Mondays.... **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (EL 5-4330): Charlie Shavers and his horn of plenty are now cuing a new quartet. Also around: Sy Oliver's band and perhaps the hardest-working soubrette of all time—Betty Hutton. Closed Sundays.... **ROUND-TABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Your whole past going before your dazzled eyes; to wit, checkered tablecloths, one-pound steaks, Red Nichols and his Five Pennies (often from heaven), Cootie Williams (an old Duke Ellington wheat germ) and his do-or-die jazz band. Closed Sundays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Almost the only candle in the windows of Fifty-second Street, now that all the strip-teasers have been impounded. Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk are carrying on the traditions (more or less) of yesteryear. Don Frye is the relief pianist, and every Monday night he, Tony Parenti, and Zutty Singleton sign on to offer counterpoint to the other incumbents. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): It's hard to tell whether this establishment or Pee Wee Erwin's rumpus band is the oldest institution in the Village. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons, starting at five; closed Mondays.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland's trio, which shifts from abstraction to wild-eyed joy and back again, is happily and perspicaciously demonstrating the modern idiom inside the circular bar. Ben Tucker, her bass man, has plenipotentiary powers. The interludes, no longer hearts-and-flowers, are tended to by John Bunch and his bass, Henry Grimes—a consummation that has long been devoutly wished. No music Mondays.... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Cannons' roar, rockets' red glare. Red Allen's sextet (off duty Mondays), Cozy Cole's quintet (off duty Sundays), and Sol Yaged's quintet (off duty Wednesdays and Thursdays) arrive at seven-forty-five to pick up what pieces, if any, are left by the afternoon shift, which is manned by Tony Parenti's trio and Johnny Letman's threesome. The music starts at three Mondays through Fridays, and at one-thirty Saturdays and Sundays.... ¶ In the upstairs room, which will be in action on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23-24, the Coles will do the housewarming.... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Dizzy Gillespie, a wise and witty man, withdraws his horn and his band on Wednesday, Sept. 28, and Horace Silver's group, a *crise de nerfs*, follows suit. Next evening, Bill Russo's swarm of bees (twenty-two in all) and Yusef Lateef's Muslim fivesome are expected. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out.... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Dorothy Donegan treats her piano as a whipping boy. In the circumstances, she really doesn't need the trio she has put together. Lee Evans' trio, which likes farmer-in-the-dell music, ends up on Saturday, Sept. 24, and Roy Eldridge's group, a good bunch of boys, arrives on Monday, Sept. 26. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands.... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A Greenwich Village town hall whose meetings are open to any performer of new-era music. Herbie Mann's fieldworkers from the Caribbean, who fall like wild men on their tom-toms, are the present players. Closed Mondays.... **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Geoffrey Holder's extension-ladder legs and popinjay voice are suitable props for the lackadaisical Caribbean chanteys he and his instrumental trio indulge in. Ramsey Lewis's trio makes merry; Ellie Stone sings funny songs without knowing they're funny. Closed Sundays.... **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-



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9650): Jimmy Giuffre, now much more of a blowhard on saxophone than he used to be, has a truly aggressive quartet, including Jim Hall on guitar; George Russell, once a Quiet Man, has heaped up a sextet of burning embers. On Monday, Sept. 26, the Giuffres will be succeeded by the quartet the live-for-the-night Jo Jones has just constructed; next evening, the Russells will be succeeded by a quartet equally well served by Toshiko Akiyoshi and Charlie Mariano. The building the enterprise occupies must once have stood on Cannery Row. . . . **PRELUDE**, 3219 Broadway, at 129th St. (MO 2-1833): A Far North trading post that makes a specialty of modern American jazz. Billy Taylor's trio, happy as the night is long, is on hand every evening but Monday, when Kenny Burrell's quartet (minus Mr. B. until after his stint in "Bye Bye Birdie") takes over. On Thursday, Sept. 29, Eddie Heywood's trio replaces the Taylors. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY**, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (GR 7-9765): Thelonious Monk, a celebrated disappearing act, is (it is rumored) surreptitiously playing piano here in a group of extremely advanced students. He'll permanently disappear at close of business on Friday, Sept. 30. Chico Hamilton's quintet, however, which doesn't mind personal appearances, will keep right on making them. Closed Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-0800): A beer hall that sets aside its weekends for the instruction of the young in the rudiments of rudimentary jazz. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23-24, the clinic will be conducted by Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Claude Hopkins, Max Kaminsky, Cutty Cutshall, Tony Parenti, Henry Goodwin, Johnny Letman, Mickey Sheen, and Panama Francis.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JAMES ENSOR—Oils and drawings in an exhibition marking the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Belgian artist; through Oct. 22. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

EDWARD GIOBBI—Recent drawings and sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 1. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

PETER GRIPPE—Sculptures; through Oct. 8. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Weekdays, 10 to 10.)

JOE JONES AND DOUGLAS DUDER—Paintings of the sea; through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Selected Artists, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

KYLE MORRIS—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

GRANDMA MOSES—In observance of her hundredth birthday, a loan exhibition entitled "My Life's History," comprising forty-five paintings; through Oct. 6. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St.)

SCULPTURES—Pieces by Arp, Rodin, David Smith, and others, along with a group of ceramics and sculptures by Fernand Léger; through Oct. 8. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

AFRICAN ART—Wood and ivory carvings, mostly magical and religious statues and masks, from West Africa; through Oct. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 2 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the ALAN, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Reuben Tam, Joseph Glasco, and Oliver Andrews are among the artists represented in a showing of paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 1. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures by twentieth-century artists, including William Kienbusch, Louis Bouché, and Robert Laurent; through Friday, Sept. 30. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, Ogden M. Pleissner, Leon Kroll, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters; through Oct. 7. (Closed Saturday, Sept. 24.) . . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: Paintings by Will Barnet, I. Rice Pereira, Adja Yunkers, and other artists who acted as jurors for the gallery during the past season; through Friday, Sept. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the BORGESNI, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.:



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A painting or sculpture apiece by each of the gallery's artists, including Jimmy Ernst, José de Rivera, and Mario Negri; through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MAYER**, 762 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Collages by Lee Krasner, Man Ray, Nicolas de Staël, and others; through Oct. 8. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Miró, Modigliani, Calder, and other modern painters and sculptors; through Oct. 15. (Closed Mondays.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from 2 until dark; through Sunday, Sept. 25.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"American Buildings," an exhibition of prints, drawings, and photographs embracing Colonial, Federal, Greek Revival, Victorian, Gothic, and skyscraper modern architecture. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—New Spanish paintings and sculptures by artists who have come into prominence during the past decade—Francisco Ferreras, Antonio Suárez, and Pablo Serrano, to name a few; through Sunday, Sept. 25. . . . "Visionary Architecture," a display primarily of renderings for buildings and city-planning projects that were never executed. Le Corbusier and Frank Lloyd Wright are among the designers. Starts Thursday, Sept. 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints by European artists, including Picasso, Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, and Georges Braque; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and drawings by Isidro Nonell, together with works by eighteen younger Spanish painters; through Oct. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Three Regions of Melanesian Art;" through Nov. 13. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"Young America—1960," consisting of paintings by thirty artists below the age of thirty-five, among them Sonia Gechtoff, Wolf Kahn, and Marcia Marcus; through Oct. 30. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 6—Thursday, Sept. 29, at 8: The American premiere of Claudio Monteverdi's "Orfeo;" and the company's premiere of Luigi Dallapiccola's "The Prisoner," in English. (A benefit for the New York City Opera's production fund.) . . . Friday, Sept. 30, at 8:15, and Saturday, Oct. 1, at 2:30: "The Mikado." . . . Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8:15: "La Bohème." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

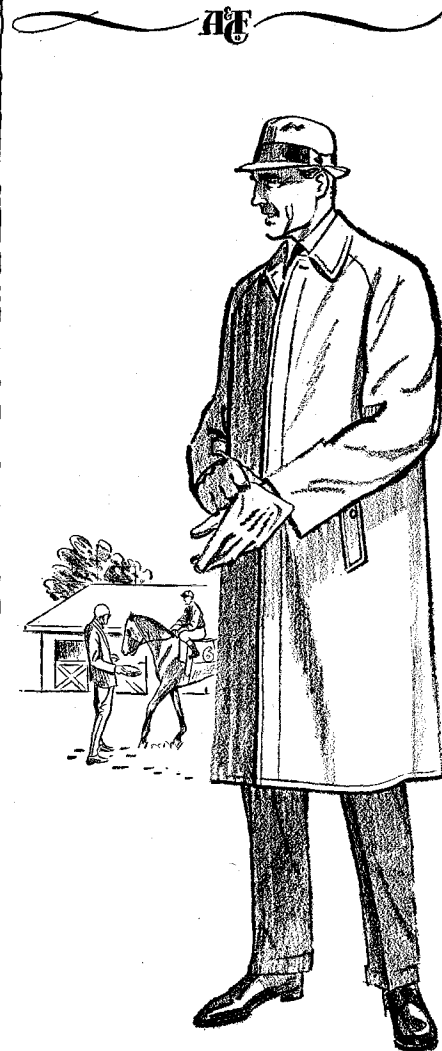
BROOKLYN OPERA COMPANY—José Ferrer (no kidding) will appear in the title role of Puccini's comedy "Gianni Schicchi," in English. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Sept. 24, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, April 16—Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 8:30, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Isaac Stern, violin); and Thursday, Sept. 29, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 30, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 2 (all with Mr. Bernstein as piano soloist).

RECITALS

INTERVAL CONCERTS—At TOWN HALL: Louis Kohnop, piano, Friday, Sept. 23, at 8:30. . . . Barbara Holmquest, piano, Saturday, Sept. 24, at 5:30. . . . Theresa Greene, soprano,



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Monday, Sept. 26, at 8:30. . . . **CARNEGIE RECITAL HALL:** Susan and Gerald Kagan, piano and cello, Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 8:30. (For tickets to the above concerts, call YU 6-9178.)

MISCELLANY

COLDSTREAM GUARDS AND CAMERON HIGHLANDERS—The Regimental Band of the Coldstream Guards and the Pipes, Drums, and Dancers of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. (Madison Square Garden, CO 5-6811. Saturday, Sept. 24, at 8:30, and Sunday, Sept. 25, at 2.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Yankees vs. Boston. (Yankee Stadium. Friday, Sept. 30, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 1, at 2.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 24:** Army vs. Boston College, at West Point, at 2. . . . **Columbia vs. Brown**, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . **Cornell vs. Colgate**, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . **Harvard vs. Holy Cross**, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . **Pennsylvania vs. Lafayette**, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . **Princeton vs. Rutgers**, at Princeton, at 2. . . . **Trinity vs. Williams**, at Hartford, at 2. . . . **Yale vs. Connecticut**, at New Haven, at 2. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 1** (all at 2): Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover. . . . **Harvard vs. Massachusetts**, at Cambridge. . . . **Princeton vs. Columbia**, at Princeton. . . . **Yale vs. Brown**, at New Haven.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Titans vs. Denver Broncos. (Polo Grounds. Friday, Sept. 23, at 8.)

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Ridgewood Country Club, Paramus, N.J. Through Friday, Sept. 23.) . . . **U.S.G.A. Senior Championship**. (Oyster Harbors Club, Osterville, Mass. Through Saturday, Sept. 24.) . . . **World Amateur Team Championship**. (Merion Golf Club, Ardmore, Pa. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 28-Oct. 1.)

HUNT RACING—Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Sept. 24.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At **MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Jericho. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 24. The Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 24. . . . **BELMONT PARK**: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Sept. 26, through Thursday, Oct. 20. The Lawrence Realization, Wednesday, Sept. 28, and the Beldame, Saturday, Oct. 1. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 4. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At **WATKINS GLEN**, N.Y.: Saturday, Sept. 24, at 10 A.M.

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, Sept. 28. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:51, and Saturdays at 6:35 and 7:10.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 15. . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8:25, from Thursday, Sept. 29, through Wednesday, Nov. 30.

YACHTING—Larchmont Fall Race Week. (Larchmont. Through Monday, Sept. 26.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—While the General Assembly is in session, visitors will not be allowed in the United Nations Headquarters. However, special programs on General Assembly meetings are being carried by all radio and television networks; the daily papers will be your best source of news on scheduling.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23-24, at 1:45: Louis XVI, Directoire, and Empire furniture and decorations; English furniture; Paris and other old cabinet porcelains; table porcelains and glass; Georgian silver; paintings and drawings; and Oriental and Alpujarra rugs. From the estate of Mrs. Robert Sterling Clark and from other sources. . . . **Thursday, Sept. 29, at 1:45:** English and other furniture; Mexican and Spanish silver; table porcelain and glass; paintings, drawings, and prints; and Oriental rugs. The property of Edward S. Magowan and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 24.

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PARFUMS MARCEL ROCHAS PARIS AND NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings skillfully enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. Based on a story by James Thurber, this British film has been aptly directed by Charles Crichton, and produced and adapted with equal ingenuity by Monja Danischewsky. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 28, tentative.)

BEN-HUR—Large, expensive, and lengthy, this latest version of the old chariot-racing classic has Charlton Heston as its lead driver. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR—With this French film, which describes the brief, intense, and hopeless affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in Hiroshima (where the movie was photographed), Alain Resnais emerges as one of the finest movie directors now in practice. In the principal roles, Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada are highly commendable. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK—An English film, as funny as you're likely to see in many a day, in which the dizzy operations of a missile plant, mismanaged by capitalists and slowed down by workers, are explored in a lively fashion. Peter Sellers is at once hilarious and pathetic as a shop steward who dreams long dreams of making Britain a workers' paradise, and Margaret Rutherford, Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas, and Richard Attenborough are diverting as the well-heeled types who stand in his way. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS—Nothing here for tears. Spirited English fun, based on Stephen Potter's mock-sociological studies of Lifemanship and Gamesmanship. The role of Potter is played with relish by Alastair Sim. Ian Carmichael is a drolly inept young man who,

in despair of losing his girl to a suave masher (the toothy Terry-Thomas), learns the art of one-upmanship from Potter and scores off everyone in sight. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

SONS AND LOVERS—This first screen adaptation of D. H. Lawrence's 1913 novel concentrates so closely on the author's superb dialogue that there is almost no time for the camera to catch up with the streets, fields, and houses of Nottingham, the English coal-mining town in which the story is set. Trevor Howard, as the brutal, drunken Morel, turns in the best performance of his career, and Wendy Hiller, as his long-suffering wife, is appropriately long-faced. However, Dean Stockwell, as the Morels' troubled, gifted son, seems more troubled than gifted. The direction, by Jack Cardiff, and the script, by Gavin Lambert and T. E. B. Clarke, are reverent. An English-American production. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

THE THREPPENNY OPERA—A 1931 German interpretation of the musical effort that has been playing around Manhattan for about forty years. The movie shows its age, as well it might, but the cast is willing and able, the songs are lively, and Lotte Lenya is on hand to see that justice is done the Kurt Weill music. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Sept. 22, tentative.)

REVIVALS

DIABOLIQUE (1955)—A chilling description of how the wife and the mistress of a cad join forces to bring about his elimination. A French film, with Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 26-27.)

THE GOLD OF NAPLES (1957)—Four episodes in the lives of some residents of southern Italy. Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica, and Silvana Mangano. In Italian. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 26-27.)

HOLIDAY FOR HENRIETTA (1955)—Julien Duvivier's French film depicting how movie

scripts get written. Dany Robin, Michael Roux, and Hildegard Neff. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 26.)

IKIRU (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 23, tentative.)

IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK (1957)—Five vignettes of life and love in the Villa Borghese Gardens, in Rome. A French picture, with Vittorio De Sica, Franca Valeri, and Anna Maria Ferrero. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 26.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Sept. 28.)

MONSIEUR VINCENT (1948)—Pierre Fresnay in a French picture that tells of the struggles of St. Vincent de Paul. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 23.)

LOS OLVIDADOS (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency. A Mexican film, with a cast of amateurs. Formerly called "The Young and the Damned." (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Sept. 28.)

PETER THE FIRST (1937)—A Soviet sketch of the Czar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 22.)

SUMMERTIME (1955)—Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi in a tale of an American spinster out for culture in Venice. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Sept. 28.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through Sept. 24: "Flesh and the Devil" (1927), with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. . . . Starting Sept. 25: "Theatrical and Social Dancing in Film" (1908-48), with Irene Castle, Rudolph Valentino, and others. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Apartment," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Ocean's 11," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"All the Fine Young Cannibals," Natalie Wood, Robert Wagner.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Psycho," Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles. (No one will be admitted after the film starts, so a preliminary phone call is advisable.)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"All the Young Men," Alan Ladd, Sidney Poitier.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Sept. 25: "Portrait in Black," Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn.
From Sept. 28, at 8:30: "Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson. (Opening night will be a benefit for the March of Dimes. For information about tickets, call CO 5-7460.)

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Let's Make Love," Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Can-Can," Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine, Maurice Chevalier. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinees daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BEN-HUR.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"It Started in Naples," Clark Gable, Sophia Loren.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"High Time," Bing Crosby, Fabian.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 28 (tentative): **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES**.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Sept. 27: "From the Terrace," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "Squad Car," Vici Raas.
From Sept. 28: "Strangers When We Meet," Kirk Douglas, Kim Novak; and "Babette Goes to War," Brigitte Bardot, Jacques Charrier.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 28 (tentative): "The Mouse That Roared," Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"It Started in Naples," Clark Gable, Sophia Loren.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Let's Make Love," Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Sept. 27: "From the Terrace," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "Squad Car," Vici Raas.
From Sept. 28: "Strangers When We Meet," Kirk Douglas, Kim Novak; and "Babette Goes to War," Brigitte Bardot, Jacques Charrier.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR (in French).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Apartment," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Sept. 28: "Psycho," Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles. (No one will be admitted after the film starts, so a preliminary phone call is advisable.)

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
SONS AND LOVERS.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Sept. 25: "Oscar Wilde," Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson.
From Sept. 26: "The Captain's Table," John Gregson, Peggy Cummins.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Sept. 27: "The Time Machine," Rod Taylor, Alan Young; and "Battle in Outer Space," Ryo Ikebe, Kyoko Anzai.
From Sept. 28: "The Angel Wore Red," Ava Gardner, Dirk Bogarde; and "The Subterraneans," Leslie Caron, George Peppard.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 28 (tentative): "The Mouse That Roared," Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 28 (tentative): "Carousel," revival, Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 27: "From the Terrace," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "Squad Car," Vici Raas.
From Sept. 28: "Strangers When We Meet," Kirk Douglas, Kim Novak; and "Babette Goes to War," Brigitte Bardot, Jacques Charrier.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 27: "The Time Machine," Rod Taylor, Alan Young; and "Battle in Outer Space," Ryo Ikebe, Kyoko Anzai.
From Sept. 28: "The Angel Wore Red," Ava Gardner, Dirk Bogarde; and "The Subterraneans," Leslie Caron, George Peppard.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210; evening performances only, except on weekends.)
Through Sept. 28: **LOS OLVIDADOS** (in Spanish; formerly called "The Young and the Damned"), revival; and "Les Enfants Terribles" (in French; formerly called "The Strange Ones"), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Sept. 25: "Bells Are Ringing," Judy Holliday, Dean Martin; and "The Day They Robbed the Bank of England," Aldo Ray, Elizabeth Sellars.
Sept. 26-27: **DIABOLIQUE** (in French), revival;

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

and **THE GOLD OF NAPLES** (in Italian), revival.
From Sept. 28: **SUMMERTIME**, revival; and
"Lost Continent," revival, Cesar Romero.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Sept. 22 (tentative): **THE THREEPENNY OPERA**
(in German).
From Sept. 23 (tentative): **IKIRU** (in Japanese), revival.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8330)
Through Sept. 28 (tentative): "The Green Carnation" (formerly called "The Trials of Oscar Wilde"), Peter Finch, James Mason.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 27: "The Time Machine," Rod Taylor, Alan Young; and "Battle in Outer Space," Ryo Ikebe, Kyoko Anzai.
From Sept. 28: "The Angel Wore Red," Ava Gardner, Dirk Bogarde; and "The Subterraneans," Leslie Caron, George Peppard.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 27: "The Mouse That Roared," Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.
From Sept. 28: "A Lesson in Love" (in Swedish), Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Operation Amsterdam," Peter Finch, Eva Bartok.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Man in a Cocked Hat," Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Jungle Cat," a Walt Disney nature film.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Carry on Nurse," Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through Sept. 25: "End of Innocence" (in Spanish), Elsa Daniel.
From Sept. 26: "The Ostrich Has Two Eggs" (in French), Pierre Fresnay.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Sept. 27: "The Time Machine," Rod

Taylor, Alan Young; and "Battle in Outer Space," Ryo Ikebe, Kyoko Anzai.
From Sept. 28: "The Angel Wore Red," Ava Gardner, Dirk Bogarde; and "The Subterraneans," Leslie Caron, George Peppard.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 28: **M** (in German), revival; and "The Stranger," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Loretta Young.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 28: "The Mouse That Roared," Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 22: **PETER THE FIRST** and "The House I Live In" (both in Russian and both revivals).

Sept. 23: **MONSIEUR VINCENT** and "Passion for Life" (both in French and both revivals).
Sept. 24: "Mitsou" (in French), revival, Danielle Delorme, Fernand Gravey; and "Claudine" (in French), revival.

Sept. 25: "Les Enfants Terribles" (in French; formerly called "The Strange Ones"), revival, a Jean Cocteau film; and "The Damned" (in French), revival.

Sept. 26: **IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK AND HOLIDAY FOR HENRIETTA** (both in French and both revivals).

Sept. 27: "Passionate Summer" (in French), revival, Madeleine Robinson, Raf Vallone; and "The Most Dangerous Sin" (in French; formerly called "Crime and Punishment"), revival, Jean Gabin, Marina Vlady.

Sept. 28: "Cyrano de Bergerac," revival, José Ferrer, Mala Powers; and "Blind Desire" (in French), revival, Edwige Feuillère, Jean-Louis Barrault.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Sept. 28: "From the Terrace," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "Squad Car," Vici Raas.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Sept. 27 (tentative): "And Quiet Flows the Don" (in Russian); and "3 Men in a Boat," revival, Laurence Harvey, Jimmy Edwards.

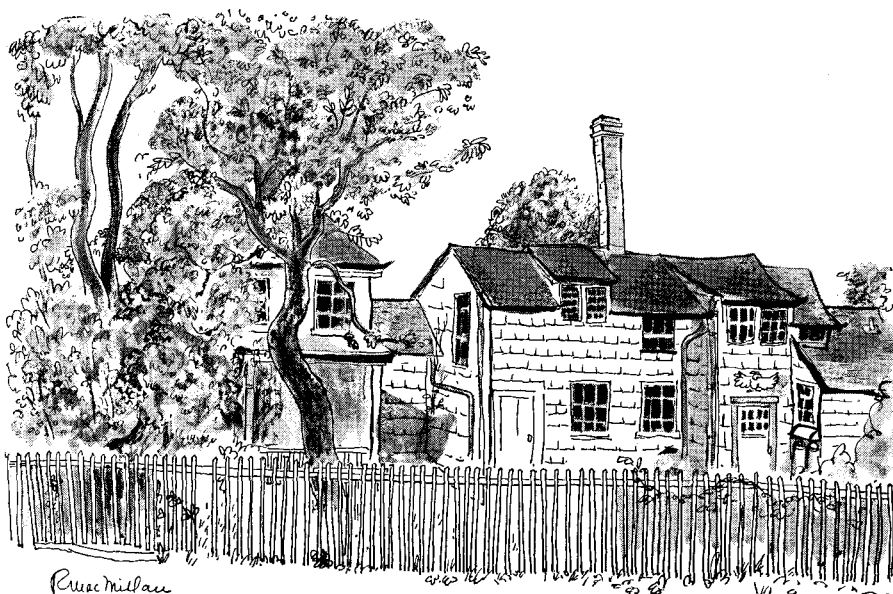
From Sept. 28 (tentative): "Bells Are Ringing," Judy Holliday, Dean Martin.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Sept. 27: "The Time Machine," Rod Taylor, Alan Young; and "Battle in Outer Space," Ryo Ikebe, Kyoko Anzai.

From Sept. 28: "The Angel Wore Red," Ava Gardner, Dirk Bogarde; and "The Subterraneans," Leslie Caron, George Peppard.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Sept. 27: "From the Terrace," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "Squad Car," Vici Raas.

From Sept. 28: "Strangers When We Meet," Kirk Douglas, Kim Novak; and "Babette Goes to War," Brigitte Bardot, Jacques Charrier.



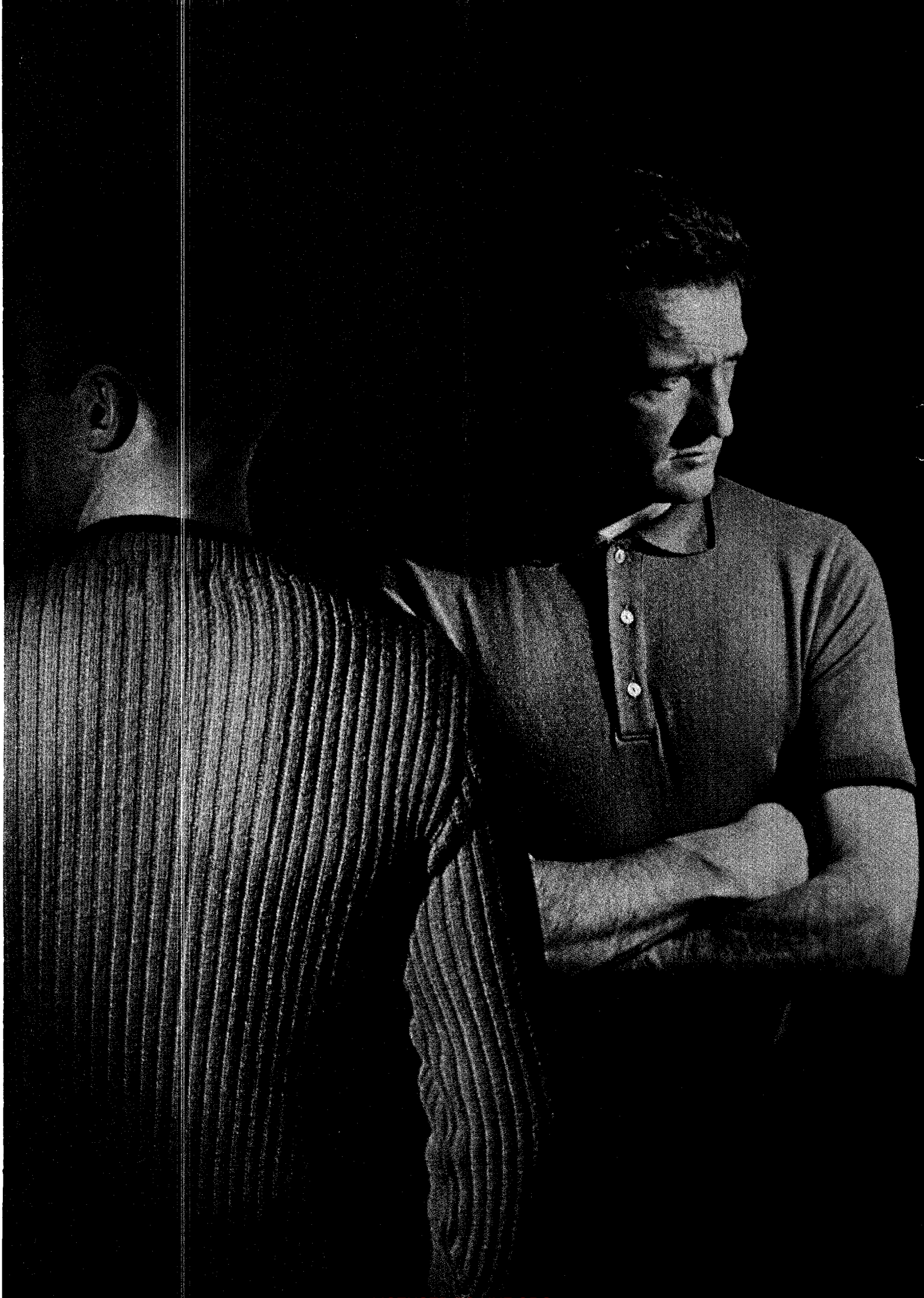
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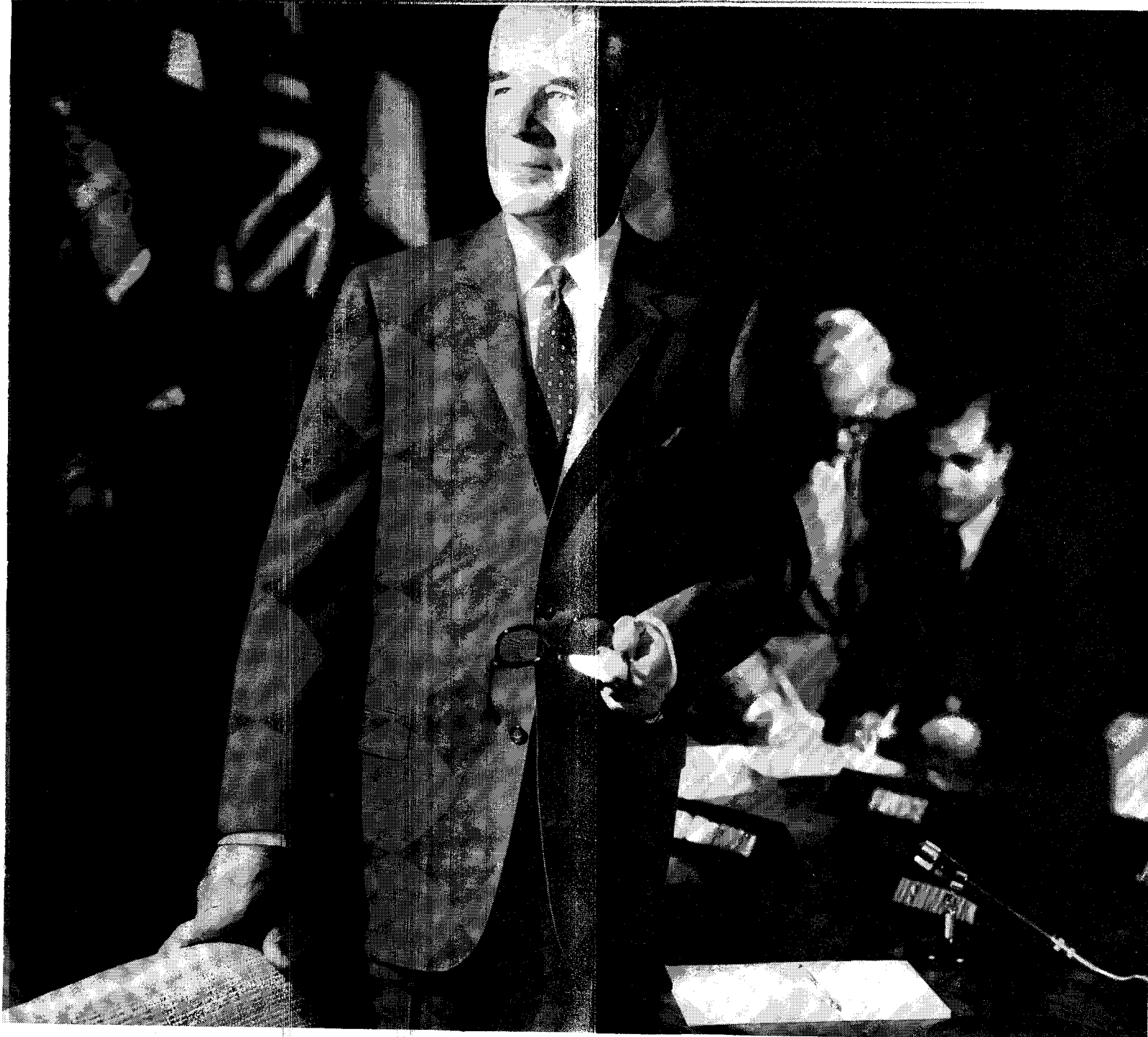
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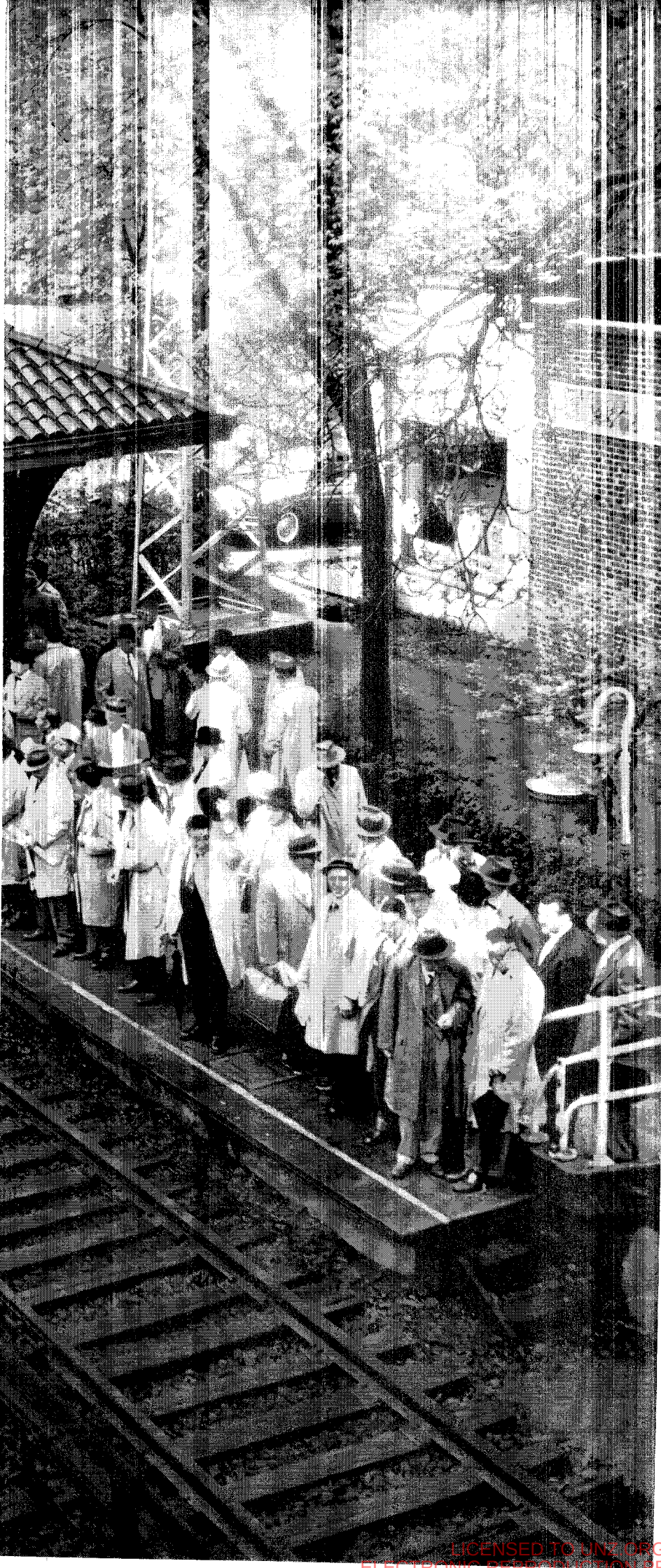
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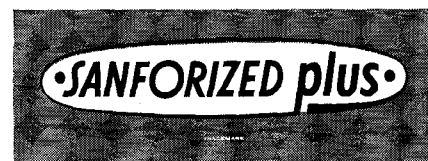
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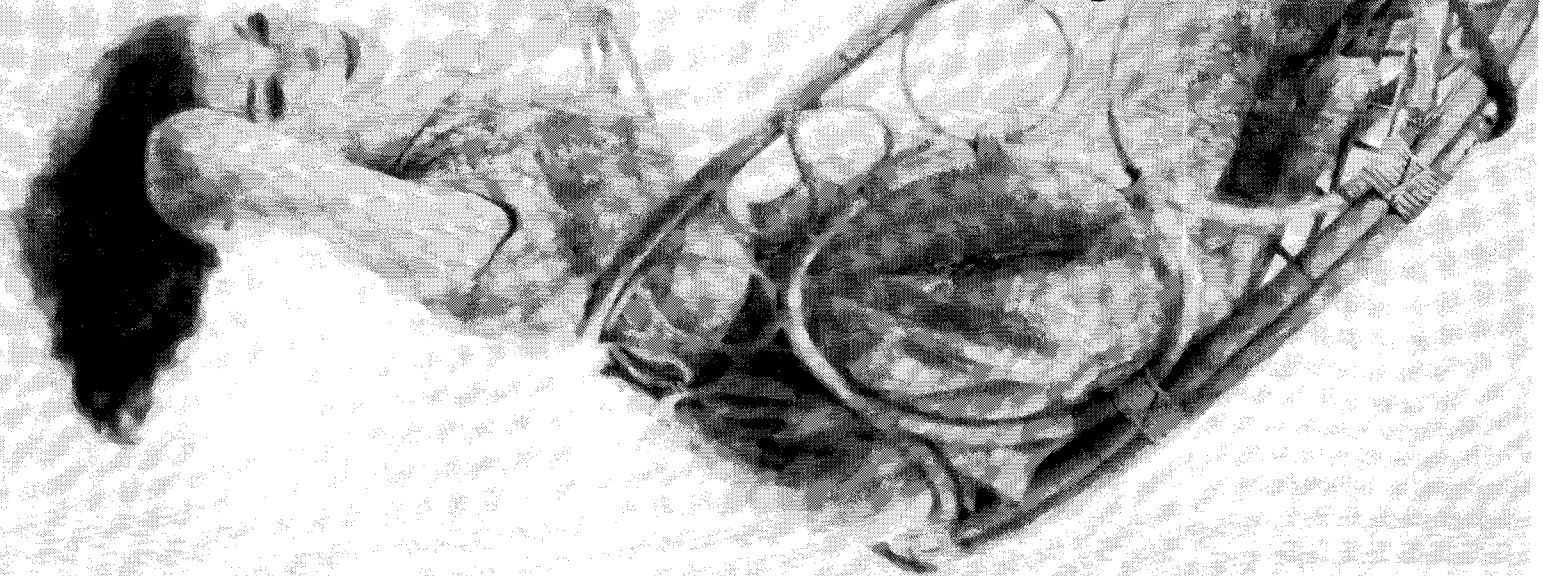
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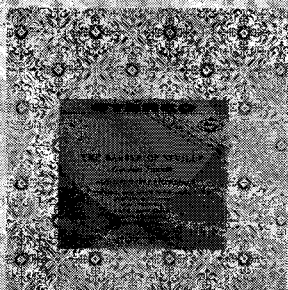


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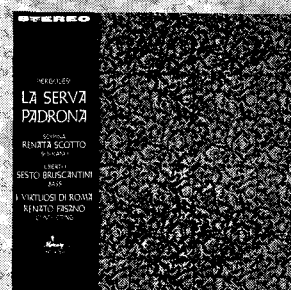
A. SR2-9010/OL2-110
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B. SR2-9008/OL2-108
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C. SR3-9004/OL3-104
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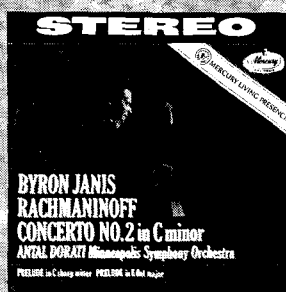
D. SR90240/MG50240
Deluxe, factory-sealed
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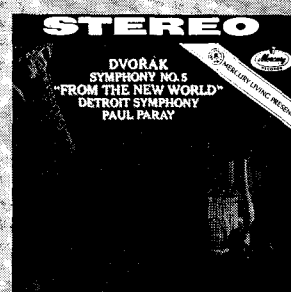
E. SR90264/MG50264



F. SR90256/MG50256



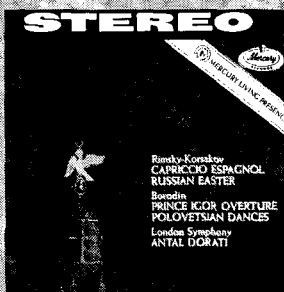
G. SR90260/MG50260



H. SR90262/MG50262



I. SR90263/MG50263



J. SR90265/MG50265



A. Paisiello *THE BARBER OF SEVILLE* (*world premiere recording*). Graziella Sciutti, soprano; Nicola Monti, tenor; Rolando Panerai, baritone; Renato Capecchi, bass; Mario Petri, bass. *VIRTUOSI DI ROMA*, Renato Fasano conducting. SR2-9010/OL2-110.

B. Donizetti *LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR*. Giuseppe di Stefano, tenor; Renata Scotto, soprano; Ettore Bastianini, baritone. Chorus and Orchestra of La Scala, Nino Sanzogno conducting. SR2-9008/OL2-108.

C. Cherubini *MEDEA* (*world premiere recording*). Maria Callas, soprano. Chorus and Orchestra of La Scala, Tullio Serafin conducting. SR3-9004/OL3-104.

D. Pergolesi *LA SERVA PADRONA*. Renata Scotto, soprano; Sesto Bruscantini, bass. *VIRTUOSI DI ROMA*, Renato Fasano conducting. SR90240/MG50240.

E. *SOUND OFF*. Marches by John Philip Sousa. Eastman Wind Ensemble, Fennell conducting. SR90264/MG50264.

F. *BALLET FOR BAND*. Eastman Wind Ensemble, Fennell conducting. SR90256/MG50256.

G. Rachmaninoff *CONCERTO No. 2 IN C MINOR*. Byron Janis, pianist. Minneapolis Orchestra, Dorati conducting. SR90260/MG50260.

H. Dvořák *SYMPHONY No. 5* ("From the New World"). Detroit Symphony, Paray conducting. SR90262/MG50262.

I. Gould *FALL RIVER LEGEND; SPIRITUALS*. Eastman-Rochester Orchestra, Hanson conducting. SR90263/MG50263.

J. Rimsky-Korsakov *CAPRICCIO ESPAGNOL; RUSSIAN EASTER OVERTURE*. Borodin *PRINCE IGOR OVERTURE*; *POLOVETSIAN DANCES*. London Symphony, Dorati. SR90265/MG50265.

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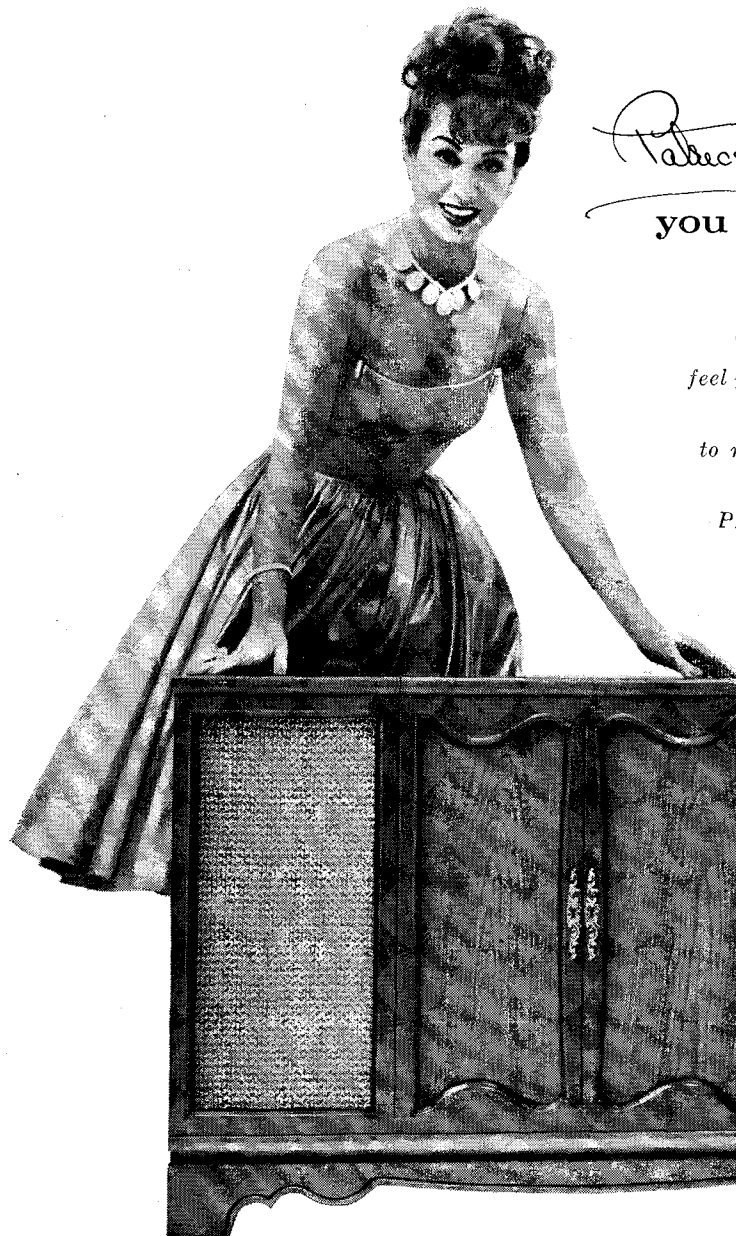
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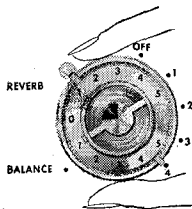
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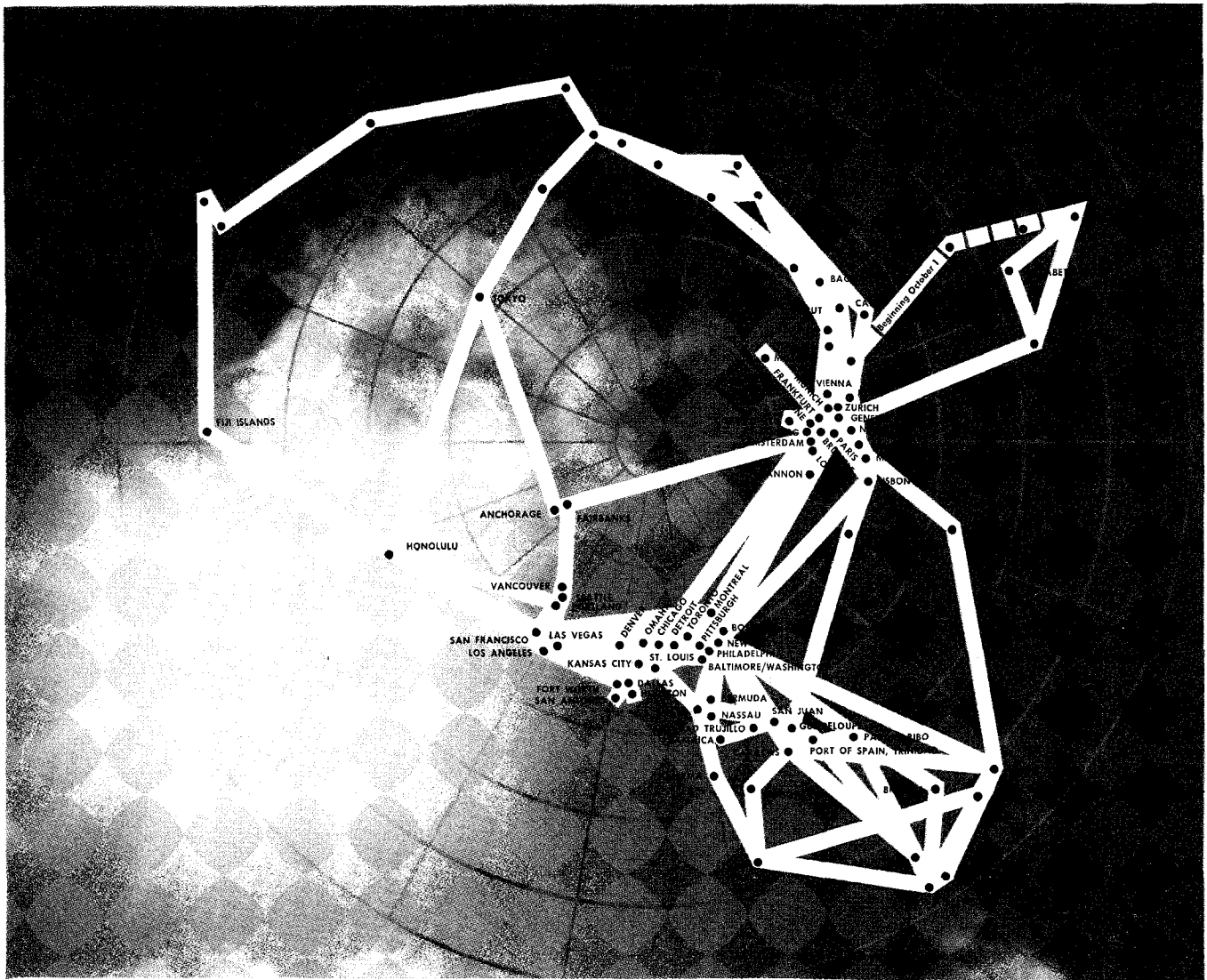
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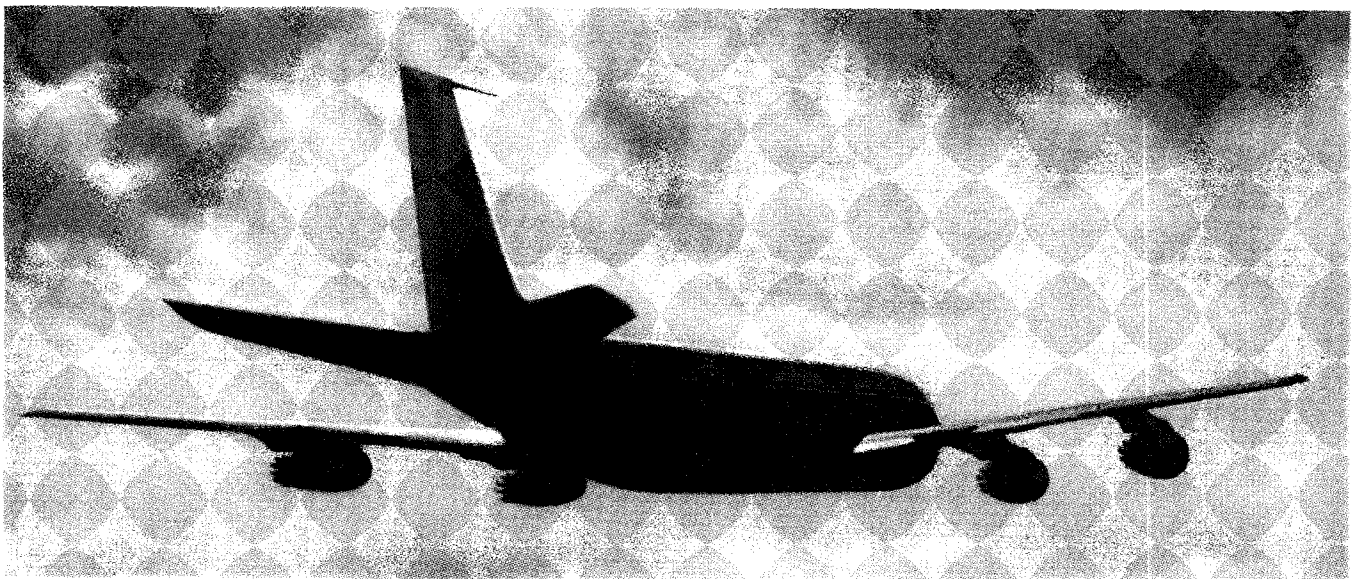
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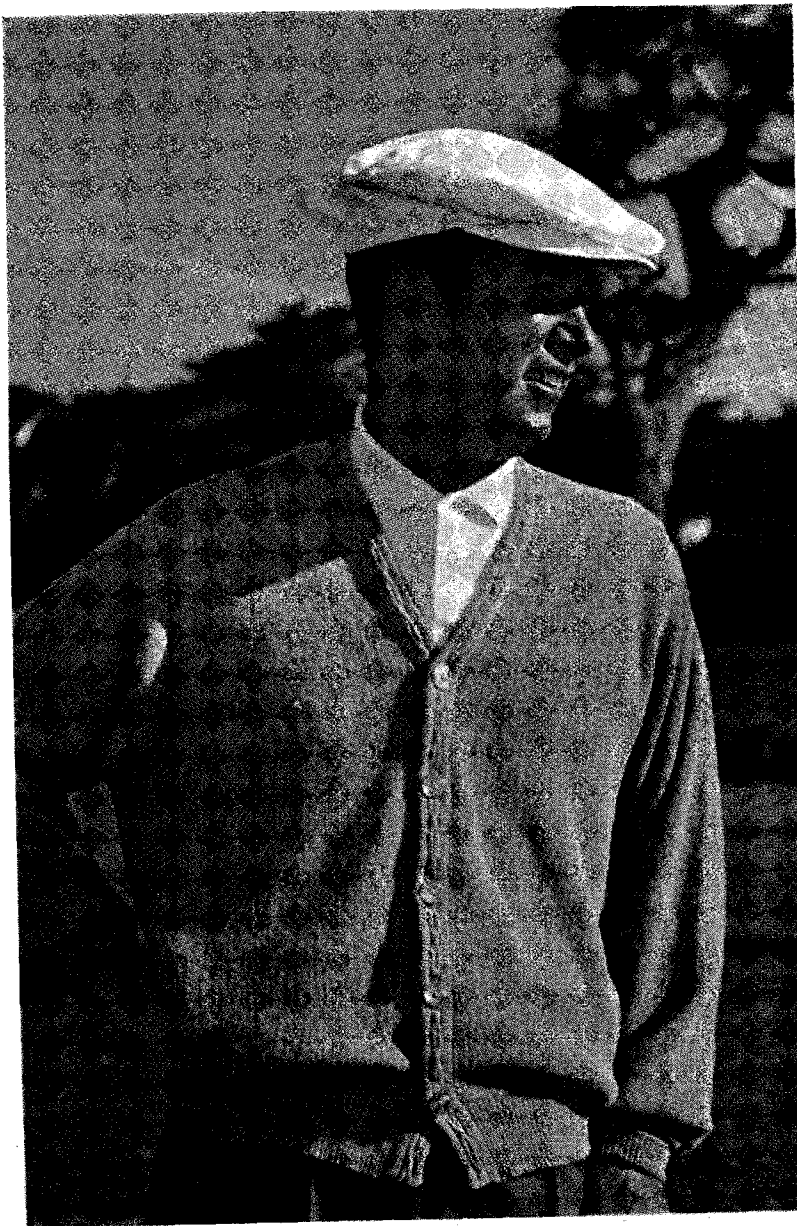


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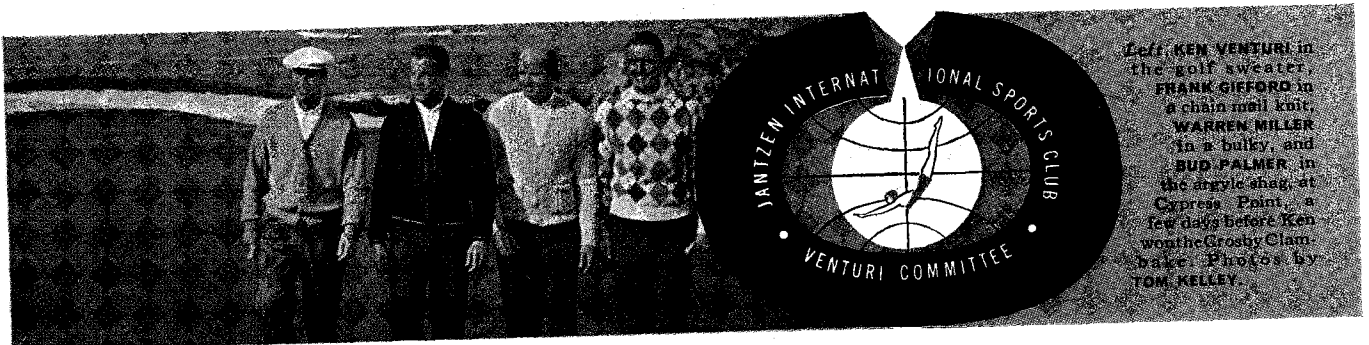
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Left: KEN VENTURI in the golf sweater, FRANK GIFFORD in a chain mail knit, WARREN MILLER in a bulky, and SUD PALMER in the argyle shag, at Cypress Point, a few days before Ken won the Crosby Clambake. Photos by TOM KELLEY.

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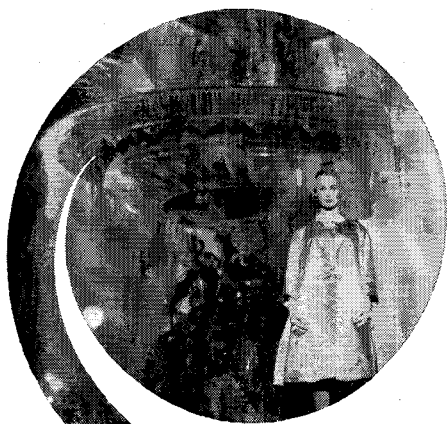
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

GLANCING at *Wisdom*, a handsome, *Fortune*-size periodical put out by the Wisdom Society, in Beverly Hills, we were struck by the self-description on its masthead: "The Magazine of Knowledge for Lifetime Learning and Education." The issue before us was a special one, devoted to the Great Books program of the Messrs. Hutchins, Benton, and Adler. Their intelligent faces dominated the cover, surrounded by some of the Great Men whose Great Books compose their list—Socrates, Plato, Shakespeare, Darwin, Freud, and others. After reading a full-page letter from the publisher—written in an appropriately elevated tone—on what Great Books mean to us all, we turned the page to a spread captioned "Great Thoughts of Great Men . . . About the Great Books." Alongside a picture of an attractive but unidentified private library we read the following worthy thoughts:

A great book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit.—*Milton*.

Great books make us heirs of all eternity.—*Shakespeare*.

All that mankind has done, thought, gained or been: It is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of great books.—*Carlyle*.

It's not every promoter of an idea who can get his copy written for him by such Great Names as these. The fact that the copy was edited—that Milton actually spoke of a "good" book rather than a "great" one, Carlyle of just plain books, and Shakespeare not of books at all but of honor—makes us sad. But perhaps that's the beginning of wisdom.

Associates' Progress

WHEN we last broke *croissants* with our old friends the Restaurant Associates, they were presiding happily and incongruously over fifteen Rikerses; the Hawaiian Room, at the

Hotel Lexington; the Newarker, at the Newark Airport; The Forum of the Twelve Caesars; The Four Seasons; and the Brasserie. To this heterogeneous diadem they have since added Leone's, on West Forty-eighth Street, and the John Peel Tavern, in Westbury, and they are about to append, in the new Time & Life Building, La Fonda del Sol, a Latin-American eatery. Anxious to keep abreast of these advances, we recently lunched at The Forum with three ranking Associates: Jerome Brody, president; Joseph Baum, executive vice-president; and Philip Miles, vice-president in charge of public relations and advertising. There, over Gaspacho Andalusia, Gulf Shrimp Simmered in Etruscan Wine, and Strawberry Ambrosia, we learned that the John Peel is part and parcel of the Island Inn, a motel. "We took over the restaurant end of it last summer," President Brody said. "One hundred and fifty seats. We're running it as an English tavern. It's an eighteenth-century-tavern approach to dining—good beef, interesting soups, fine shellfish. The Island is very much populated by British elements, you know—riding to

hounds, and so forth—and we expect to make the John Peel a community thing, like the Newarker. We've recruited a lot of the waiters from the Cunard Line; they used to be on the Queens. Now that they're on dry land, a number of them have joined The Four Seasons' soccer team. We have the queen of the British barmaids—Hebe Jean Morton—in Westbury. We got her from the British Exhibition when it was at the Coliseum. A big, tall, gay, buxom old lady."

"Is her first name really Hebe?" we asked.

"Not really," said Mr. Miles. "She was at The Players, down on Gramercy Park, for twenty-five years, and one of the members called her this, and it stuck. She spells it 'H-e-b-y.'"

"We're reflecting British history in the food," Mr. Baum said. "Serious Englishmen know how to eat. Who were the patrons of the great French cuisine? The English."

"The Duke of Windsor lives in Paris," Mr. Brody said. "The décor in our restaurants is not superficial. It's carried through in the food. We have a lot of Italian waiters in Leone's, and we'll have Latin-American personnel at La Fonda."

"Leone's is to me the happiest restaurant in the world," Mr. Baum said. "We ran a branch, a Leone hospitality center, in Rome during the Olympics."

Mr. Brody suggested a visit to La Fonda, which is still under construction, and after Coffee Expressus the four of us walked over there. "This is a different type of thing, not in our general frame of reference," Mr. Baum said. "A language problem and a product problem. All of a sudden, we have to make ten thousand *tortillas* a day, directly from real corn. They have to be right. They're authenticated by actual native cooks. *Tortillas* require specific observation on the spot. We want to reflect *all* of Latin America. We'll be cooking beef in the manner of the





“And last but not least . . .”

Argentine. The food has to be in keeping with the spirit of the décor.”
 “Our décor in the various restaurants has stimulated and broadened us,” Mr. Brody said. “When you work with people like Philip Johnson, Charles Eames, Mies van der Rohe, and Alexander Girard, you get stimulated. Who am I to reject a Picasso? But I did.”
 “I think we stimulated them, too,”

Mr. Baum said. “Lippold was thrilled by the idea of his sculpture being in The Four Seasons.”

“We have a hothouse in Scarsdale growing herbs for us,” Mr. Miles said. “We hope to get in some South American herbs.”

We arrived at La Fonda to find it full of workmen. “This is going to be the damndest bar of all time,” Mr.

Miles said as we gazed at a scene of indescribable confusion. “Gay and informal and fun and tasty. Open from noon till 3 A.M.”

“It will be a mighty dramatic joint,” Mr. Brody said. “A full dinner for under six dollars. Three hundred and forty seats. Menus will be in three languages—English, Spanish, and Portuguese. Here, just about where we’re

standing, there's to be a ladies'-room house and a bar house, separated by a street and a fountain. The bar will have a rough tiled floor and a panelled wall, with a louvered ceiling. Trying to make things rough costs eight times as much. Girard did the décor."

"The detail is unbelievable," Mr. Baum said. "Unbelievable detail!"

"The third house is the restaurant proper," Mr. Brody said as we gained it. "From here on, it's all restaurant—from Fiftieth Street to Fifty-first." He pointed out the future site of purple-and-orange banquettes, and then showed us windowed recesses already stocked with hundreds of Latin-American dolls and miniature flower baskets, pieces of pottery, musical instruments, utensils, and articles of food. One vitrine was devoted entirely to tiny Peruvian hats, and another to human figures that Mr. Brody told us were made of Ecuadorian bread treated with formaldehyde. "A good conversation piece," he said, and, stimulated and broadened, we left.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A vehement hand has chalked on an alley wall just a few steps from the New York Academy of Medicine, "Chico has Mental Health."

A Stroll Through Fuse Mews

WITH the help of the *News*, a spate of power and appliance companies opened an exhibition called Electra City, U.S.A., at the Coliseum last week, and the usual hordes of *News* readers showed up along with us. Electra City, which was laid out on the third floor of the Coliseum, had all kinds of whimsically named aisles, or, you might say, thruways: Appliance Lane, Fuse Mews, and the like of that. When we entered Electra City, we heard a shrill scream and prepared to depart, figuring that we were getting into one of those homicidal dramas that the *News* specializes in. However, it turned out that somebody in Electra City was demonstrating how to cut up logs with an electric (what else?) saw, and we permitted ourselves to be led by a local beater we encountered along the line into an electric house, called the Gold Medallion Home, on Battery Avenue. It consisted of three bedrooms, a kitchen, a bath, and a living room with purified air by General Electric and furnishings by L. Bamberger & Co., of Newark. In the living room—or maybe it was a bedroom—we ob-

served a sign reading, "The ceilings in this house are temporary, for display purposes only." We glanced overhead apprehensively, and were immediately conducted to a bathroom that featured a print of two oranges—or possibly tomatoes—and facilities by Glissade. We suggested to our guide, a pleasant woman called Miss Ross, that we were getting a trifle claustrophobic, the electric house being very tiny, and Miss Ross kindly got us back into the mainstream of Electra City. In passing, we picked up a phone that had a sign beside it reading, "Lift the receiver and hear the recipe for easy living all the way in Electra City." The phone was dead. Also in passing, we noticed that outside the electric house there was a great pink garage door going up and down, advertising the ingenuity of the Genie Sales Company.

Once in the clear, on Ampere Boulevard, we came upon a lovely lady in a bikini lying down while a lamp with a webbed shade passed back and forth over her body as inexorably as doom. This, it developed, was a thing called Travel Tan, guaranteed not to fry the user. We became hypnotized by the lamp swinging over the beauty but were suddenly brought back to reality by Miss Ross, who asked us if we'd like to see a pizza cooked in three minutes. "It's done by the Harvic Company," she said. As we repaired to the pizzeria, we happened upon a couple of earnest-looking middle-aged men who were throwing potatoes into a fairly large pot, the interior of which was whirling around at a great rate.

Noticing our interest, one of the men took us in hand. "Owing to the magic of Peelquick," he advised us, "we can now peel four to five pounds of potatoes in fifteen seconds."

"Four to six pounds in thirty seconds," his colleague observed.

"I am speaking," said the first Peelquick man, "of the optimum."

"Start the machine," we suggested.

The Peelquicks threw a lot more potatoes into their whirling pot, and after thirty seconds nothing much seemed to have happened. Thereupon yet another operative showed up, and made a couple of passes at the pot, and soon the potatoes were being skinned alive. At the finish, though, a good many of

them had eyes that winked accusingly at the Peelquick people, and when we pointed this out, one of the men said, "There is only so much technology can do."

At the Harvic pizzeria, we had, needless to say, a quick pizza, which was slightly overdone, and then we proceeded to the Electric Epicure Kitchen, where, we learned, a lady called Poppy Cannon was presently to demonstrate how to cook chicken in clay. Nothing much was doing at the moment in the Electric Epicure Kitchen, Miss Cannon having gone off for a smoke or something, and while we were loitering about, a small, muttering woman tugged at our elbow. "Chicken in clay, chicken in clay," she said. "We were doing that in Ireland before the electricity was ever invented. What are they trying to do with the women here? They press a button and the dishes are washed, they press another and the laundry is done, and they press another and they get eased into their baths. A day's work would kill the lot of them."

We disengaged ourselves and went on to see other electrical sights, learning how to heat our home without a furnace (insulated wires in the ceiling; base-board units), how to keep our home free of odors (Selectronaire electronic air-cleaner in new, trim, handsome TV-style cabinet with a straight-through air flow), how to relieve arthritis (whirlpool baths), and how to wire a home (let's not get into this). Having strolled down the various streets of Electra City, and had an electric manicure en route, we made our way out of the Coliseum and stopped for a hot dog at a stand nearby. It was boiled in an old-fashioned pot, and while we were eating it the attendant squeezed a couple of oranges by hand.

"Why aren't you electrified?" we asked.

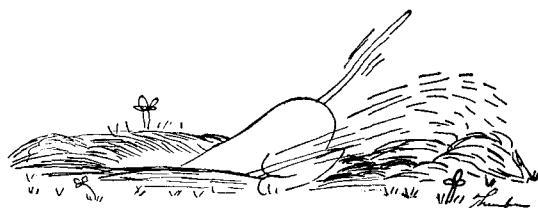
"I'm not in the exhibit, Jack," he said.

Wrong Number

A LOCAL lady we've heard about has been receiving unnerving telephone calls, in which only expectant breathing greeted her "Hello." Last week, when her phone rang again and she got the same response to her salutation, she finally screamed, "Will you please tell me what it is you want from me?"

"A prayer, lady" was the chagrined reply. "Isn't this Dial-A-Prayer?"

A little research showed that



Dial-A-Prayer's phone number, Endicott 2-5434, differs from her own by just a digit, and now she answers her phone with a resounding "May God save us all!"

Lady in Steel

OUR respect for our elders—and they are getting fewer and fewer as time rolls by—is almost Chinese in its intensity. Anybody who makes it beyond threescore and ten, we figure, makes us the more. We were happy, therefore, to have a talk the other day with a lady approaching eighty, who runs an outfit called Patriarche & Bell, down on Carmine Street, hard by Seventh Avenue. The lady in question is Mrs. Marietta Ryder, and she is an expert in high-carbon steel, which is used for everything from springs for great clocks to springs for the trucks under railroad cars, always granted any trains are running. Mrs. Ryder, a pert little soul with the determination and enthusiasm of a sandpiper playing Canute with the Great Western Ocean, met us on the second floor of her establishment. Wearing a black-and-white cotton print and high-heeled black sandals, and looking half—or, at the outside, three-quarters—of her age, she told us that she will soon be leaving Manhattan for Newark.

An announcement of this fact had led us to her high-carboned haunts, and we so informed her.

"It's almost impossible for a small business like this one to function in Manhattan," Mrs. Ryder remarked with some asperity. "I guess we're the last of the spring and specialty steels still in operation around here. Right now I have to think about shifting three hundred tons of steel from Carmine Street to Newark, and that is no joke." She looked around her large, ramshackle office and observed, "After so many years, I'm going to miss this place. We put a lot of sweat into it, but 57 Carmine Street is going to be remembered because Edgar Allan Poe once lived here. You didn't know that, did you?"

We said we didn't, and Mrs. Ryder thereupon proposed that we go down to the first

floor and take a look at the three hundred tons of steel that she had to ship to Newark.

We induced her to say something about her career first.

"Until 1933, I knew nothing about steel," she said. "To tell you the truth, I'd never been in this office. But then my husband, Ernest W. Ryder, a good steel man if ever there was one, dropped dead, and I was left with a pair of young boys, who had to be taken care of. Mr. Philip H. Patriarche and Mr. Park E. Bell, with whom my husband shared this business, also died suddenly, and so I found myself a steel baroness—a very little steel baroness. Somehow, I got the boys through Dartmouth—they were both hard workers and did a lot on their own—and now they are my good right hands. Alan B., who is forty-six, is secretary of the company, and William B., who is forty-two, is treasurer. Those 'B's are accounted for by the fact that my grandmother was a Bassett, out of a place called Lee, near Stockbridge. They once found her fighting a fire when the men were away, and I thought it would be a good idea to include the name of an extinguisher in the boys' names. My people were in paper, and my father represented several New England mills in New York, which is why I was born in Brooklyn. That is where I met my husband, who represented the Philadelphia firm of Morris-Wheeler hereabouts at the time. There was nobody like him on music spring-steel wire."

"How's that?" we inquired.

"In the high-carbon-steel line," said Mrs. Ryder, "music spring-steel wire is so excellent that it could be used to fit

out a musical instrument. You know," she went on, "this is all a hand operation—no cranes or derricks, or any of that. And there are only seven of us in P.-B.—myself and the boys and Mrs. Block on this floor, and the three fine fellows who handle the steel down below. It's too bad, don't you think, that little businesses like this can't function in New York?"

We agreed heartily.

"I see you smoke," said Mrs. Ryder.

We apologized.

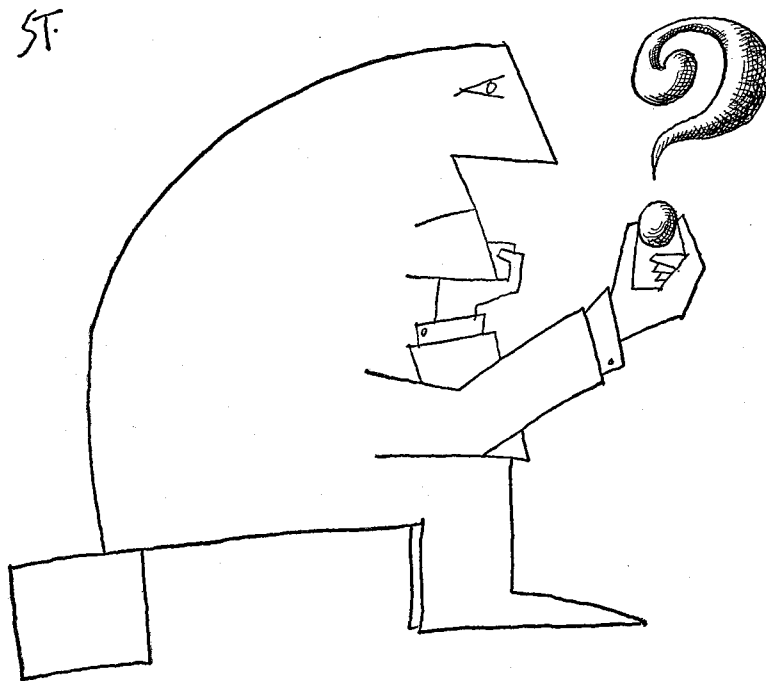
"Never tried it myself, so I can't rap it," she said. "However, I'm your girl when it comes to a solid Scotch. I think I worry the boys when I have a couple, but then they've been known to worry me."

The phone rang, and Mrs. Ryder excused herself to talk to a man about a shipment of steel from a Monongahela mill to the Pennsylvania Railroad. "It's short notice, but I'll get it there somehow," said Mrs. Ryder, "even if I have to wheel it in a gocart." She turned to us and winked amiably. "I'm always on the ball," she said.

OVERHEARD at the Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, sneakered man to sneakered girl: "Sure I like beauty, but I have no use for art."

Glory

CARNEGIE HALL, saved from destruction last spring by a band of musical desperadoes under the adroit command of Isaac Stern, will reopen next Tuesday with a concert by the Philharmonic, conducted by Leonard Bernstein and featuring, suitably, Mr. Stern. During the summer, the Hall has been undergoing a thorough renovation, inside and out, and one morning last week we went up to Fifty-seventh Street to appraise the results. Much of the remembered mud-pie brown of the exterior had become a gleaming, dappled tan; a couple of dark patches remained, which gangs of workers, mostly on high scaffolds, were noisily obliterating with jets of steam. On our way into the building, we stopped



for a word with a lanky blaster in helmet and coveralls who was attacking a particularly stubborn stretch of grime at street level. "Been in this line of work fifteen years, and this is the toughest assignment yet," he said. "Been told this brick hasn't been even touched in seventy years. Still, you got to give it credit. A lot of the brick in these old buildings is as soft as putty; when you turn the steam on, it practically melts. But this Carnegie pressed brick is as hard as a rock, and when the sun catches it in the afternoon"—he hesitated, apparently not wishing to be thought a sissy, then took the plunge—"it shines like it was jewels."

Inside the Hall, we encountered our old friend Robert W. Dowling, real-estate operator, swimmer, antiquary, and amateur of music, arts, and letters. Mr. Dowling, who heads the executive committee of the board of trustees of the nonprofit group now running the Hall, was full of praise for the city's action in saving it. "An unprecedented philanthropic gesture on the part of a municipality," he said, rolling out the syllables with relish. "Such a display of faith and confidence! Most inspiring! The city has leased the Hall to us, and we must clear enough each season—approximately three hundred thousand dollars—to retire the five-million-dollar bond issue with which the Hall was bought. We're sure we can do it, with sound and imaginative management. The physical rejuvenation now taking place is but a first step. It's costing us around a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and is worth every penny."

Dowling led us into the auditorium. Bless our soul! What a transformation! The sullen dark-red paint that used to dominate it has vanished; now walls, boxes, and trim are all snowy white, picked out with gold. Dowling sniffed the varnish-laden air as if it were so much Old Spice. "Stunning, isn't it?" he asked, with a gesture that affectionately embraced the Hall. "I don't believe in false modesty; I accept full credit or blame wherever due. Off and on for a good many years now, I've been called on to act as a sort of plastic surgeon to theatres. I've fixed over the Lunt-Fontanne, the ANTA, the Helen Hayes, and the Astor, among others, and I think I know what works and what doesn't. Here in Carnegie, I wanted the effect to be at once formal and gala. The original colors of the Hall were ivory and gold; that awful maroon color dated back only to 1949, so I felt no compunction about getting rid of it. To provide a contrast with our white



"Eisenhower was at this party, and Khrushchev was there, and Nasser and Tito and Dag Hammarskjöld and Castro and a lot of others, and, lo and behold, I made them all shake hands."

and gold, we're putting down red carpets and upholstering the seats in red—not maroon but a good, strong red—and finishing the wooden parts of the seats in black. The new stage draperies are the crowning touch of glory—pure-white velvet trimmed with gold."

Guiding us back into the entrance foyer, also newly painted white, Dowling expatiated eloquently on the virtues of that color. "White acts as an effective aesthetic detergent," he said. "It tends to efface the grotesque. There was always too much fussy detail in this foyer. We hope our white paint will help to render most of these wretched multi-foliate arches and other architectural malformations invisible. Once we get the place looking nice, we'll tackle a couple of the bigger mechanical chores, such as air-conditioning. We don't want to change anything in the Hall, like the acoustics; we just want to make everything better. After all, we're in business, and eager to increase our business. Our aim is to make the Hall a center of non-musical activities as well as musical ones, though the latter will, of course, always come first. We'll rent

it out for scientific conferences, conventions, religious services, even stockholders' meetings. Our new physical beauty is only a means to an end; we have a moral obligation to succeed, and succeed we will!"

"Space" to "Hoodwink"

A BROWSER of our acquaintance whose keenest interest is pamphlets from Washington, D.C., recently forwarded us a list of his latest reading material. It goes like this:

- "The Next Ten Years in Space." 60¢
- "The Sugarcane Borer." 5¢
- "Worldwide Occurrence of Sporadic E." \$3.25
- "Stabilization of Free Radicals at Low Temperature." \$1.50
- "Community Tornado Safety." 10¢
- "Take a Can of Salmon." 15¢
- "Stay in School." 5¢
- "How the Chinese Reds Hoodwink Visiting Foreigners." 15¢

Our browser recommends that we keep our eye on the worldwide occurrence of sporadic E. "Figuring price-wise," he observes, "something must be cooking."

IS FABIAN TOO YOUNG TO KISS?

JUST across from the post office in the small town of Wakefield, Rhode Island, there is a stationery-and-newspaper store that is like thousands of others all over the country. It is in a long, narrow room behind a plate-glass window; newspapers are stacked on a counter at the back, and the corridor leading from the door to the news counter is flanked by a rack displaying current magazines. Anyone buying a newspaper has to walk past the rack, and it is almost impossible to go in and out without giving at least a glance to the profusion of bright colors and bold type arranged on the rack like a garish flower bed.

At any rate, it is impossible for me. Even when I'm in a hurry, I can't resist a sidelong look. Most of the time, I don't consciously read what's printed on the magazine covers, but I've found that they make a subliminal impression on me. I get into my car, thinking about the mail on the seat beside me or the family errands I have to do, and then, half a mile down the road, some weird and irrelevant question will float up to my consciousness. "Frankie Avalon: What of the Years Ahead?," I'll find myself asking, or, "What Are Elvis and Tuesday Hiding?" One day re-

cently, it was this thought, in quotes: "Young Men Are Nice, but Muscles Are Only Skin-Deep!" It had brushed off on me somehow as I passed a magazine named *Popular Screen*, and it haunted me all the way home, summoning up a mental picture of an unfortunate young man whose skin-deep muscles were so bulgingly visible that he looked like an anatomical drawing.

"I Resented My Triplets" was another flat statement, on the cover of a confession magazine, that stuck to me like a decalcomania. Even more affecting was this pathetic outcry from *True Experience*: "Fourteen and Trapped in an Old Folks' Home." What could it mean? Had a cruel stepmother dyed the child's hair gray and then sworn to the authorities that the creature was eighty-one years old but small for her age? I could see it all. Whenever the poor girl sidled up to the matron, a doll tucked under her arm, and tearfully insisted that she was only fourteen, the matron would smile knowingly and write "Suffers from acute senile delusion" in the child's record. It was a wicked thing for the stepmother to do, and I'm sorry I heard about it.

Questions are the favorite device of magazine cover-line writers. "What

Am I—Mistress or Wife?" (*Daring Romances*). "Why Was Edd Byrnes Too Broke to Buy a New Suit?" (*Star-Life*). "Must Elvis Now Stop Rock and Roll?" (*TV Star Annual*). "Who Stripped and Strangled Two Brunettes?" (*Police Files*). "Should We Kill More Pheasants?" (*Field & Stream*). . . . The damn things get into your bonnet and buzz around like a swarm of bees.

Most often, thank goodness, I'm able to mutter "I don't know" or "I don't care" and get rid of them in fairly short order, but not long ago there was one—a comparatively innocuous question, it seemed at first—that wouldn't go away. It was this, from the cover of *TV and Movie Screen*: "Fabian and Dodie: Are They Really Too Young to Kiss?"

Well, are they, I kept wondering. Are they?

I tried reminding myself that I really didn't give a damn whether they are or not. At length, when this didn't work, I surrendered and began to analyze the problem. Perhaps, I thought, if I can devise some sort of answer, I'll put the question to rest. The next thing I knew, I was thumbing through the reference books on my shelves.

I STARTED by assembling what meagre information I had. Fabian is a young boy who sings. I really don't know how old he is. Dodie is entirely unknown to me, but it seemed best to assume that this person is a girl. Now, about the kissing. Are they too young to kiss anybody or each other? Maybe Fabian is and Dodie isn't—or the other way around. For an orderly solution of such a riddle, nothing can be taken for granted. One must start at the beginning. I started with the *Encyclopædia Britannica's* definition of a kiss: "The act of pressing or touching with the lips . . . as an expression of love, affection, reverence or greeting."

Etymologically, I learned, the word is connected with the Latin "*gustus*" ("taste") and the Gothic "*kustus*" ("to test"—from "*kinsan*," meaning "to choose"), and thus may be a doublet of "choice." Further references given in the *Britannica*, but unfortunately unavailable to me, included C. Nyrop's "The Kiss and Its History," translated by W. F. Harvey (1902); J. J. Claudius's "*Dissertation de Salutationibus Veterum*" (Utrecht, 1702); and "*Baisers d'Étiquette*" (1689) in the *Archives Curieuses de l'Histoire de France* (1834-90, series ii).

While all this was some help, it provided no clue to the age at which kissing



"I think you are very inscrutable, too."



"Will you gift-wrap it, please, and join me in a chorus of 'Happy Birthday to You'?"

is possible. Still resolved to start at the beginning, I selected Dr. Spock's "Pocket Book of Baby and Child Care," which discusses every conceivable aspect of infantile behavior. Sure enough, "Kissing" was in the index, between "Kerosene Poisoning" and "Knock-Knees." "Don't be afraid to kiss your baby when you feel like it," purred Dr. Spock's text, making me feel, as always, that a strong, comforting hand had been placed on my shoulder. "Kissing brings up the subject of germs. There are germs everywhere. Most of them are relatively harmless. A baby will gradually pick up the germs of the people who are taking care of him. The important thing is not to give him too many new, bad germs at one time. Be fierce about keeping outsiders with colds away from the baby."

Now we were getting somewhere. Even if Fabian and Dodie are infants, there is no medical reason either one of them shouldn't be kissed by the other, provided the one who does the kissing doesn't have a cold. This established that neither is too young to *be* kissed. It hadn't, of course, cleared up whether

either was too young to perform the act of kissing.

I wondered what Gesell would have to say. The first volume, "Infant and Child in the Culture of Today," was a disappointment—no kissing in the index—but "The Child from Five to Ten" yielded two references, wedged between "Kindergarten" and "Latent Period."

Seven may himself become involved in an elementary love affair [Gesell said boldly]. The boys who can write and spell may even write simple notes, "Do you like me? Yes or No." With X's for kisses. . . .

The girl-boy interest persists with *Nine* even though there is now a marked separation of the sexes in play. The sexes are rarely mixed at a birthday party, and if they are, kissing games may result. Boys try to kiss their girl friend, with one success as the final goal. This becomes an episode to talk about.

I was learning. If Fabian is at least seven and can write and spell, he is not too young to give Dodie symbolic kisses. If he is nine or over, he is not too young to try to give her a real one; if he succeeds, the chances are he'll blab about it.

These entries in Gesell were in a section headed "Sex," which gave me a notion of where next to turn. Somebody had borrowed the family's Kinsey, but we have a book called "Patterns of Sexual Behavior," by Clellan S. Ford and Frank A. Beach (Harper & Brothers, 1951). I took this down and began to leaf through it, muttering, "Is Fabian too young to kiss? Is Dodie too young to kiss Fabian?" in order to remind myself to keep my eye on the ball and not be diverted by such headings as "Distribution of Initiative in Sexual Invitations." I realized that I ought to read the whole book in order to clarify all the implications of my riddle, but I couldn't allow myself the time just then. I resolved to stick to what was clearly pertinent.

"Kissing," listed in the index between "Jealousy" and "Lactation," led me first to a description of the romantic procedures of monkeys. I found that two scientists, G. V. Hamilton (a pioneer in this field) and E. J. Kempf, had independently reported kissing as taking place between male and female macaques. In each case, it was the fe-

male who invited the kiss. "She persistently thrust her smacking lips toward the male, until he leaned still further downward and touched her lips with his own," said Dr. Hamilton. Unfortunately, the book didn't reveal how old the monkeys were, and another observer, H. C. Bingham, disagreed with these findings, saying he had seen no evidence of kissing at all.

From another reference in "Patterns of Sexual Behavior" I discovered that "Kissing is a ubiquitous item in our own society" and that some form of kissing is found in many others—Alorese, Cree, Crow, Hopi, Lapp, and Trukese, to mention but a few.

"Among the Lapps," I read, "kissing is performed with the mouth and nose at the same time."⁶ Footnote 6 read, "Struthers (cited in Reed, 1946) reports that male and female Canadian porcupines rub noses frequently."

"By contrast," the text went on, "there are some peoples among whom kissing is unknown."⁷ Footnote 7 read, "Balinese, Chamorro, Chewa, Lepcha, Manus, Siriono, Thonga, Tinguian."

I hastened back to the text. "When the Thonga first saw Europeans kissing they laughed. . . . The Siriono never kiss, although they have no regulation against such behavior. The Tinguian, instead of kissing, place the lips near the partner's face and suddenly inhale." I exhaled, suddenly beginning to doubt that the book was going to help me materially with Fabian and Dodie. Skimming through the following pages, on kissing among animals, I found that it is not common among subprimate mammals, though what might be called a kiss is bestowed upon his bride by the male house mouse. Amorous elephants and sea lions also do something of the same sort.

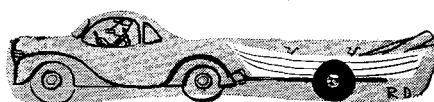
FORD and Beach on kissing, rewarding as they had been, still left areas of doubt. I wasn't ready to let go yet, so I turned hopefully to a chapter entitled "Development in the Individual." This turned out to be such a long, complex section—thirty-two pages—that I decided not to make verbatim notes but to summarize portions that bore on my subject.

"Pituitary influences, development of," I jotted down. "Some evidence of from date of birth . . . baby lambs, rats, golden hamsters when one week old. Baboons busy with boy-girl stuff at nine months, when milk teeth appear. Human societies divided into categories—restrictive or permissive. In permissive societies where adults don't in-

terfere (Alorese, Chewa, Copper Eskimo, and twenty-nine others, ending with Zulu), kids play house. (Probably includes kissing?) In restrictive societies (American, Abelam, Apinaye, etc., etc.), severe penalties may be imposed, but kids try if they can get away with it. Extreme measures to which adults go in order to restrict youthful activities indicate strength of tendency in children and adolescents.

"Abipone boys and girls strictly segregated at all times. Wapisiana have devised only completely effective prevention of premarital relations known to man: define cohabitation as marriage. (Interesting solution.) In primates, according to Yerkes, naïve little females respond appropriately to males, while naïve males remain baffled for some time; apt to behave in a playfully puzzled fashion. (Is Fabian naïve? Playfully puzzled?) Among Ila-speaking peoples of Africa, girls all been kissed by age of ten. . . . Easter Island youngsters spoon at six. Review of cross-species and cross-cultural evidence suggests tendencies toward such behavior before maturity are genetically determined in many primates, including human beings."

There I was. Regretfully, I closed the book and sat down to review the data I had accumulated. Like any honest scholar, I had come to realize that there is no end to true research. I would have liked very much to go on and ex-



FROM AN OFFSHORE ISLAND

(SEPTEMBER GALE)

Hear now the ocean trouncing off this island,
The under-roar of wind down unfenced sea,
And through chance flaws, like dim light down a tunnel,
The bell buoy spent with distance.

Orion's chill, washed, subterranean glitter
Wheels up from under, and great Rigel blazes
Between tossed oak boughs that the gale of autumn
Tears at, lifts, lets fall.

Old ocean's hoarse and implicated roaring
Brings me up sitting at the dead of night,
Its pent-in mouthless fury calling back
The wild first of creation,

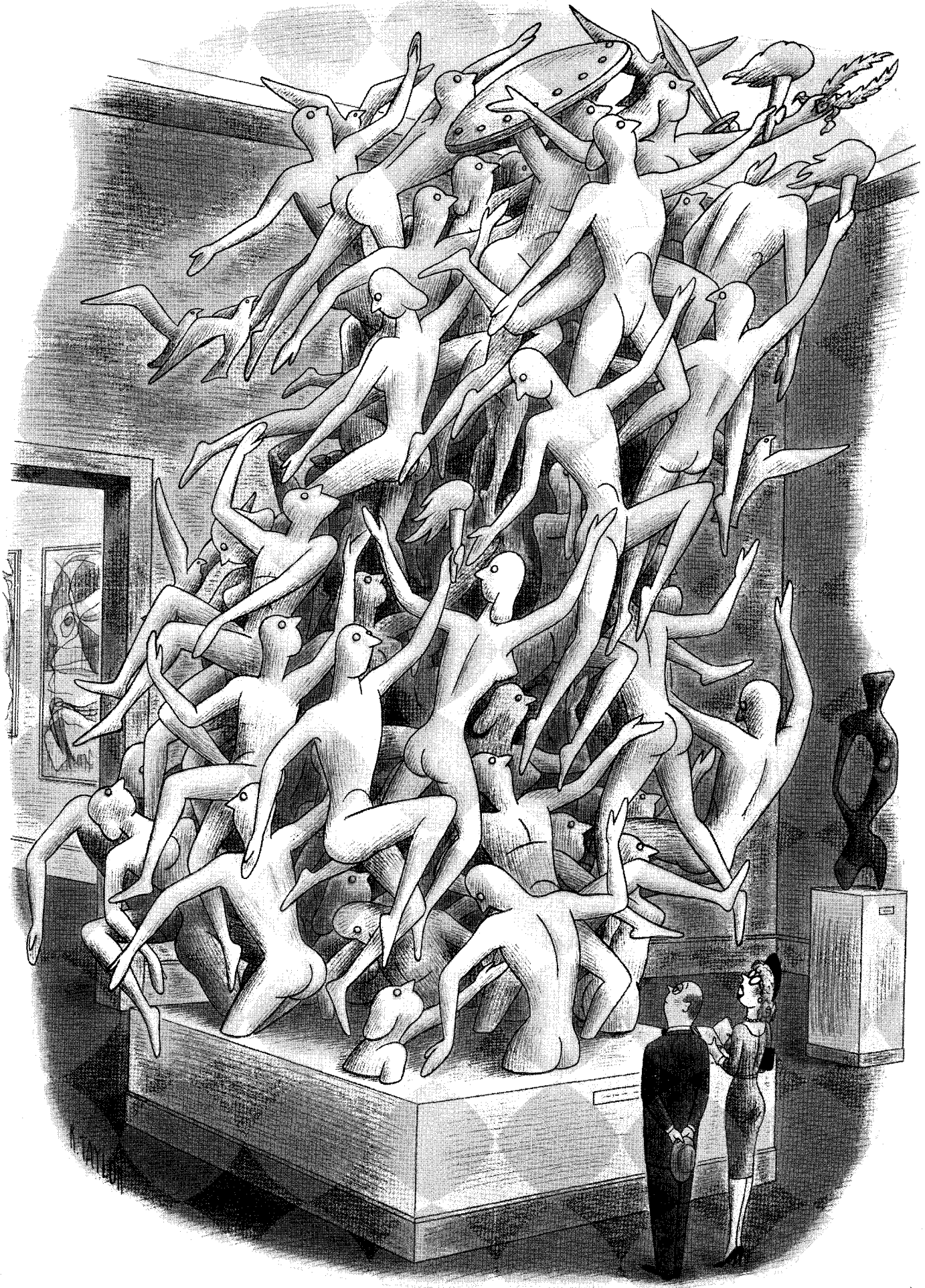
The rage, the might, the rampage.

How shall I
Up from this anchored island not make answer—
I with my bones of rock-dust hardly knitted
And my blood still salt from the sea?

—ABBIE HUSTON EVANS

plore the wealth of promising leads supplied by the bibliography, such as Davis, K. B., "Factors in the Sex Life of Twenty-two Hundred Women" (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1929); Cou-dreau, H. A., "Chez Nos Indiens" (Paris: Hachette et Cie, 1893); Tinklepaugh, O. L., "Fur-Picking in Monkeys As an Act of Adornment" (*J. Mammal.*, Vol. XII, 430-31, 1931); Whiting, J. W. M., "Becoming a Kwoma" (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1941); McBride, A. F., and Hebb, D. O., "Behavior of the Captive Bottle-nose Dolphin, *Tursiops truncatus*" (*Journal of Comparative Physiology*, 1948); and many, many more. I simply didn't have time for the project. I had to draw my conclusions with what information I had already acquired.

Are Fabian and What's-Her-Name too young to kiss? The most thoughtful reply I can give is that if they are over two years old, the chances are that they are *not* too young. This must be qualified by pointing out that they live in a society classified as restrictive, and therefore if they attempt to kiss they may bring down upon themselves some form of social censure or punishment (cf. Ford and Beach, p. 180). What's more, I don't intend to give the matter any more thought. I also resolve to stay away from that newsstand, before I encounter something I can't cope with. Even now, another question, flung at me from the cover of a magazine called *Datebook*, is beginning to buzz in my head. "Is Elvis Really Vulgar?" they want to know. —FAITH McNULTY



"He certainly deserves an A for effort."

FRANZ F

HE lived in Elderberry Street, in the West end of Boston, and had a shop front with a cold-water flat behind. In the basement of the building a man made wine, and the fermented smell came up between the floor boards. The kitchen was misshapen, small, and dark, and whenever Franz turned on the light a lot of roaches would scurry over the sink and disappear in the wall.

The little living room had a built-in couch on which Franz slept. Some bookcases around the wall, and in a farther tiny room there was another bed. Rattan shades on all the windows to keep out eyes passing in the alley. A big woolly rug on the floor. This was a lonely outpost. Except for the loud fights that went on in the rest of the building and sometimes on both sides of the street.

At six any morning when he could not sleep, Franz stood in the shadow of his doorway to listen to the alarm clocks going off up and down the street, the ringing of these sad timepieces escaping out the open windows. Then taking a shower, and at eight-fifty every morning, Monday to Friday, he put particulars in his briefcase, cornflakes inside him, and set off.

Elderberry a narrow street with one or two grotesque trees arching and sneaking their branches between the houses. Empty flats to rent with the

price written in white grease on the windows. Some buildings had fallen down and had become vacant lots where cars were parked. Franz F walking toward the river, slinging his briefcase ahead of him, sweeping his free arm across his face at the clouds of flies blossoming off the garbage as he passed. By the river there was a breeze, a brightness of water, and an early-morning green.

Sometimes he went down behind the hospital—a red brick wall with a pair of big dark doors. If these were open, there was an empty trolley waiting by the steps. And certain times a black van from a funeral parlor would pull out, a man preceding it to warn traffic in the narrow street. Above these large doors were windows Franz could see into from the other side of the road. Shelves around the wall of a large room, rows of bottles and bottles. This is how we went one day.

The hospital extended to the river. And here were grass, trees, and the building's high balconies, and curtained windows. Someone sitting in a wheelchair reading. And outside this entrance were always parked several long expensive cars. It gave one heart. Inside, a bright reception desk in the gleaming hall. And elderly women with canes and furs were helped up the steps by their chauffeurs.

On the hottest days there was always

freshness here along the river. Young maple trees spreading over the paths. At night the factory buildings across the water shone bright neon lights and rippled and flickered. Saturdays and Sundays the sailboats were out—white one-winged butterflies.

Past the hospital was the jail. Always a little difficult to decide which place would be better to be, hospital or jail. But upon serious consideration of this problem, Franz chose the jail. At least it was near the river and within a stone's throw of Charles Street Station. Nice to know that if you did make it over the wall you were near public transport.

Climbing the steps to the station platform, Franz was a rigid figure, a lonely one in his Victorian suiting. In the train he always offered his seat to a woman. Doing so evoked a feeling that all was well with the world. Often there were tall horse-faced girls travelling, who crossed legs largely lean and read books in their laps. If Franz was early for work he went for coffee in Harvard Square. This pleasant time of day, when the college buildings were coming awake with the summery flap of blue sneakers along the pavement. A tremendous change to come out of the enclosed darkness of Elderberry Street to these open, spacious buildings. To see the bright smiling teeth of students. His train pulling into this last stop, a new atmosphere in the air. White clean walls of the tunnel. The magazine kiosk.

Even the weighing and gum machines had a clean magic about them. And here he weighed one hundred and seventy-one pounds and bought his gum.

Franz F worked in a building just off the Square. It had the feeling of a library. There was a reception desk where a young blond woman, her hair tightly back in a bun, nodded her head to him as he came in. He doffed his cap, gave a slight bow, just so. A little frightened that she thought him pretentious. And his clothes a little too old-worldly to be honest. He hoped as he rambled by each morning that she might ask him a question because he looked so intelligent. But her face was always neither sad nor glad, and her name was Lydia.

Her legs he knew by heart. Neat muscles knot-



ting over long ankles and toes slightly pigeon. In the outside corner of each eye she had put a dark pencil line that gave her face a touch of Chinese beauty. Her silence made him feel she was aloof and slightly censuring. But, passing each morning, he felt he wasn't doing too badly.

Climbing up the stairs to his room where two wide windows overlooked the street and opening his briefcase on the long board table. His hands looked such trembling hooks—freckled, tired, and gray. This day was like all the rest and might be like all his future. In going to the window, raising it wide, putting elbows on the sill, and looking down at the street and the tailor shop across, there was an iota of hope. All through one's life there were the myriad days at school while outside was summertime under the skies.

As the mornings grew toward noon, messengers brought sheets of yellow paper with many statistics. He went down line after line with his pencil, checking those which were related, and made a list. From this list other lists would be made. And from these, in another room at the top of the building, people who had higher positions would come to a conclusion.

This office was a lonely life. Two or three infrequent acquaintances might stop by, peek through the door, and chat for a minute. There was a feeling, reading these faces, that they were saying "Come on and fight." But getting the gimlet eye, they retreated, making a wisecrack, and were off down the hall to more influential people. The uncomfortable feeling descending on Franz that they were going to intrigue him out of his job.

There were bigger problems than losing one's job. Franz had for many years been interested in having an affair with a woman. One of those things where you like me and I like you. Things would start bravely enough. His shirt, underwear, and seersucker had been oven-fresh for those light-blue evenings. The girl tall, fragrant, and socially registered perhaps. And to have his invitation accepted was undermin-



"I'll tell you where I wanted to go—the Vale of Kashmir. But we ended up, as usual, in Westhampton."

ing. He thought there was a secret with women, a combination that unlocked the chastity. That when you phoned to ask them to come to the Bach quartet, you sent a flower that afternoon. And often then, calling at her house, the bloom pinned to her dress hung wilted on its stem, a faded three-dollar overture.

On these dates he took a taxi drive with the girl along the grassy banks of the Charles. Sitting stiffly upright, designating points of interest. And amazed at the nice-looking clothes the girl had on. So many attempts in his life to arrange a scene of seduction. Cutting family ties, finding the privacy of one's own quarters, roach-ridden as they were. No friends who might pay a call casually and thus wreck a wrestle. But his suggestion for coffee after the concert met with a request to be taken home. The dutiful delivery, walking to their front doors, doffing hat, bowing, saying good night. The door closing,

walking away, almost feeling her sigh of relief on the back of his neck.

On these nights, the shop in Elderberry Street became a pit of despair. Nothing to lighten the burden of darkness. Maybe run the shower, chase the roaches. Go out past a bar, think of having a drink, see the smoke and the sour, menacing men inside, and instead buy a quart of beer from the corner store. The man shortchanging him two cents without fail. And they would go through the usual routine of "Oh sorry," and a reluctant two pennies would be dropped one at a time into his upward palm.

SATURDAY mornings after these terrible Fridays, Franz with shirt and tie would saunter toward the river, walking along past the jail to buy a New York Times at the drugstore. Along Charles Street, past the soothing brick, where inside there must be bliss to make the outside look so mellow. Behind the screened windows tall horse-faced

women whispering out of the shadows to husbands, "Darling, come and kiss me." Were it he, he would likely slip and break his neck rushing across the polished floor to her mouth.

And this Saturday morning, a balmy breeze dipping in his hair, Franz made for the Public Gardens, paper folded under his arm. An oasis of gigantic trees. Spindle-shanked women anciently wrapped in Manx rugs reading with magnifying glasses on the benches. The swan boats quietly churning from pond to pond under the bridges.

Today all the benches were taken, and Franz made for the circular one around the tree. Two people go by, each with a bulldog. A nannie pushing twins in a baby carriage. Sitting down, crossing his legs, tugging up socks, Franz opened to the obituaries. He read the prominent deads. Not like the hot days in Elderberry Street, where you could see the bald pate of the undertaker gleaming from the upper half of his window as he worked. These deads in the paper did not die in vain.

Franz heard the words, which came from the other side of the tree. He looked up and then back at his paper. He heard the words again and turned around. A girl's foot and ankle jiggling up and down, and he went back to his paper. Once more he heard the words and there was a sizzling in his stomach. They were simple ancient words almost without meaning: "Do you have a match?"

Leaning around the tree, Franz said to what he could see of this person, "Are you talking to me?" And she said, "Yes—well, I think so. Do you have a match?" Franz thought that if he did not have a match he would get up and run as fast as he could to the drug-store on the corner of Charles and Beacon Streets, and there get a match and run back with it already lit, holding his hand before the flame. The utter panic of this thought hit Franz, and he laughed outright. The girl leaned forward and said, "What's the matter?" Franz said it was something in his paper. And she said, "Well, do you have a match?"

Grimness spread on Franz's lips. Hands came up to his eyes like cups to catch the tears. He had no match. His voice disappeared as well. The thought of actually making a run for the drug-store was too much. Like all women he had terrorized previously, this one, too, would be gone by the time he got back. The hurried trip for the matches he might pass off as a gesture, a new knighthood. Alas, she would think it lunacy. Here he was, rooted to the

spot, dying on each heartbeat.

Sitting, his newspaper clutched in one hand, knees wide apart and feet so flat upon the path. Saturday, the hour before lunch. My God, what to say to the other side of the tree? There had been school days like this when teachers sent questions thudding on some dream. And you sat mumchance.

And her voice once more: "I'm sorry if I bothered you." He heard her getting up. A foot crushing a cinder. And Franz said, "Don't go away."

In that public garden Franz sat talking out toward Arlington Street as she talked in the direction of Boylston. An open-air confessional. His resonance increasing as the conversation went on. She said she came from the other end of earth. This statement a little scalding for Franz. But the place was New Zealand, and he had heard of it before. Another item was, she was married to a Bostonian. He had heard of this, too.

She said she did not like America and was sorry she ever came. Her husband was a bore. So Franz told her of the delights of Boston—Beacon Hill, the red brick pavements, T Wharf, and the quiet seclusion of life. And she said that North Station waiting for trains had been enough of Boston for her.

She got up and came to look at him around the other side of the tree. She was smiling at the foolish situation. She lived in Beaver Place. She said she had to meet someone but that he was interesting. Franz thought, Oh, my God, when will the lies begin. And he walked her to the edge of the park, waving to her when she stopped and looked back from the corner of Beacon and Arlington. He had her telephone number. She told him to ring, perhaps next week.

ON Sunday, Franz came again to the Public Gardens. Sat where he'd been sitting and relived the encounter. Remembering all the pebbles and each leaf of every weed. In joyous confusion he even bowed to one of the old ladies in her Manx rug, and she raised an eyebrow, what was left of it.

He had scrubbed out his entire flat. And then tramped across Boston City. Through Scollay Square, down State



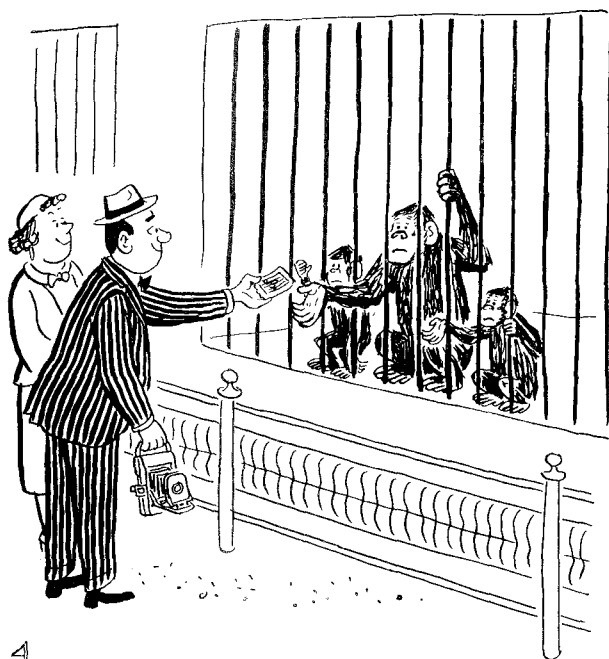
Street, into the thick life of the markets. Waiting to phone her. To invite her up his decrepit street, by his begrimed store window, in the dust of which kids had written, "If you're so smart why aren't you rich?" Young kids have such clear minds.

And if she came and when she came would she get cold feet as she neared, looking for his address. Get her to go by the library and along the worn dignity of Blossom Street. He could say something at the door, a verbal gallantry. The telephone was polished and placed just outside the kitchen on his octagonal table and perhaps would give dash to these digs.

All this figured out on Sunday. A day when Franz finally sat for hours on the end of T Wharf staring out across Boston harbor. The sights and sounds of when all this was low scrubland, peopled by strange singular Indians. And a truck driver had come up to him and said, "This ain't nothing compared to that harbor they got in Frisco. I just finished driving from there."

And Monday through the routine, except for an extra bun and coffee in the morning. The purchase of a new shirt from the tailor across the street at lunchtime, holding it like a book as he passed the receptionist. And that evening back in Elderberry Street, after a shower and half an hour's deliberation, the final desperate writing out the words on a sheet of paper and pinning it to the wall above the phone. Franz dialed her number.

Another girl had to fetch her. A lot of voices in the background. All the people he knew were so brave on the telephone. She said hello and he asked her



through his fumbling voice would she come and have a coffee at his apartment. Silence. He said hello. She said hello. He said, "What about it?" She said no, she didn't think she could. He said, as the emptiness got bigger, "Oh, you're still listening. You haven't hung up yet." And she said, "No, I haven't hung up. Is that all you've got to say?" Franz said, "No, I've got more." And she said, "Well, I can't wait all night." And then he said, "Would you like to see a play?" She said, "What?" Franz said, "I don't know—just a play." And she said, "What a funny thing to ask me to. I'm sorry but I've got to go now, goodbye."

Franz gently hung up the phone.

Standing in his dark shop where once they sold vegetables. He put his hand up to his brow and wiped away the dripping sweat. He closed his arms around his chest and held himself as he wept.

FOR a whole week Franz spoke to no one. Taking his lunchtime sandwiches to the steps of Widener Library, he publicly tore at the crusts. He kept the door of his office closed and his head bent over the yellow sheets. In the evenings, unable to face the cloistered loneliness of Elderberry Street, he walked the streets of Cambridge. And one night, passing a straightbacked little crowd, he stopped and followed them and bought a ticket to a play.

Teeth tightly clenched in his mouth as he came to work next morning, eyes ahead, and the receptionist stopped him dead in his tracks. She said, "Hey." And he turned and she came out from behind her counter and told him she had sat behind him last night at the Poet's Theatre. Wearing a hard distant look and nodding his head, he went his way up the stairs and left her standing there.

In the late night in Elderberry Street, Franz lay head on pillow staring at the sounds of feet as they walked on the ceiling above. He avoided the back end of the hospital these days, and once he went swimming in the pool at the end of the street. But all were jaws of more

loneliness. He had become a conversation piece on the steps of Widener Library.

And then one afternoon, cap square on head, eyes bearing zero, he passed across the reception hall to go home. The receptionist stepped out in front of him and said, "God damn it, you're rude." Franz blinked, stepped back, and tried to make it around her. She said, "Yes, you're God damned rude, and who the hell wants to speak to you, anyhow?" Franz said, "You do, but nobody else does."

That night, after sitting head in hands in the tall reading room of the library off Blossom Street, Franz thought he might turn on the gas and block up his doors and windows. But it would be weeks before they'd find him, and the indignity was too much. He thought of giving up his job. Before, he had always waited until he was fired. Perhaps he could go back to Europe. Instead, he went to the local bakery, down the steps, smelling the moist dough, crusts baking, and this Italian gentleman who always asked him questions.

And tonight this baker said, "You know, Mister, you always look important to me, and you never say a thing. Aren't you ever going to tell me what you are?" Franz said, "Yes, tonight I'll tell you. I'm a comma." Franz, gathering the two long loaves in his arms, stepped up the steps, and the Italian gentleman shouted after him, "Hey, you're a comedian!"

Franz chopped up a mound of garlic and made a paste with butter. Slathering the long loaves, he put them in the oven. This lonely act of defiance. Reek tomorrow on the train. Pass by Lydia—Such an unlikely name. Perhaps she would tell him he was not only rude but reeking.

Lights out now in Elderberry Street. Twelve o'clock, when at last the voices stop squabbling out the windows in the alley. A quick roach kill, and splash of water on the face. To lie back under the sheet and try to close the eyes. A bleary voice entering the alley—a woman with a customer. Franz stiff on this couch. Hearing her rap on his window: "Hey, you in there, why don't you ever talk? Too good for us around here. What are you anyway?" Franz said from his cloister, "I'm a comedian."

Peals of laughter as she pulled herself up the back stairs, tugging her customer, shouting, "Did you hear what he said, that bastard in seersucker? He says he's a comedian. What a laugh! He's queer, that's what he is. Never seen him with a woman. You hear me,

you God damn bastards in the rest of this house? Think you're too good for me. He's a queer."

In sleep there was an autumn afternoon in Vermont, with all the woods red, red gold. Tennis players and one was Lydia. She took his hand and said, "Not tonight." And he tiptoed and tiptoed to her door, rapping lightly as she said, "You mustn't, you mustn't."

HOTEL PARADISO E COMMERCIALE

Another hill town:
another dry Cinzano in the sun.
I couldn't sleep in that enormous echo—
silence and water music, sickly street lamps
neither on nor off—a night
of islands and forgotten languages.

Yet morning, marvellously frank, comes up
with bells, with loaves, with letters
distributed like gifts. I watch a fat priest
spouting grape seeds, a family weeping
in the fumes of a departing bus.

This place is nowhere
except on the map. Wheels spin the sun,
with a white clatter shutters are shut to,
umbrellas bloom in striped and sudden groves.
The day's away, impossibly the same,
and only minutes are at all important—
if women by a wall,
a lean dog, and a cheerful humpback
selling gum and ball-points
are important. My glass is empty.
It is Wednesday. It is not going to rain.

Observation
without speculation. How soon
the eye craves what it cannot see,
goes limpid, glazed, unanswerable,
lights on a pigeon walking in a circle,
hangs on a random shadow,
would rather sleep.

How old am I?
What's missing here? What do these people
feed on, that won't feed on them? This town
needs scrolls, celestial delegations,
a swoon of virgins, apostles in apple green,
a landscape riding on a holy shoulder.

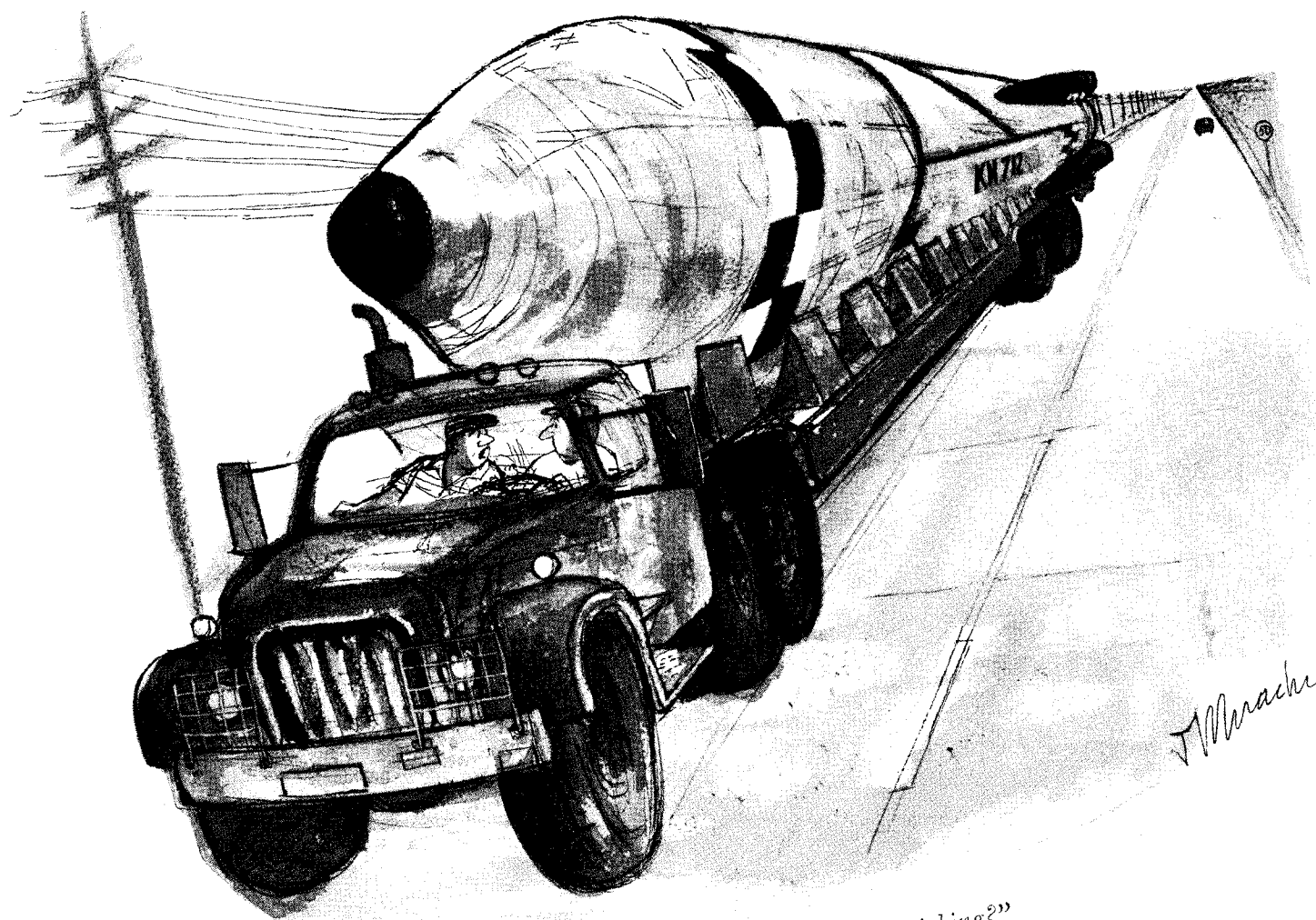
The morning stays.
As though I keep an old appointment,
I start by the cats' corridors (*Banco di Roma*,
wineshops, gorgeous butcheries)
toward some mild angel of annunciation—
upstairs, most likely, badly lit,
speaking in rivets on a band of gold.

Praise God, this town keeps one
unheard-of masterpiece to justify
a million ordinary mornings
and pardon this one.

—JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN

Then as he slept she came and laid herself upon him, a smell of musk from her breasts. Waking now, a corner of swift blue high out beyond the alley in Elderberry Street, Franz begged the dream to come back.

All the way to work, he planned it. Walk up to Lydia, brief bow, and say, "I want to apologize for my inexcusable rudeness the other day, and also for



"Do you hear something ticking?"

smelling of garlic this morning." Then spin on the heel and go up the stairs. But entering the open door, Franz passed her by, with a rigid, fearful heart. Reaching his room, the bubbling of the water cooler outside the door, he silently pounded his fists on his table.

Each morning he had it planned, the mountain growing bigger and more impossible to climb. When suddenly she said, "I don't know why I'm telling you this, but there's a plot to intrigue you out of your job."

As his knees buckled and his face went ashen, Franz sent whispers into his mind saying over and over, "Play it cool, play it cool." To Lydia he said, "Why are you telling me this?" She said, "Because you've got no one to help you." Franz said, "Thanks," and so in his eyes he turned and went up the stairs.

This time always came. Like clock-work. Just when his life ticked temper-

ately, they got together to oust him. Not because he had mixed the statistics. Or infracted a rule. But because he came to work neither late nor soon, that he bowed gently, dressed in his own fashion, and regarded life with his gimlet eye. He did what they told him. Sometimes they will kill you for that.

But more than the token terror of dismissal was the curiosity of a woman with fine bones to her face, and a gracious body, helping him. She was married and had nothing to fear. Each afternoon, a cartridge bag slung from her shoulder, she stepped up on the electric car and disappeared along Auburn Street, away under the trees of Cambridge. To go behind hedges and into a big white house, because he had followed her one afternoon.

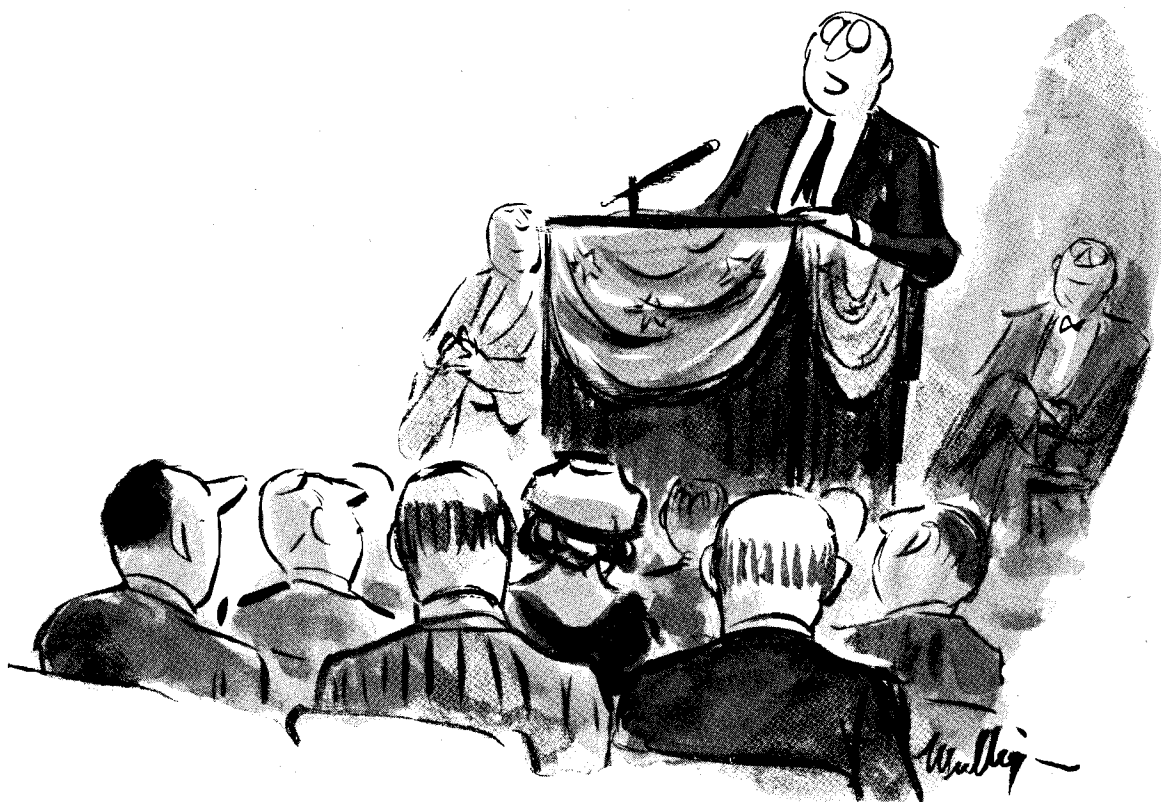
It seemed they had made peace. For she had smiled once and even licked her lips as he smiled back. He could not engage in the battle to save himself, because it was just one army after one

man—yours truly. And in these cases one could only skiddoo. On a Thursday, Franz F packed up. Dusted and polished his office and took down his poem.

When the going
Is too good
To be true,
Reverse course
And beat it.

It was a long trip back to Elderberry Street. And inside this address Franz let the roaches run wild. Friday morning he went down the street and straight across to the swimming pool, where he clonked into the meter one penny. For an hour he lived like a seal. Some of the kids wanted to know why he wasn't working. Their insolence was amusing.

A letter arrived. His resignation was accepted, and herewith two weeks' salary. Franz popped this blue-green check back in an envelope and returned it to that sunny building off Harvard Square. He took a sheet of



"Ninescore and seven years ago . . ."

paper and put down another poem. This he stuck over the sink.

When you've
Beat it
And the going
Is too desperate
To be true,
Forge on.

Over the weekend, Franz bought beer and let the man cheat him of the two cents. But as he turned out of the store, the man called him back and said, "Hey, what's the matter? You upset or something?" Franz said, "No." The man said, "Don't you know I'm robbing you two cents?" Franz said, "Yes." The man said, "I can't help it—it's a habit."

For twenty-five cents on Tuesday, Franz bought a pound of kidneys. And was frying these in olive oil. A balanced diet for the siege. And standing on a chair fanning smoke out the window, there came a knock on his door. On the steps handing him an envelope was Lydia.

She said, "I have this for you." Franz took it and said, "Thanks." She said, "So this is where you live." He said, "Yes." And she said, "Well, aren't you going to ask me in?" Franz saw eyes and faces hanging out the windows. This was news for Elderberry Street. He said, "Sure, come in if you want."

Franz directed her through the smoke. In the sitting room she sat on his bed. She said, "You're such a funny

and silly person, you're going to lose all the way through life. Why didn't you put up a fight? They thought they could fire you only because you ate your lunch on the steps of Widener Library. And then to send the check back was so silly."

In the hour evaporating away they had tea. Franz brought out the Peek Frean biscuits. Made a rose of them on a plate. She said, "Something seemed to have happened to you a while back. Suddenly you stopped talking to everybody. You were so grim." Franz said yes, he was grim. She said, "That's why I wanted to make friends with you, and you just snubbed me." Franz said that was true, he had snubbed her. And Lydia had another Peek Frean and, rising, said she had to go.

Franz led her sadly into the kitchen. He pulled the light cord and Lydia stopped in the dark. Franz said, "I don't want you to see the roaches." She said, "I don't mind what I see." And as Franz put his arms around her, she whispered, "You mustn't, you mustn't." Franz said, "You've said that to me before," and he pressed his lips on the scent behind her ear. And she said, "Will you be here next Saturday afternoon? I'll come at three-thirty."

FRANZ took the envelope and check and burned them over the stove. He took a pail of water and washed the

store window. The kids crowded around: "Hey, what's a matter, Mister? You trying to make your place look good?" Franz rolled a nickel down the street, quietly relishing as the kids wrestled in the gutter.

Each morning rising, beating fists on chest, touching toes, breathing God's air. Tearing open the front door and smiling out into the street. Buy the paper and read it over a coffee and crumb cake in Charles Street. And then militantly to the Public Gardens, where there was half an hour's revenge on the circular bench around the tree.

Lydia was light-haired. And she would walk pigeon-toed, her body curved in, passing by all the cellar entrances, dark alleys, and broken windows, and

knock on his door. And at twenty past three on this Saturday, Franz had changed his underwear twice in the last hour. The weather report was cool. And the world light-blue. And his hands trembling. This was a lonely station. A chair by the telephone, eyes glued on the door.

And the phone rang. Picking up this black talking instrument, Franz heard a nearby muffled voice that said, "This is Lydia's husband, and I've got my gun and I'm coming around to shoot you."

The telephone fell out of Franz's hand and lay on the floor making a gurgling sound. The little words of his office poem: "When the going is too good to be true . . ."

Franz got up and unlocked the door, leaving it slightly ajar. He returned to his chair, having made his decision. The afternoon was deep red. Save him the trouble of knocking. And now after all these years it would be a curious justice that would put him down. Franz sitting slumped forward facing the door, hanging his head and hands. Perhaps he would have the dignity of being shot by a college graduate.

As the door opened, Franz F closed his eyes and, turning his head aside, raised his hands to block the bullets. The steps came near and a hand touched him on the hair, and Lydia said, "Oh, my God, I phoned you as a joke."

—J. P. DONLEAVY

ANNALS OF EXPLORATION

THE FOUNTAINS OF THE NILE

I-BURTON AND SPEKE

NO unexplored region in our times—not the heights of the Himalayas, not the antarctic wastes, not even the hidden side of the moon—has ever excited quite the same fascination as the mystery of the sources of the Nile. For two thousand years at least, the problem was debated and remained unsolved. Almost certainly, the ancient Egyptians knew the Nile Valley from the Mediterranean as far south as the present city of Khartoum, where the Blue Nile comes in from the Ethiopian mountains, and probably they knew something of the Blue Nile as well. But the further course of the parent stream, the White Nile, remained a matter of endless speculation, and it interested every distinguished geographer of every age. This was something more than an ordinary field of exploration. In these deserts, the river was life itself. Had it failed to flow, even for one season, then all Egypt would have perished. Not to know where the stream came from, not to have any sort of guarantee that it would continue, was to live in a state of insecurity where only fatalism or superstition could reassure the mind. But there was no record of the river's ever having failed. The great brown flood came pouring out of the desert forever, and no one could explain how it was possible for the river, in its lower reaches, to continue for well over a thousand miles through one of the most frightful of all deserts without receiving a single tributary or more than a few drops of rain.

About 460 B.C., Herodotus ascended the Nile as far as the First Cataract, at Aswan, six hundred miles south of Cairo, and then turned back, having found it quite impossible to obtain definite information about the source of the river. There existed merely a vague notion that it arose from "fountains" somewhere in the interior of Africa. The Emperor Nero sent two centurions with an expedition into the wastes of Nubia, as the Sudan was then called, but they returned unsuccessful, say-

ing that they had been blocked in the far interior by an impassable swamp. Through the centuries that followed, China became known to Europe, America and Australia were discovered, and the land masses and the oceans of the world were mapped and charted very much as they are today. But in 1856—barely a hundred years ago—the center of Africa with its inner mystery, the source of the White Nile, was still almost as much of an enigma as it had been in the time of Herodotus. In the seventeen-seventies, James Bruce had traced the course of the shorter Blue Nile, but by 1856 even the most determined of explorers on the White Nile had not been able to get beyond the neighborhood of the present township of Juba, at Latitude 5° North. At that point, they were still nowhere near the source of the river. Cataracts, vast forests of papyrus reed, malarial fever, the fierce tropical heat, the opposition of the pagan tribes—all these combined to prevent any further progress south. By then, that impenetrable blank space in the center of the continent had become filled, in imagination, with a thousand monstrosities—cannibals with tails, dwarf men, animals as strange as the fabulous griffin and the salamander, huge inland seas, and mountains so high that they defied all nature by bearing on their crests, in the equatorial heat, a mantle of perpetual snow.

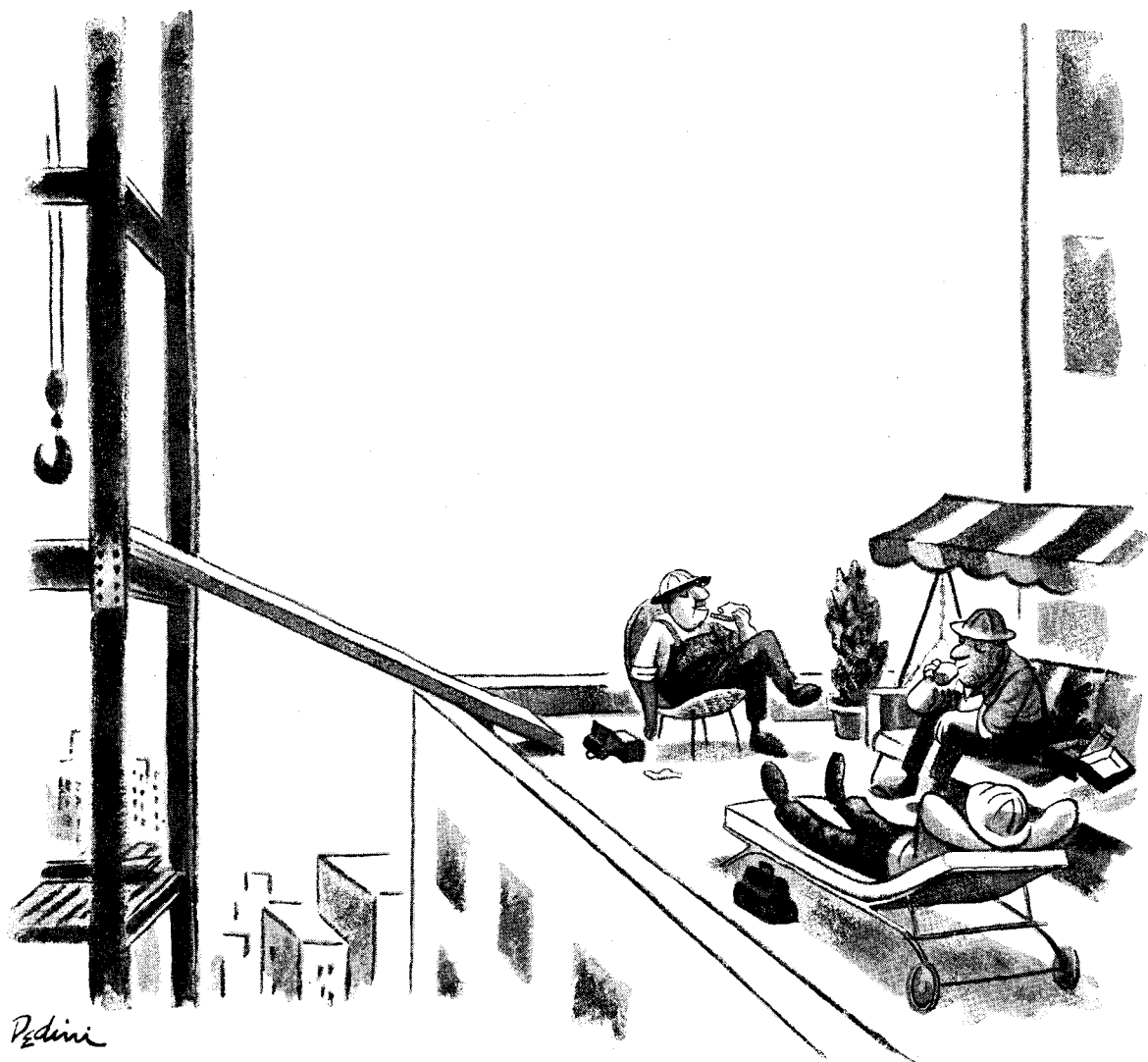
There was at least a little tenuous evidence to support some of these speculations. One of the most persistent legends about the sources of the

Rhapta, Diogenes said, he had "travelled inland for a twenty-five-day journey and arrived in the vicinity of two great lakes, and the snowy range of mountains whence the Nile draws its twin sources." This, at all events, is the story as it was recorded at the time by the Syrian geographer Marinus of Tyre, and it was from the records of Marinus that Claudius Ptolemy, the greatest geographer and astronomer of his time, produced his celebrated map in the middle of the second century. It shows the Nile flowing directly northward from the equator to the Mediterranean, and the river is made to rise from two round lakes. The lakes, in turn, are watered by a high range of mountains, the Lunae Montes, or Mountains of the Moon.

For seventeen hundred years, Ptolemy's map remained a geographical curiosity, endlessly disputed yet seldom absolutely discredited. But then, in 1848, Johannes Rebmann, one of the earliest German missionaries in East Africa, came forward with a sensational report that he himself, like the ancient Diogenes, had journeyed inland from the East African coast and had seen a vast mountain, called Kilimanjaro, with snow on its summit. This story was immediately ridiculed in London by a certain Desborough Cooley, a member of the Royal Geographical Society, who protested that it was impossible for snow to remain unmelted on the equator; what Rebmann had seen was the sun shining on white rock. The following year, however, another missionary,

Nile concerned itself with a journey that had been made not upon the river at all but overland, from a point on the east coast of Africa a little to the north of Zanzibar. According to this legend, a Greek merchant named Diogenes was returning home from a visit to India in the middle of the first century A.D., and had landed on the African mainland at a place called Rhapta (which may have been the site of the present settlement of Pangani, in Tanganyika). From





Johann Ludwig Krapf, claimed that he had seen from a distance a second snow-capped peak, Mount Kenya, somewhat to the north of Kilimanjaro. Still another missionary, J. J. Erhardt, produced a map that showed a large inland lake, which he called the Sea of Unyamwezi. By the early eighteen-fifties, there was other evidence that led to a renewal of interest in Ptolemy's map; Arab slave-and-ivory traders returning to Zanzibar from the far interior spoke of two great lakes there—the Ujiji and the Nyanza. In addition, there were reports of a third lake, the Nyasa, farther to the south.

All this was extremely hazy and confusing. Were all these lakes in reality one lake? Were Kilimanjaro and Kenya the legendary Mountains of the Moon, or was there another range, farther inland? And how did both the lakes and the mountains fit into the supposed pattern of the Nile? It was in order to find the answers to these questions that two explorers, Richard Francis Burton and John Hanning Speke, set off for Africa in 1856. Rejecting the route that followed the Nile upstream from Egypt, they decided to strike westward

from Zanzibar into the dark interior. With this expedition the great age of Central African exploration began.

THE Zanzibar that Burton and Speke first saw at the end of 1856 was a much more important place than the Zanzibar of today; indeed, it was almost the only center of overseas commerce along the whole East African seaboard. Seventeenth-century attempts by the Portuguese to found an empire on the mainland opposite the island had long since come to nothing, and all the country inland—the territories we now know as Tanganyika, Kenya, Uganda, South Sudan, and the Congo—was very largely an unmapped, unknown void. In a vague and general way, the Sultans of Zanzibar laid claim to a part, at least, of this vast area, but in point of fact their power was restricted to the coastline, and was not really effective even there. During the dry seasons, slave-and-ivory caravans found their way into the wilderness that lay beyond and were gone for a year or more, perhaps forever, but that was all one ever heard of Central Africa. It was almost as remote and strange as

outer space is today. The island of Zanzibar, however, had become something of a name in the world, being a regular port of call for the sailing vessels plying the Indian Ocean, and it was on one of these, a British sloop, that Burton and Speke came in, on the northeast monsoon from Bombay, on December 19, 1856.

Their first view of the island cannot have been so very different from the scene one sees at the present time. Then, as now, a whiff of cloves and tropical spices came out from the shore to greet the traveller, and on the shore itself a slow, oily sea of marvellous blue washed up on white coral beaches. The jungle that began at the water's edge was green with a hectic greenness, and although occasional rainstorms, and even tornadoes, swept the island, it was oppressed throughout the year by a deep, soporific heat.

Seen from the sea, the port of Zanzibar was an uneven silhouette of earthen hovels and large foursquare buildings made of grayish coral, the only building stone on the island. One descried very easily the palace of the Sultan, the houses of the consuls and the merchants, and the minarets rising from the mosques in the town beyond. It was to one of these houses, that of Lieutenant-Colonel Atkins Hamerton, the British agent, that Burton and Speke proposed to make their way.

The anchorage before the town was much congested. Burton counted upward of sixty Arab dhows, which, like his own sloop, had been blown across the Indian Ocean by the monsoon, and these, too, were similar to what one sees in Zanzibar now—solid wooden hulls of anything between fifty and five hundred tons, with a single mast, a great lateen sail, and a bowsprit projecting so far as almost to double the vessel's length. But in addition there were half a dozen square-rigged merchantmen in port—Americans from Salem, Frenchmen and Hamburgers who had sailed around the Cape from Europe. All these had come to pick up cargoes of copal,



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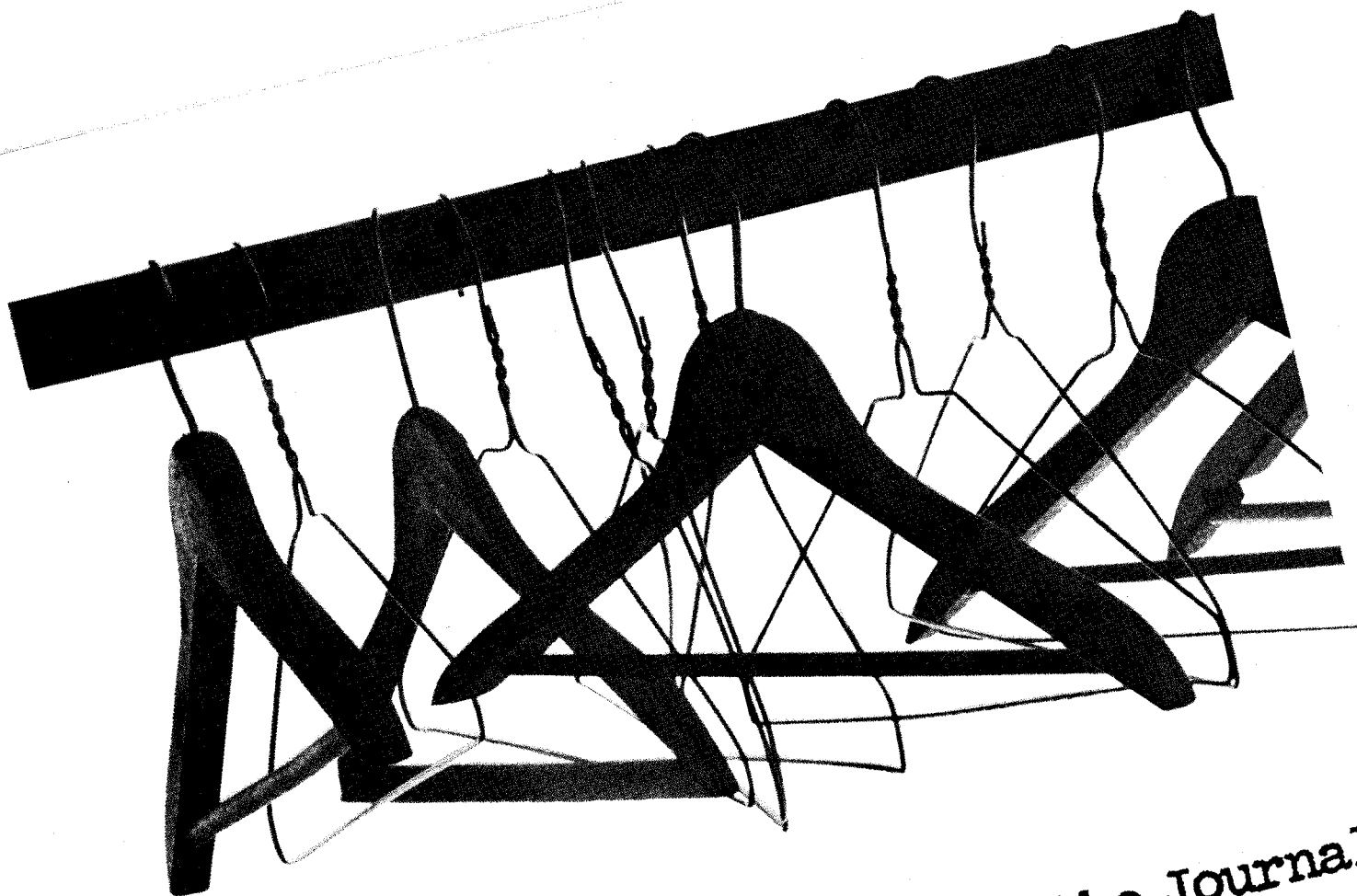
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coconuts, ivory, hides, tortoise shell, red pepper, ambergris, beeswax, hippopotamus teeth, rhinoceros horn, cowrie shells (called blackamoors' teeth), and anything else that was going in the bazaar. Rubbish of every kind floated by along the foreshore, and it was not unusual for a dead body to be seen among the debris. "Here and there," Burton wrote later, "a giant shark shoots up from the depths and stares at the fisherman with a cool, fixed, and colourless eye that makes his blood run cold."

There was worse to come when they got ashore. The population of Zanzibar Island was about a hundred thousand at this time, and most of the people were living in the town itself. In the crooked, dirty streets, barely twenty feet wide, teeming processions of Arabs, Indians, Persians, Swahilis, and half-naked Negroes went by. Cattle and donkeys thrust their way into the crowd. Merchants sitting cross-legged in holes in the walls called out their wares, beggars reached up their hands to the passersby, and over all, in the stifling air, hung the devastating smell of copra and decaying fish. In short, it was the sort of scene that is still familiar to any visitor to the East, and the only basic difference in the Zanzibar of 1856—a difference so great that it makes one feel that one is looking into another age and another world—was the presence of the slaves. Naked, bewildered creatures, sometimes with teeth filed into points and with cicatrices on their bodies, they roamed through every street—men, women, and children, those who had been domesticated by years of captivity and those who had just arrived from the interior and were half mad and half dead from hunger and maltreatment. To be sure, slavery had been abolished in the British Empire by the eighteen-thirties, and the slave trade on the Atlantic west coast—the chief reservoir of Negroes—was dying out. In 1845, the Sultan of Zanzibar had declared that the export of slaves from East Africa was forbidden—though slavery within his own dominions continued to be legal. British and French men-of-war patrolled the coast in search of Arab dhows bringing Negroes from the mainland. But none of this had made any real difference in Zanzibar. With a tradition of at least two thousand years of slaving behind them, the east-coast Arab dealers had not yet dreamed of giving up the trade. Slaving was in the Arab blood; no Arab regarded it as any more evil or abnormal than, presumably, a horse dealer regards his trade as evil or abnormal. And so the caravans were still raiding the interior; the dhows,

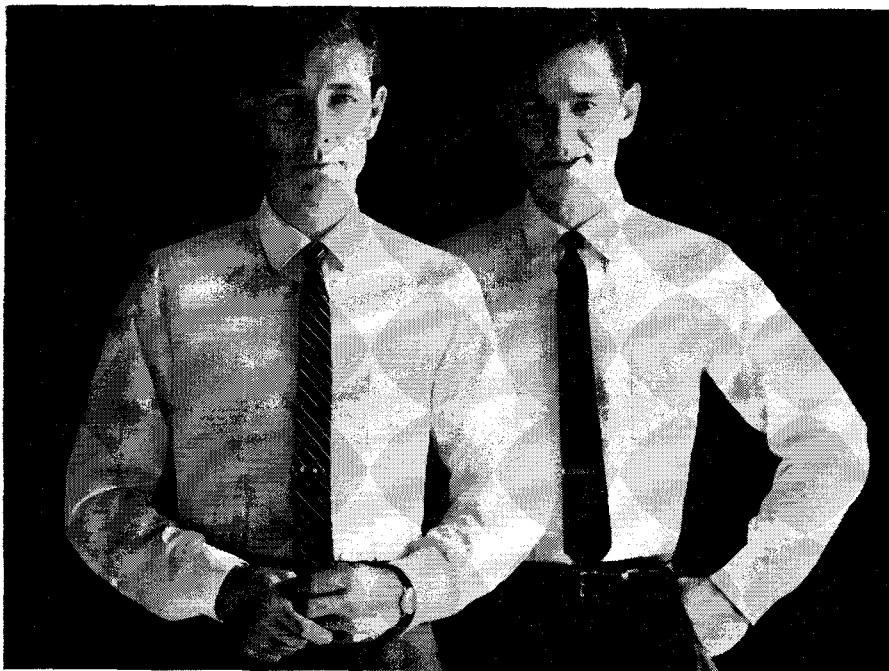


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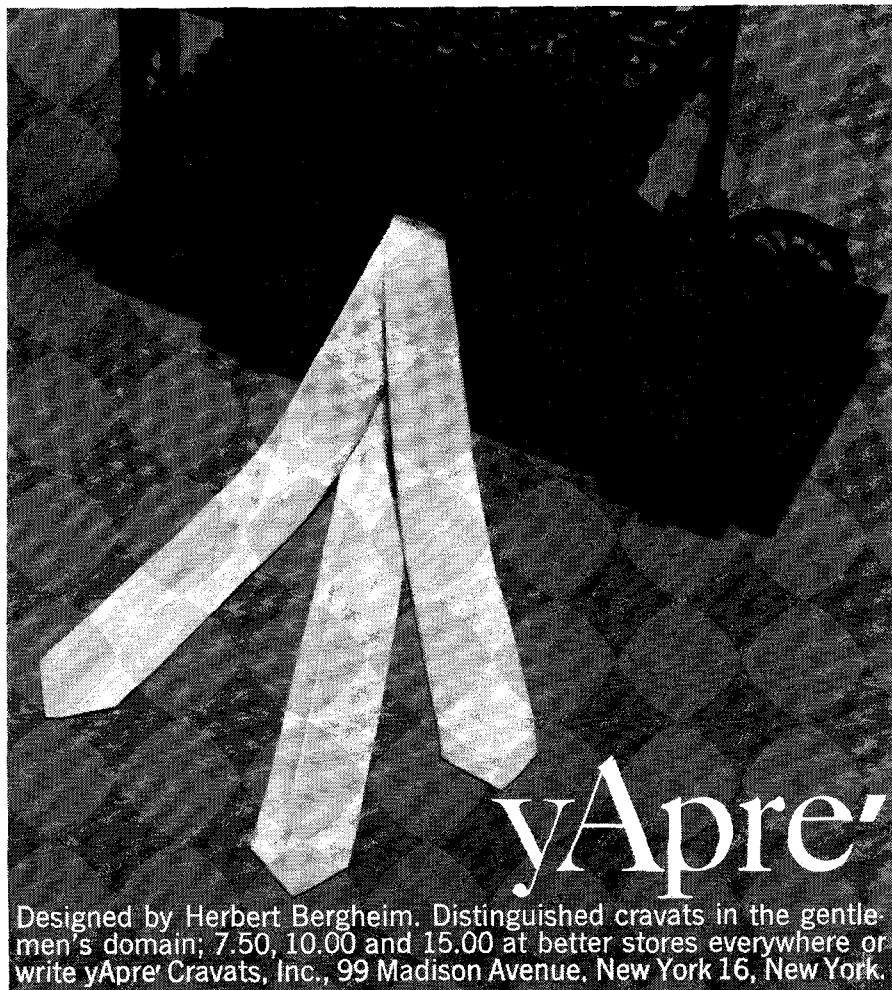


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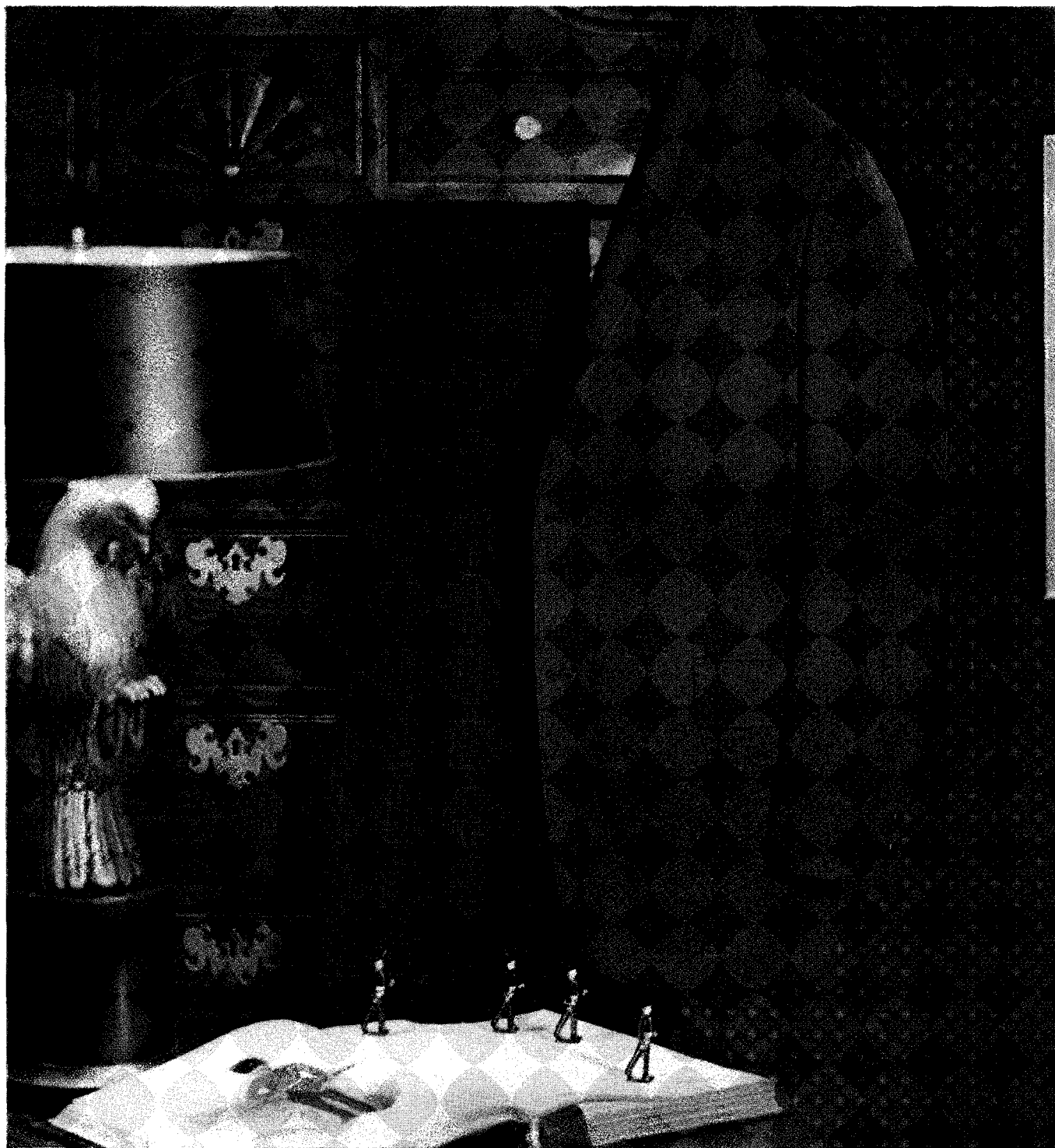
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with their human cargoes close-packed beneath the decks, were still successfully running the blockade; and the Zanzibar slave market was as crowded as ever. Prices varied a good deal according to the season of the year and the supply, but in 1856 a dealer could still count on obtaining four or five pounds for an adult male slave and somewhat more for a female. Between twenty and forty thousand slaves were still imported into the island every year, about a third of them being reserved for work on the plantations (which was still legal) and the remainder being destined, illegally, for export to Arabia, Persia, Egypt, Turkey, and even farther afield. There was tremendous waste even among those slaves who survived the journey from their inland villages to the island; some thirty per cent of the males died of disease or malnutrition in Zanzibar every year and had to be replaced. Moreover, the attempt to control the export trade had increased the hardships of the slaves. Prices were going up, and consequently it paid the dealer to cram more and more of his victims into the dhows; if just one vessel in four got through, it was enough to make a profit. The ships were now built, Burton says, "with eighteen inches between the decks; one pint of water a head was served out per diem, and five wretches were stowed away instead of two." Burton's description of the market place in 1856 indicates how little the slow awakening of the world's conscience had changed things for the better. "Lines of negroes," he says, "stood like beasts, the broker calling out 'bazar khush.' All were horribly thin, with ribs protruding like the circles of a cask, and not a few squatted sick on the ground. The most interesting were the small boys, who grinned as if somewhat pleased by the degrading and hardly decent inspection to which both sexes and all ages were subjected. The woman-show appeared poor and miserable; there was only one decent-looking girl, with carefully blacked eyebrows. She seemed modest, and probably had been exposed for sale in consequence of some inexcusable offense against decorum. As a rule, no one buys adult domestic [as distinct from wild] slaves, male or female, for the sufficient reason that the masters never part with them till they are found incorrigible."

There were at this time about five thousand Arabs in Zanzibar, and some of them owned as many as two thousand slaves apiece, in addition to large plantations of cloves and coconut palms, three-story wooden houses with fine carved doorways, and wardrobes of em-



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broidered gowns and turbans. Together with the Indian dealers, they controlled the ivory trade, owned ocean-going ships, lent money at fantastic rates of interest, and financed expeditions into the interior. And yet it was a listless and torpid sort of life, turning upon a monotonous and limited routine that hardly varied from one month to another. Among almost all the residents of the island there was a natural tendency to drink and to take drugs, either opium or hemp—a natural decline into voluptuousness. Except for a family festival, a journey, or the annual observance of Ramadan, life remained as steady as the heavy tropical weather itself.

If we are to take Burton's word, the tiny white community stationed in Zanzibar lived a miserable life. The Europeans were forever quarrelling among themselves: "All is wearisome monotony. There is no society, no pleasure, no excitement; sporting is forbidden by the treacherous climate, and strangers . . . soon lose the habit of riding and walking. Every merchant hopes and expects to leave Zanzibar forever, as soon as he can realize a certain sum; every agent would persuade his employer to recall him." The drinking water of the island was dangerous, venereal disease was endemic, everyone was in constant danger of cholera and malaria, and doctors were unknown. One required either great fatalism or a great love of money and power to live willingly in this beautiful and exotic place. Hamerton, the British agent, had outlived all the others on the island, but even he was beginning to succumb at last. At the time Burton and Speke arrived, he had been in Zanzibar for fifteen years, and to a very large extent the social and political life of the island revolved around him. It is extraordinary that, in an atmosphere remarkable for quarrels and petty jealousies, so few of his contemporaries have a word to say against him. A warm-hearted and genial Irishman, he had been the intimate friend and adviser of the late Sultan Seyyid Said, who had created this new Arab empire in the Indian Ocean; he had smoothed and calmed every crisis that beset the island; and he had written very sensible dispatches to his superiors in India and London. Under Hamerton, the British consulate had become the recognized point of rendezvous for the foreign community. "He kept the whole town alive," Speke wrote, and his hospitality, like his joviality and good spirits, was remarked upon by every visitor to the island. More than once Hamerton had been on the point of asking for recall—

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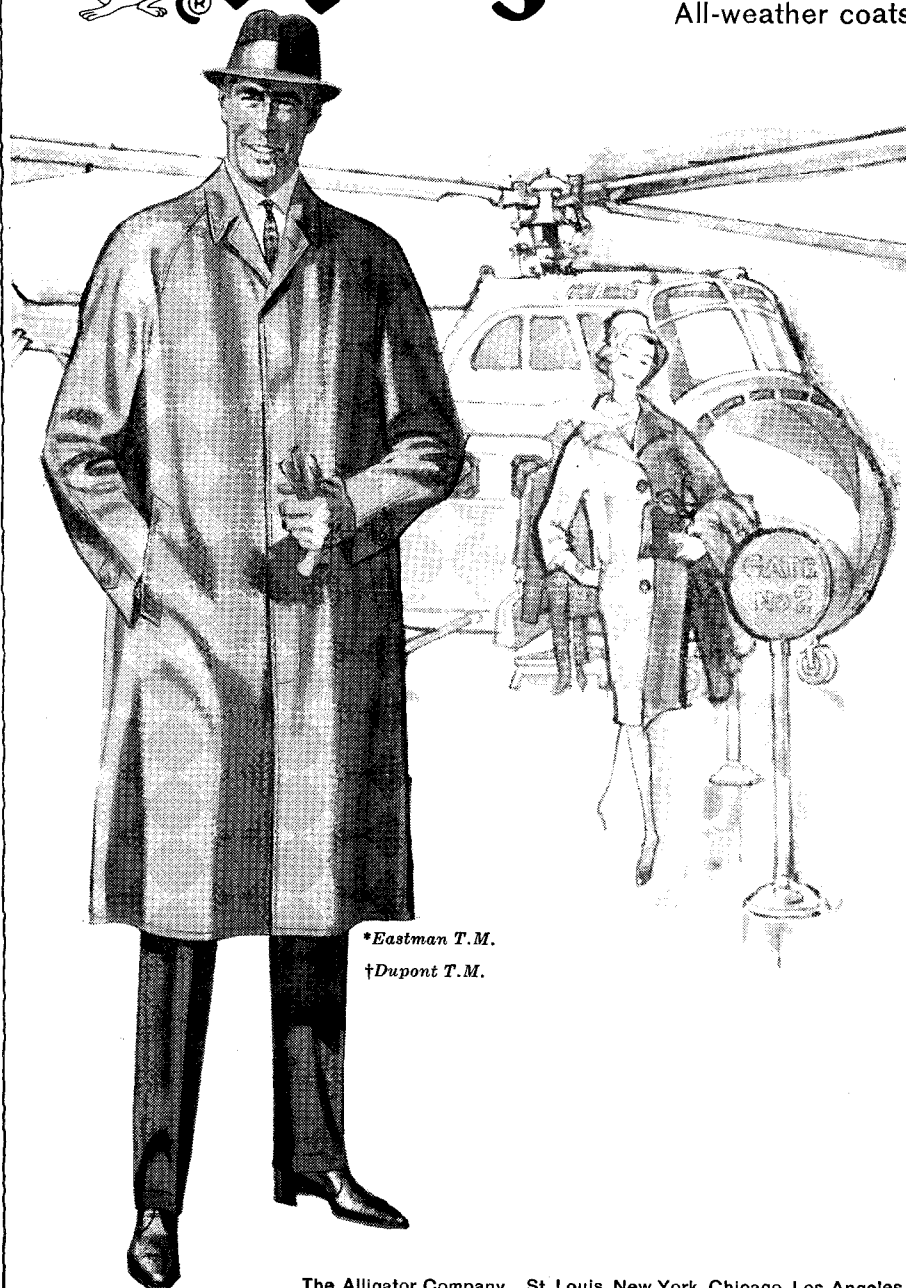
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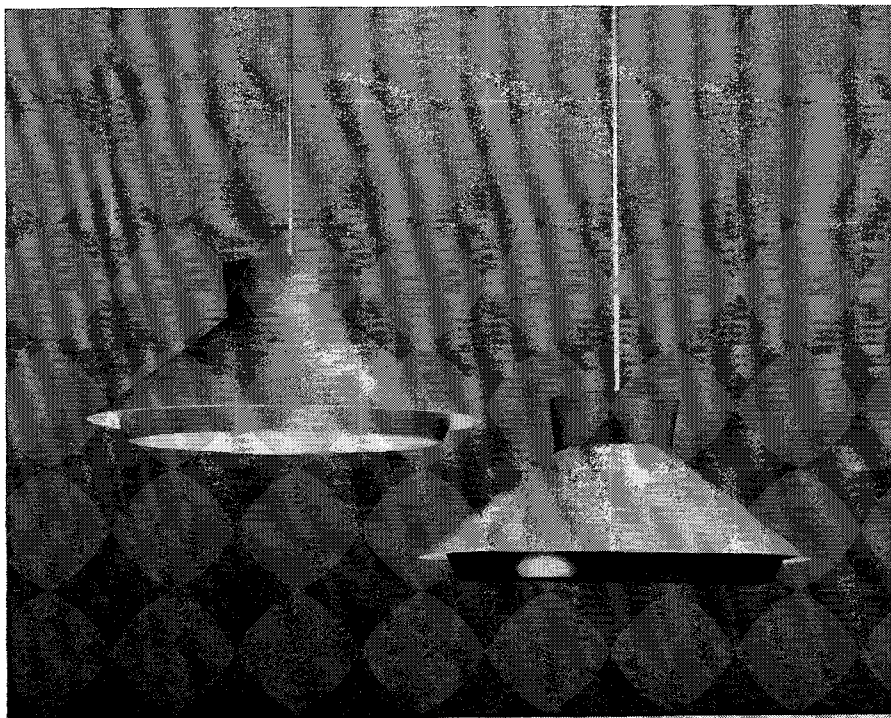


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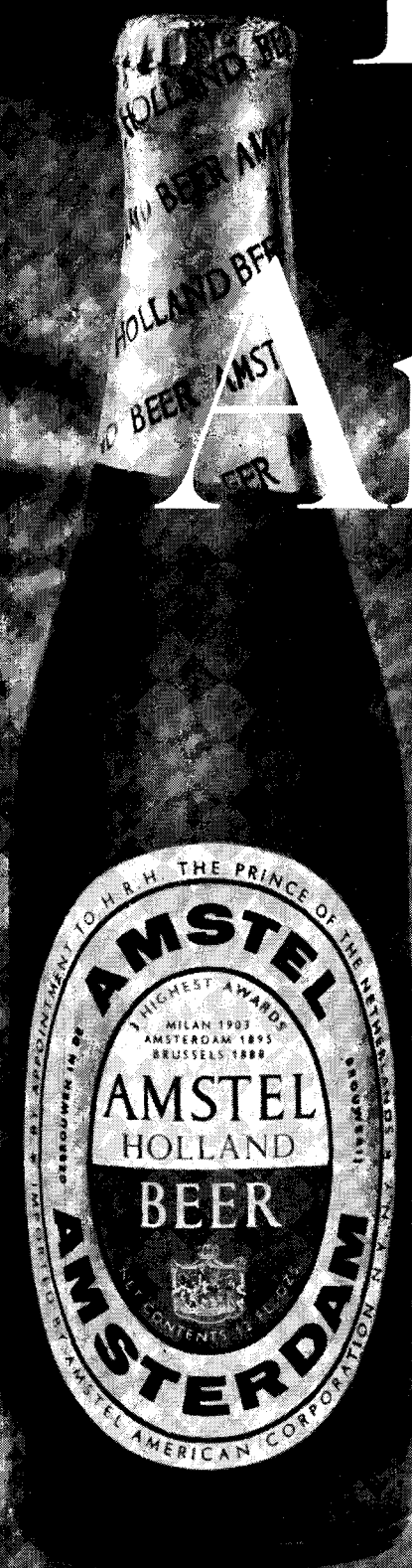
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his health had been undermined by malaria—but in his case it was neither fatalism nor money that kept him in Zanzibar; rather, it was a sense of duty, perhaps also a feeling that the island and the people in it were now his life and that it was too late to make a change. Seyyid Said had died in the previous year and had been succeeded by his third son, Majid, but still Hamerton held on. He was now so ill that he barely survived the hot day, and lived only for the night. Yet this did not prevent him from carrying Burton and Speke off to stay at his house, or from busying himself with the utmost enthusiasm in launching their expedition.

There was much to do. Caravans setting off for the interior usually counted on being away for a year, or even two years, and almost all supplies had to be carried on porters' heads. A caravan of a hundred men, plus an armed guard, was regarded as quite a modest affair, and Burton actually proposed to take a complement of a hundred and seventy with him. The porters would number around a hundred and forty, and would be recruited partly in Zanzibar and partly on the coast. They were to be under the general direction of a half-caste Arab headman, or guide, named Said bin Salim, who was in the employ of the Sultan but had been lent to the expedition. In addition, there were two gunbearers, Sidi Bombay and Mwinyi Mabruki, who would serve more or less in the capacity of noncommissioned officers and were soon to become considerable figures in East African exploration; two Goanese personal servants, who would cook for Burton and Speke; and the guard, which was made up partly of armed slaves and partly of Baluchi in the Sultan's service—about a score in all.

For the most part, the caravan proposed to live off the country, either by the shooting of wild game or by the purchase of cattle, goats, milk, and grain from the tribes. Scientific instruments, guns, medicines, and such had been brought from England or India; all other supplies had to be obtained from the Indian and Arab merchants in Zanzibar. Among a formidable list of items to be packed up, Burton mentions three swords, three rifles, two smoothbores, a Colt carbine, and three revolvers, all with spare parts and ammunition sufficient to last two years; a number of chronometers, prismatic compasses, and thermometers; a portable sundial; sextants, barometers, and a telescope; and "1 pocket pedometer by Dixie," for measuring the number of miles they marched each day. There was a small

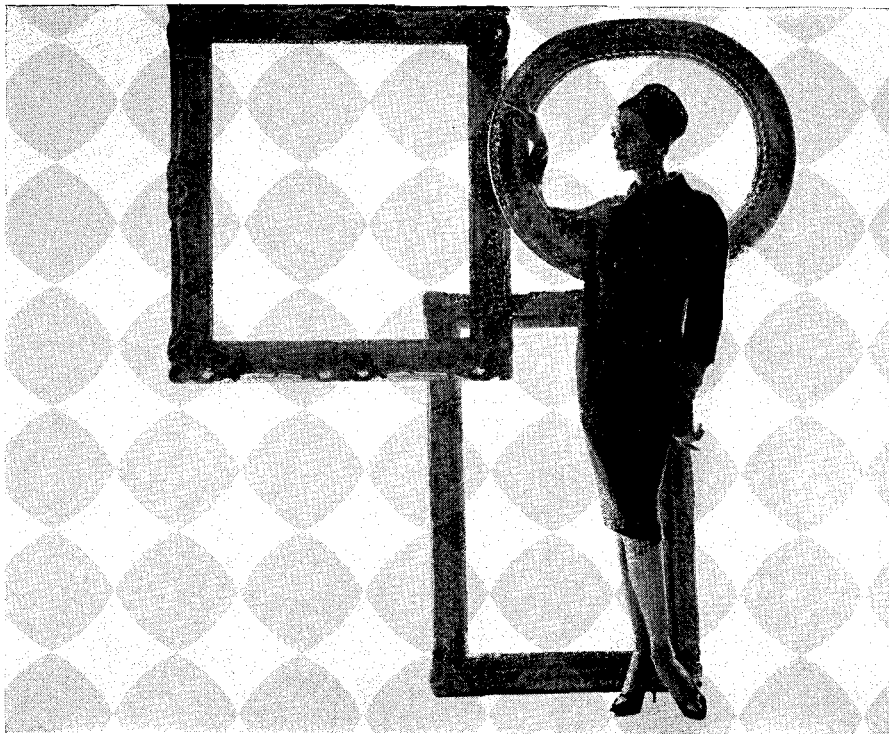
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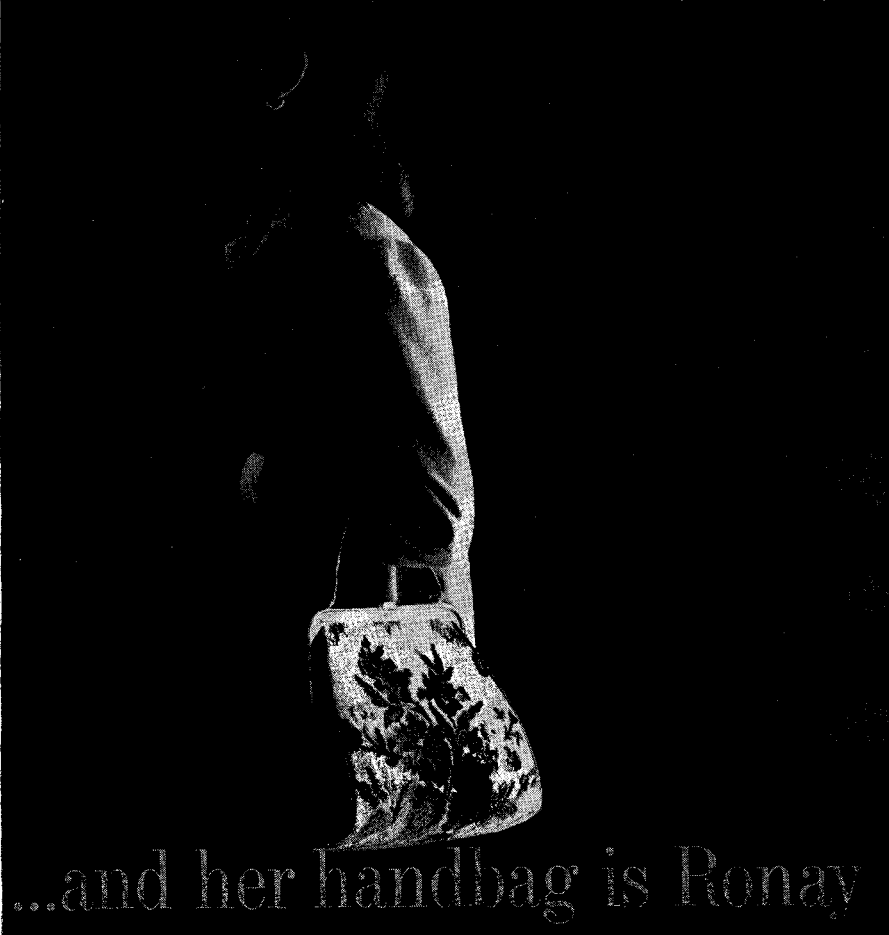


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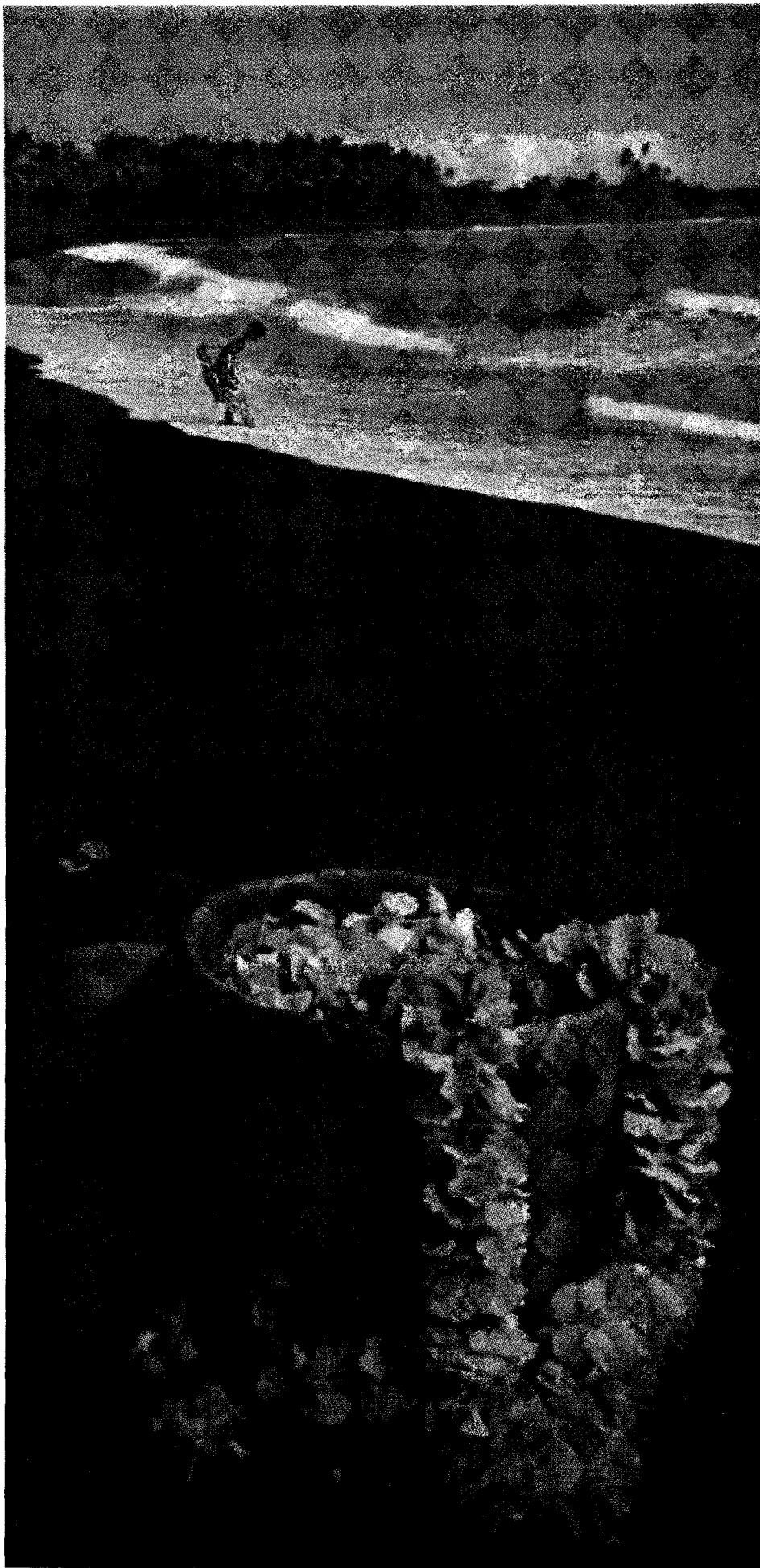
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library of scientific books, stationery of every kind, sealing wax, ink, a table of the stars, and sketching and painting materials, but no camera. They had a carpenter's and a blacksmith's outfit, and other tools with which they hoped to assemble and rig a small portable boat on the lakes. Morphine and quinine were included in the medicine chest, but at this time very little was known about malaria, and malaria was a governing factor in all these journeys; indeed, the success of every expedition depended very largely on the explorers' resistance to the fever. Quinine had long since been discovered, but there was much uncertainty about the size of the correct dose. (Burton himself preferred to put his faith in Warburg's Drops, which were compounded of sloes, quinine, and opium, and in this he made an error.) The remaining miscellany in the baggage included four umbrellas, fishing line and two thousand fishhooks, two lanterns (policeman's bull's-eye and common horn), two canisters of snuff, ten steels and flints, a Union Jack, and a large cargo of cloth, brass wire, and beads to be used in paying the porters and in trading with the tribes. All these things were either encased in boxes or tightly wrapped in a sort of bolster that could conveniently be carried on the porters' heads.

THERE was one other aspect of the expedition, and it was to play a vital part in all the unknown hazards that lay ahead. This was the personality of the two explorers themselves.

Burton, in spite of the plethora of books that have been written both by and about him, still remains beyond the range of ordinary definition. Above all else, he was a romantic and an Arabist; he belongs decidedly to that small, perennial group of English men and women who are born with something lacking in their lives—a hunger, a nostalgia, that can only be set at rest in the deserts of the East. Whatever the reason may have been—whether it was a natural revulsion against the narrow horizons and the wet and cloudy climate of England, or against the constricting Victorian code of manners there—it was the tinkling of the camel bell that beckoned Burton until the day he died. And yet, despite all his amazing concentration and intelligence, he remains merely an amateur of the Islamic world—a devoted dilettante, more Arab than the Arabs but never absolutely one of them. He returns to the East again and again, like a migratory bird, never at peace when he is there, yet never able to stay away for long without succumbing to

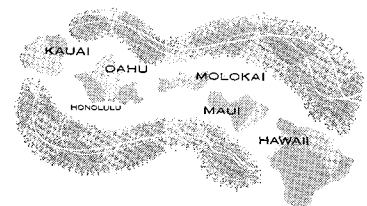


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an overmastering restlessness. There are moments in his career when it seems that nothing in the world can appease his almost insane hunger for excitement. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt recalls meeting him once in Buenos Aires, when Burton, at the end of one of his debauches, appeared collarless and in filthy clothes. He had, Blunt says, "a countenance the most sinister I have ever seen, dark, cruel, treacherous, with eyes like a wild beast." It was his eyes—the "questing panther eyes"—that everyone remembered. Swinburne, who knew him well, speaks of "the look of unspeakable horror in those eyes, which gave him at times an almost unearthly appearance," adding, "He had the brow of a god and the jaw of a devil." Burton's wife describes him as being five feet eleven inches tall, and muscular, with very dark hair, a weather-beaten complexion, an enormous black mustache, large, flashing black eyes, long lashes, and a fierce, proud, melancholy expression. Yet beneath all this drama, Burton was an intensely fastidious and scholarly man. No one has chronicled a journey through Africa with such erudition as he has. Nothing is beyond his observation—the languages and customs of the tribes, the geography of the land, its botany, geology, and meteorology, even the statistics of the Zanzibar import and export trade. No other explorer had such a breadth of reference or had read so much or could write so well; none, certainly, was graced with such a touch of sardonic humor. His "The Lake Regions of Central Africa" remains not only his best book but also, in a field of writing that was remarkably good, one of the best explorer's journals ever written.

At this time, he was just thirty-six years old; still far off were the quarrels and humiliations of his later life, and the fantastic outpourings of books and translations that, in the end, with the publication of his "Thousand Nights and a Night" and other Eastern erotica, earned him the reputation of being a sort of intellectual rake. Yet at thirty-six he was already a famous man, though not a very popular one. After an education in France and Italy and at Oxford, he had served seven years in the Indian Army, had made his celebrated journey to Mecca and a second, hardly less perilous expedition to the forbidden city of Harar, in Abyssinia, and had written his books about these adventures. Never at any point in his Army career in India had he proceeded in a normal, orthodox way; his way was through the interior lines and the endless subtleties and aberrations of Eastern life. He was forever disguising himself

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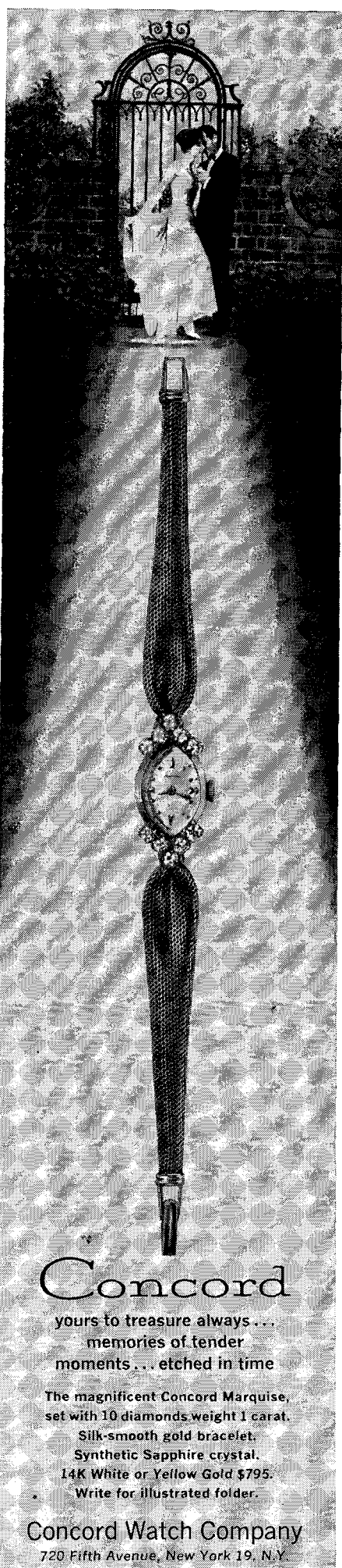
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in Eastern clothes, even dyeing his face and hands, and visiting low bazaars that would have been extremely distasteful to the ordinary British officer. In consequence, he knew a great deal more about Indians and their way of life than the authorities cared to know. They were no more amused by Burton's account of vice in Karachi than by his prediction that the Indian Army was on the point of mutiny. As an officer, he was irascible, impatient of discipline, and highly critical of his colleagues. Yet he was not to be dismissed as just another British eccentric, for he was a swordsman of note, he was incontestably brave, and in the command of languages and dialects there were few to equal him. It was said that he had discovered a system by which he could learn a new language in two months, and at the end of his life he was believed to be able to speak and write no fewer than twenty-nine. At one stage, he lived with thirty monkeys in order to study the noises they made, and he even succeeded in putting together a short monkey vocabulary.

Almost too much was contained here in one man. Had he been of a sedentary disposition, his life would no doubt have been easier, but there was something in his nature—perhaps inherited from his Irish parentage—that constantly drove him toward the most outlandish places and the most difficult adventures. One has the feeling that he lived in a state of continual conflict within himself—the intellectual warring with the man of action, the methodical scholar grating against the poet and the romantic, the fastidious hypochondriac fighting a losing battle with the libertine. But then he would recoil from his own unorthodoxy and struggle back to a respectable show of things, and it was in one such recoil, just before the opening of this new African adventure, that he entered into an engagement of marriage with the doting and carefully nurtured Isabel Arundell, in England. Having become engaged to her, however, he at once went away—a thing he was to do more than once in the long married life that lay before them—and entered into a relationship that was even more singular. That this brilliant, courageous, high-strung adventurer should have adopted as his close companion a man who was so completely his opposite as John Hanning Speke is, surely, as ironic a phenomenon as anything Cervantes contrived with Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.

Not that Speke was in any way servile to Burton. Indeed, he was the very re-

verse, and this, in the end, was to be Burton's undoing. Burton needed a disciple, and instead he got a rival. Speke was six years younger than Burton, and although a story was put about at one time that he was an Anglo-Indian of mixed blood, there was no truth in it; he came from a West Country family that dated back to Saxon times. He was tall and slender, and his blue eyes and fair hair gave him rather a Scandinavian appearance. He was a man who looked after himself; he ate a great deal but drank very little and never smoked. The ordinary relaxations and dissipations of a young man of his age were not for Speke. His life was in the open air, and in order to fit himself for that life he was prepared to go to great lengths; once, in Africa, he even discarded his boots and walked barefoot to



toughen himself. He planned ahead, he set himself definite objectives, and having once made up his mind, he proceeded with great prudence and determination. In short, he measured up very well to the Victorian notion of what a young man ought to be: steady, abstemious, methodical in his habits, and respectable. But he was not entirely humorless, and he had the gift of friendship. Underneath that cool and rather prosaic exterior was a certain charm. Even Burton was prepared to admit this, although, as is usual with Burton's judgments of people, his summing up of Speke carried a violent sting in the tail. He wrote, "To a peculiarly quiet and modest aspect—aided by blue eyes and blond hair—to a gentleness of demeanour and an almost childlike simplicity of manner which at once attracted attention, he united an immense fund of self-esteem, so carefully concealed, however, that none but his intimates suspected its existence."

Like Burton, Speke had entered the Indian Army, though at an earlier age and as a cadet, and had fought in the Punjab. Like Burton, he had a taste for solitary expeditions in India, though of a very different kind; he used to go shooting in the distant Himalayas. Speke had a mania for shooting—few specimens in India and Tibet, he says, did not fall to his gun—and his various journeys on local leave took him into very remote places, where, possibly, no other European had been before. This was part of the toughening-up process, and Speke was not unconscious of his own virtue in this respect. He was not like his brother officers in India, he later wrote, somewhat smugly. He never "idled away his time or got into debt." Instead, he was off in the mountains col-

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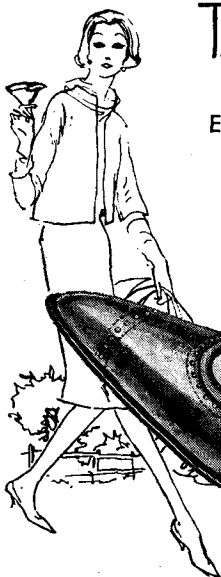
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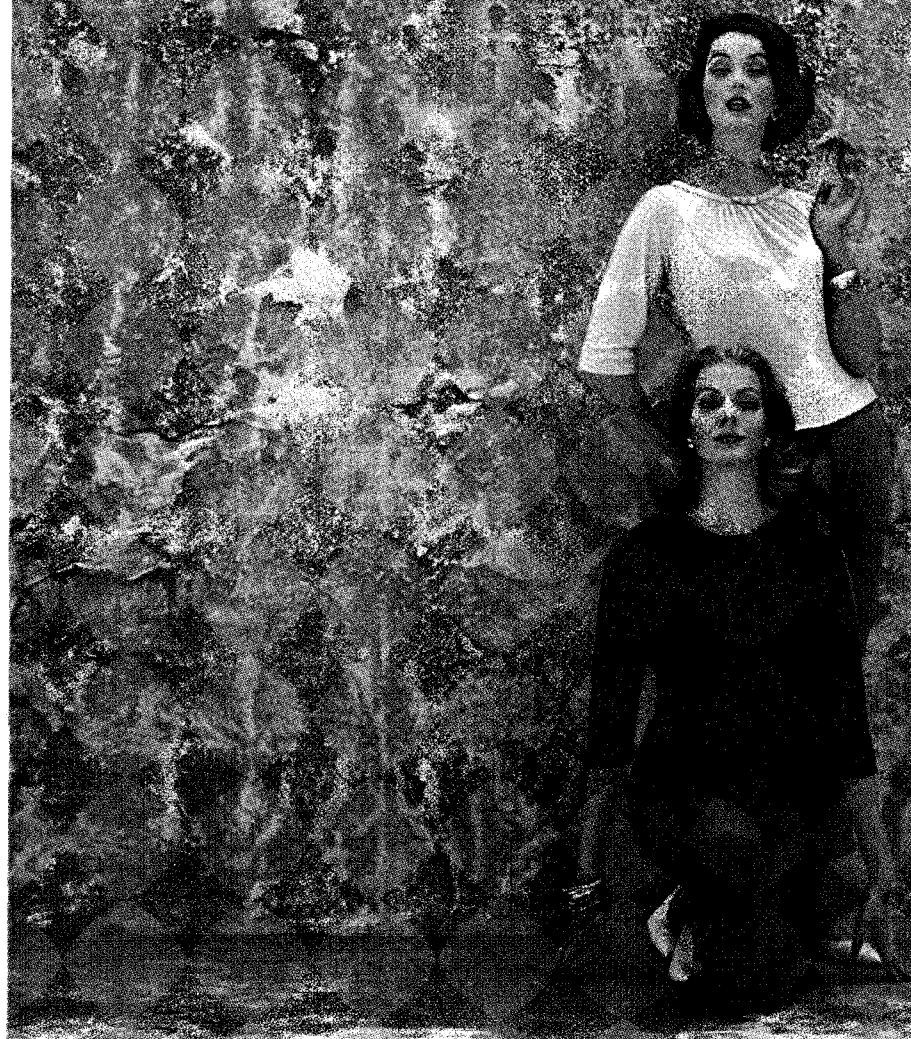
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lecting specimens and opening up the unexplored country. In India, long before he met Burton, Speke already had a great object in view; he had decided that as soon as his long leave fell due, he would make a journey through unexplored Africa, travelling from the east coast to the headwaters of the Nile, and then sailing downstream to Egypt. On the way, he would gather specimens of rare birds and animals, and eventually he would build up a natural-history museum in his father's country house in England. Of his three years of leave from the Army, two were to be spent on the journey, and the third in recuperation at home. He saved his money, he planned, and in 1854, when his ten years' service in India was up, he sailed for Aden, carrying with him three hundred and ninety pounds' worth of beads and other barter goods with which he proposed to enlist the help of the natives when he crossed to the African mainland. It was at this point—some two years before the outset of their joint expedition—that the two explorers met for the first time. Speke had been in Aden only a few days when Burton, setting out on his Abyssinian expedition, turned up with several other young officers, and it was soon arranged that Speke should scrap his own plans and join forces with them.

From Burton's point of view, this first African adventure was a distinct personal success. Leaving Speke and the others on the Somaliland coast, he got himself into and out of the fanatical Moslem stronghold of Harar—it was the sort of cloak-and-dagger affair he loved so well. For Speke, however, the expedition was an unqualified disaster; his side of it accomplished practically nothing, and when Burton, as leader of the expedition, published his account of the journey in "First Footsteps in East Africa," the book was found to contain an abridged version of Speke's diary tucked away ignominiously at the end. Burton wrote a curious note about Speke's frame of mind during these early days of the acquaintance, and although it hardly squares with what we know of this clearheaded and resourceful man, one is reluctant to disbelieve it. "Before we set out," Burton wrote, "he openly declared that, being tired of life, he had come to be killed in Africa." This, of course, may have been nothing more than a young man's expression of a Byronic mood. Still, one sees here a glimpse of the solitary mountaineer dreaming dreams in Tibet. Perhaps he secretly had a definite and compelling need to be a hero.

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both men volunteered for the campaign in the Crimea, and when the war was over, they met again in London. Burton was now full of plans for the very kind of journey upon which Speke had already set his heart—an expedition to the sources of the Nile. When Burton asked Speke to join him, Speke immediately agreed. And so at the end of 1856 the two men found themselves in Hamerton's house in Zanzibar, preparing for their second venture into the African wilderness. Since Burton had obtained a grant of a thousand pounds from the Foreign Office and the patronage of the Royal Geographical Society, he was the official leader. As far as one can make out, Speke accepted this state of affairs with very good grace, and was exhilarated by the prospect of the adventure that lay before them. Burton, too, was very confident. He wrote from Zanzibar to the secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, in London, "People here tell frightful stories about the dangers and difficulty of the journey, and I don't believe a word of it." The explorers were in no particular hurry to get away from Zanzibar, and in this, perhaps—in the calm and leisured use of time—one sees by how much we are divided from the nineteenth century. They debated with Hamerton at length about their plans, they called on the young Sultan Majid, they bartered for further men and supplies in the bazaar. Finally, on June 16, 1857, they set off in the Sultan's corvette *Artémise* for the mainland.

SCARCELY twenty miles separate Zanzibar from the African mainland, and on a clear day you can plainly see the coast from the island. Yet there is an astonishing difference between the island and the mainland shore. In Zanzibar, everything is soft and beguiling; it is as relaxing as a Turkish bath. There are no hills on the island, no harsh cliffs or torrents; the plantations spread away from the forest paths with the luxuriance of a hothouse, and everywhere there is a sense of established ease, of indolence declining into sleep. It is no less hot on the mainland, but here the wildness of Central Africa—the sensation of vast, primitive space—touches the traveller the moment he steps ashore, and it is a little forbidding. A dry, hard scrub reaches away into the distance, and so the country continues inland for ninety miles or so, until the maritime plain is crossed and the mountains break into view. Then one mounts very quickly onto the great central plateau, stretching away for thousands of miles into the heart of Africa. Now,



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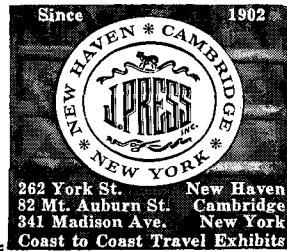
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suddenly, one realizes how heavily the woolly air of the coast pressed against one's lungs. At three thousand feet—and that is the general level of the plateau—wide plains begin to appear, broken here and there by rough outcrops of rock, and there is never a moment when some distant mountain is not in sight. These are the real horizons of Central Africa.

In the eighteen-fifties, Bagamoyo, which means "Lay down the burden of your heart," was the leading port of this section of the coast, and it is still a beautiful place, with a line of rustling coconut palms on the shore and, beyond them, at the right season, one of the loveliest sights of Africa—the flamboyant trees, which spread like chestnuts and blaze with the brightest shades of scarlet, flame, and orange. The Indian Ocean here has the texture (and, no doubt, the specific gravity) of warm, very salty soup, and it is infested with a thousand slimy things—broken fronds of seaweed, livid jellyfish, perhaps an empty coconut floating by. There is no harbor, but a coral reef breaks the force of the waves, and the beach slopes very gently inland. At low tide the sea recedes for a quarter of a mile or more, and all the debris of the shore lies stranded on a wet, gray plain.

A plaque set up at Bagamoyo announces that it was from here that Burton and Speke started their journey inland in 1857. There were, of course, the usual difficulties in setting out. Having come ashore from their corvette, they discovered that only a fraction of the porters they wanted were obtainable, and consequently asses had to be bought instead. Great haggling took place in the bazaar before thirty-six men were eventually assembled, and it was decided in the end that the portable boat and the other heavy baggage would have to be left behind. Hamerton had come over from Zanzibar with the two explorers to say goodbye and to see them on their way, and it was an act of singular devotion, for he was dying. He was perfectly well aware that his strength had finally run out; he confided to Burton that he expected death and welcomed it and wished to be buried at sea. On June 26, 1857, he sailed away, and he survived his return to Zanzibar by only a few days. Eleven months elapsed before Burton and Speke, in the depths of the interior, heard that he was dead.

FOR the most part, the slave route from the coast to the interior led from one watering place to another, and almost all the caravans headed first for

Tabora, in central Tanganyika, some five hundred miles inland, from which they struck out in all directions. On June 25th, Speke went ahead with some of the men on the first stage of the journey to Tabora, and on June 27th Burton followed him, mounted on a camel. They marched southwestward at first, so as to avoid the country of the hostile Masai tribe to the north, and there was a pause at a place called Zungomero (since vanished from the map) while they regrouped. More porters were obtained, bringing the number of the caravan to a hundred and thirty-two, and early August found them climbing slowly up the escarpment to the central plateau. The expedition was launched at last. There was no particular difficulty about the route; they followed beaten paths from one village to another, and from time to time they passed caravans coming down to the coast with slaves and ivory. Yet it was a progress so slow, so tortuous and disordered, that one marvels that it ever got ahead at all. The day began at 4 A.M. with the crowing of the cocks, while it was still dark and very cold. Then Burton and Speke had their coffee or tea and perhaps a plate of porridge, while the Arab guard turned to the east for morning prayers. By 5 A.M., the whole caravan was stirring around the campfires, but then a long delay ensued while the cattle and goats were rounded up and the porters quarrelled fiercely over their loads, the weaker men usually ending up with the heavier burdens. The last act before departure was to set fire to the grass huts that had been built the night before. The huts, of course, might have been useful for other travellers, but one left no gifts for strangers in this hostile world. There was a rough-and-ready order in the long procession when it finally got under way. In the lead went the guide, wearing a ceremonial headdress and carrying the red flag of the Sultan of Zanzibar, and behind him marched the drummer. The cloth and bead porters came next, with their bolsterlike bundles on their heads, and then the men carrying the camp equipment, followed by their women, children, and cattle. The armed guard was dispersed along the line, each man carrying a muzzle-loading musket and a German cavalry sabre. Many of the guards, too, were accompanied by their women, and some by their personal slaves. Burton and Speke, as a rule, brought up the rear, either riding the camel and an ass or, if sick, being carried in hammocks. Almost every male member of the caravan had a weapon of some kind, together with an assort-

Raymond Loewy, world-renowned industrial designer (l.) and J. S. Inskip, President of J. S. Inskip, Inc., for over a quarter of a century American importer for Rolls Royce, ask the popular question:



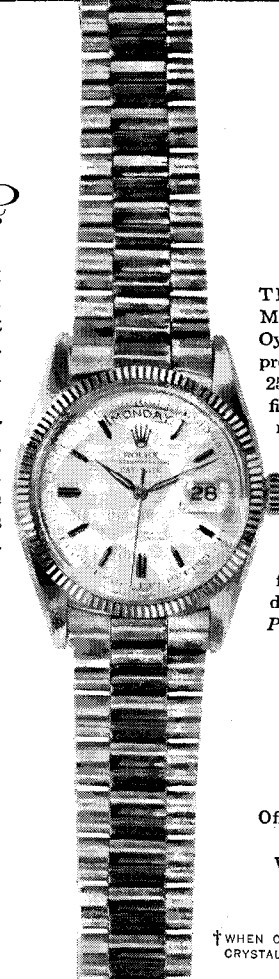
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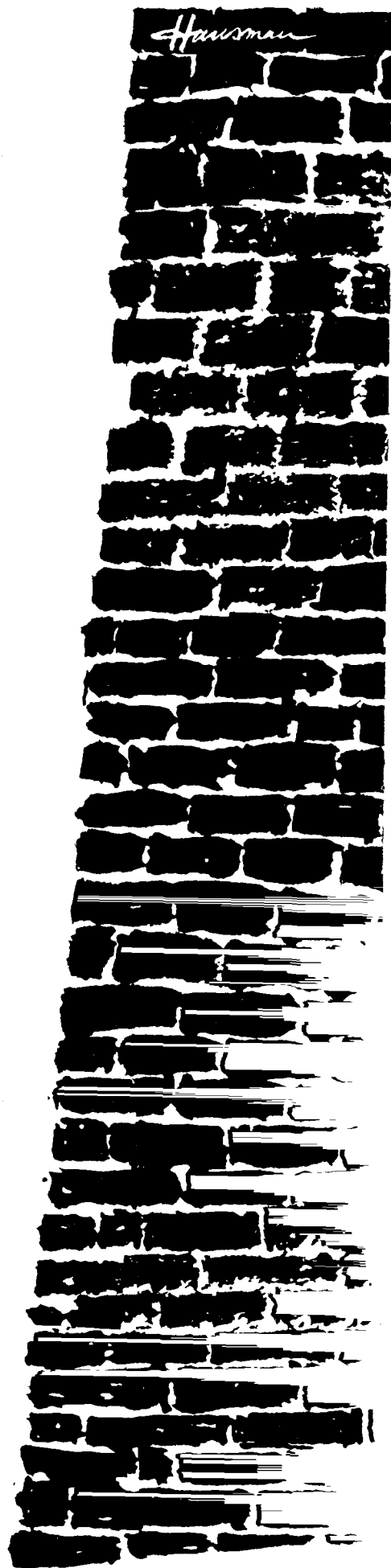
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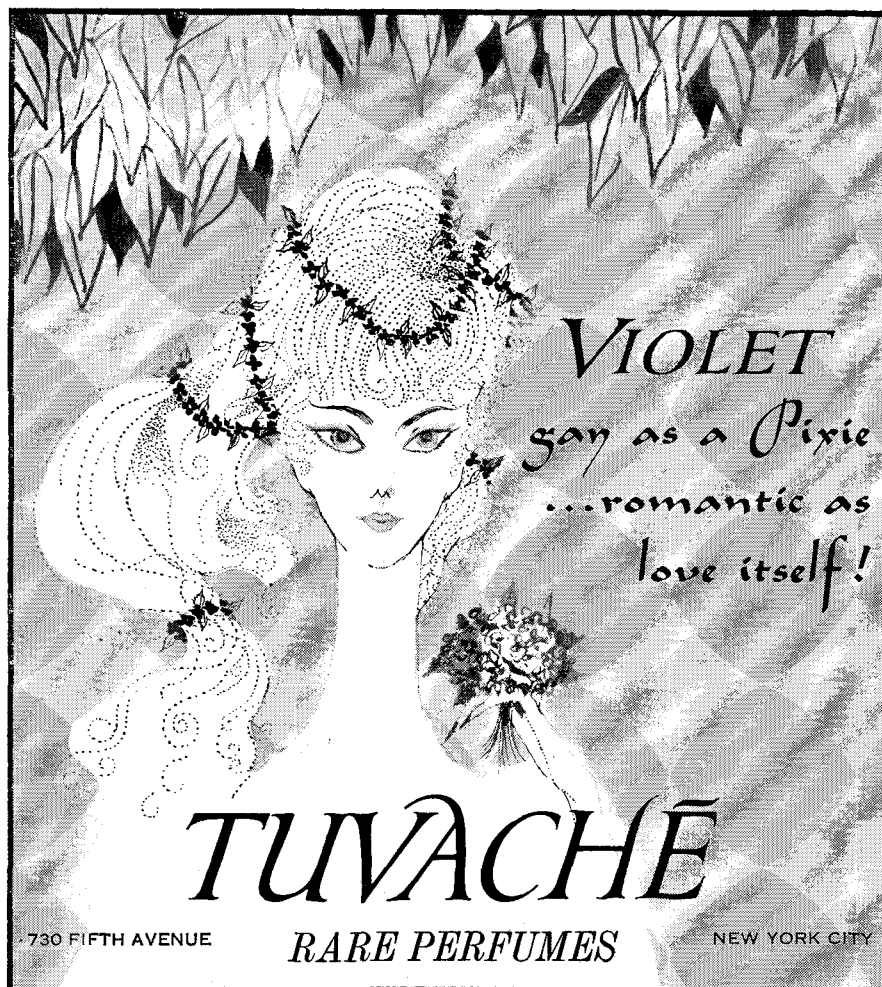


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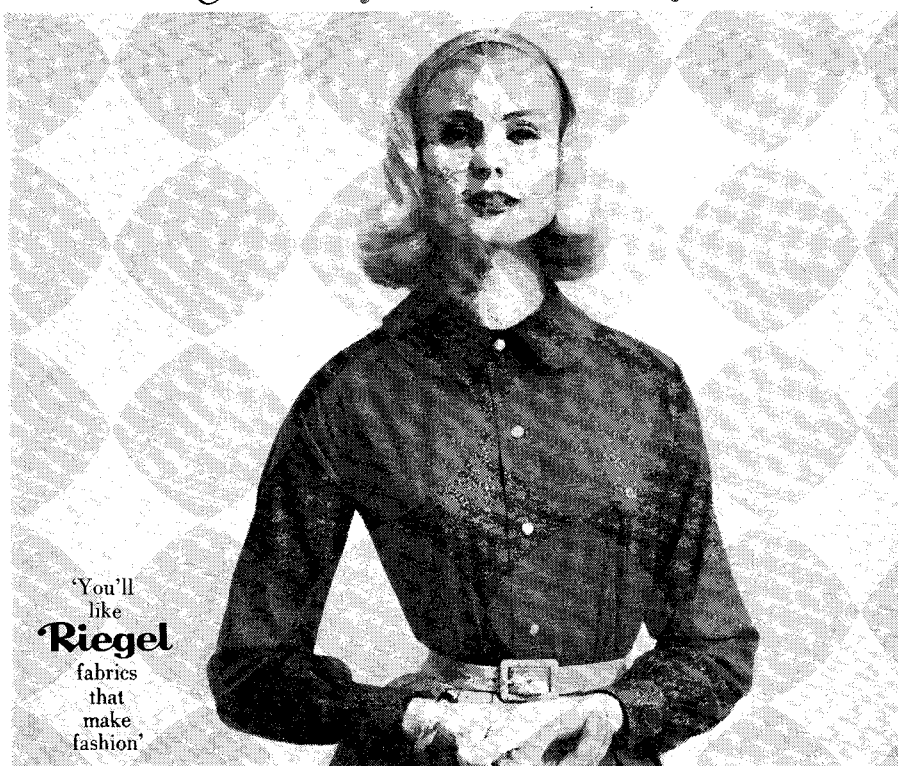
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ment of pots and pans. A continuous and violent uproar of chanting, singing, whistling, and shouting accompanied the march, for it was thought important to make as much noise as possible to impress the local tribes. If a hare chanced to run across the track, all downed burdens at once to go in pursuit of the animal, which, if caught, was eaten raw. The final halt for the day might be made at any time after 8 A.M.; usually it was about eleven o'clock, when the full fierceness of the midday heat was beginning, the caravan having then covered about ten miles. Through the midday hours, the two explorers sat in the shade taking scientific observations, writing their diaries, making sketches, and conducting the general business of the march. Cloth was issued to the porters at each halt, so that they could purchase grain from the local inhabitants. At 4 P.M., the Goanese cooks served dinner, which consisted of some such dish as rice and goat's meat, unless Speke had gone out and bagged a partridge or a gazelle—a diversion that Burton did not encourage. ("Captain Burton, being no sportsman, would not stop for shooting," Speke wrote later.) In the evening, especially if the moon was shining, the dancing began—the women in one group and the men in another. "They are such timists," Burton wrote, "a hundred pairs of heels sound like one." But then, as the excitement of the dance increased, bedlam broke out, and confused rushings and screamings filled the camp, until at last, toward eight o'clock the dancers subsided, exhausted, around their fires, and all was peace at last.

Such might have been a normal day in the caravan's progress, but hardly any day was normal. At every stage, the local chieftains demanded their *hongo*—a tax of so many yards of cloth, so many bags of beads—before they would allow the strangers to cross their territory. Hours, sometimes days, would go by before the haggling was over, and at last a drum would be beaten in the chieftain's village to announce that the caravan was free to proceed. As it got farther from the coast, many of the porters deserted and had to be replaced by new ones; the asses died one after another; and disease kept breaking out in the camp. Often, everybody was hungry to the point of half starvation, and both white men were constantly ill; Speke, indeed, seems to have been in a state of failing health all the way to Tabora. Often, too, the caravan was swamped by unseasonable rain. But still it struggled on.

In the late eighteen-fifties, the East

African tribes were probably less disturbed and brutalized than they were later on, when the slave trade grew worse. The traveller was given a relatively friendly reception, and although Burton and Speke passed huge slave caravans, some of them a thousand strong, and saw the tragic aftermath of their progress—the sick men, women, and children dying beside the track—both of them made the point that the hardships of the journey were not quite as bad as they were made out to be. “Justice,” Burton wrote, “requires the confession that the horrors of slave-driving rarely met the eye in East Africa.” On the march, he says, the slaves were well fed, little worked, and seldom chained; the porters, who were free and who made the long journey down to the coast for the hire of a few shillings, had much the worst of it. And in Zanzibar and the coastal towns a much better life often awaited the slave than the one he had left behind in his squalid and diseased village in the interior.

For a man so immersed in the study of colored races and so avid of travel among them, Burton reveals an odd and contradictory contempt for the African. “He seems to belong,” he writes, “to one of those childish races which, never rising to man’s estate, fall like worn-out links from the great chain of animated nature.” The African’s religion is nothing but “a vague and nameless awe,” his chief preoccupation drunkenness. In the villages everywhere, Burton says, the drinking of *pombe*, the native beer, starts with the dawn and continues through the day. These befuddled, ignorant, hopeless people have no code of morals: “Marriage, which is an epoch amongst Christians, an event among the Moslems, is with these people an incident of frequent occurrence. Polygamy is unlimited, and the chiefs pride themselves upon the number of their wives, varying from twelve to three hundred.” Unfortunately, the expedition bypassed places like the Olduvai Gorge, in the Serengeti Plains, where there are evidences of the extreme antiquity of life in Africa; Burton is one of the few explorers who would have been deeply interested in these relics, but as things were, he was merely oppressed by the apparent barrenness of the country’s past. He wrote, “Eastern and central inter-tropical Africa . . . lacks antiquarian interest. It has few traditions, no annals, and no ruins, the hoary remnants of past splendour so dear to the traveller and the reader of travels. It contains not a single useful or ornamental work of art; a canal or a dam

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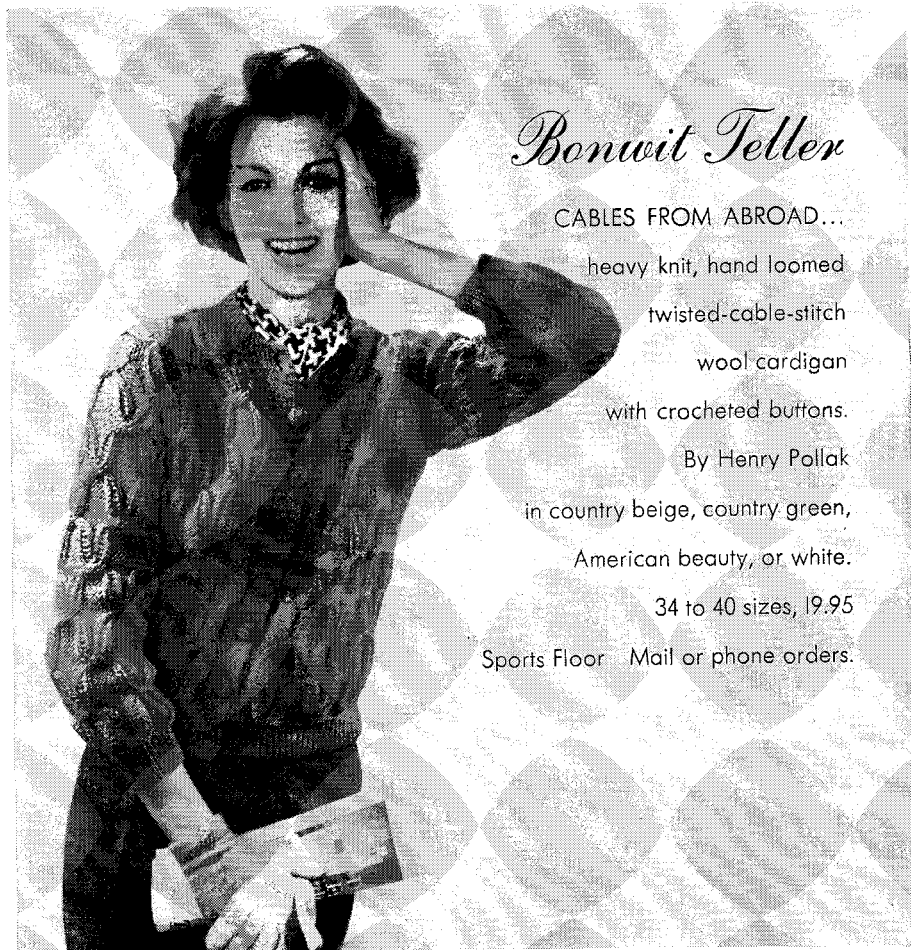


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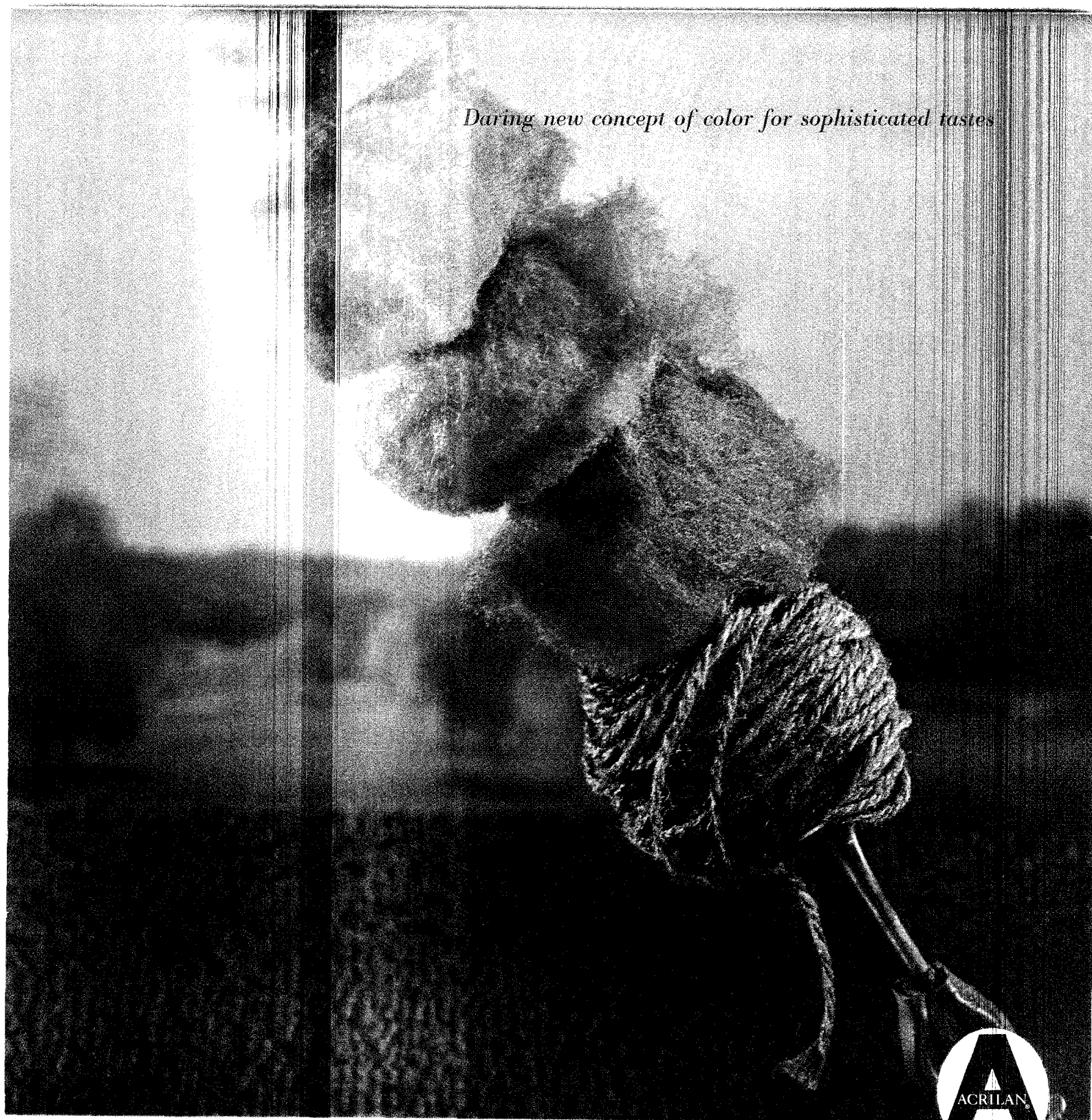
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is, and ever has been, beyond the narrow bounds of its civilisation. It wants even the scenes of barbaric pomp and savage grandeur with which the student of Occidental Africa is familiar. But its ethnography has novelties: it exposes strange manners and customs, its fetishism is in itself a wonder, its commerce deserves attention, and its social state is full of mournful interest."

And so Burton's tirade goes on, at times funny and at others vicious, and hardly for a moment does he pause to reflect that it was the foreign slavers who were debauching and degrading these people quite as much as the *pombe* and the polygamy. In Burton's mind, the Africans themselves were to blame for their savagery, and from first to last he treats them like delinquent children with marked criminal tendencies. Speke, who suffered quite as much annoyance as Burton, did not feel this way, nor did other explorers, like Livingstone; indeed, Burton's attitude becomes positively rabid when it is compared with Livingstone's kindness, gentleness, and compassion toward Africans—as rabid as the worst racial hatred in the world today. It was perhaps not too much that one of the chieftains should have said that Burton was "a good man but too angry." Yet, in fairness, it has to be recognized that Burton was not a shooter or a killer of Africans—and more than a few such explorers were soon to appear on the scene. Probably it was more disgust than dislike that he felt toward them, and so, in this crude wilderness, where there was nothing to satisfy the requirements of a fastidious and sophisticated mind, he turned with relief to the Arabs.

When at last, after nearly five months' journey, the party straggled into Tabora on November 7, 1857, Burton went forward to meet the Arab traders there with joy. "Striking indeed," he cries, "was the contrast between the open-handed hospitality and hearty good will of this truly noble race, and the niggardness of the savage and selfish Africans—it was heart of flesh after heart of stone." He was back with his own kind—grave, courteous bearded men in turbans and long white robes, cultivated men with graceful manners—and never for a moment does it disturb him that the principal preoccupation of their lives was the herding of men, women, and children down to the coast, and the sale of such as survived in the slave markets of Mombasa and Zanzibar. There were about twenty-five Arab dealers living in Tabora at this time, and they managed to keep up an outward show of civilization. Their

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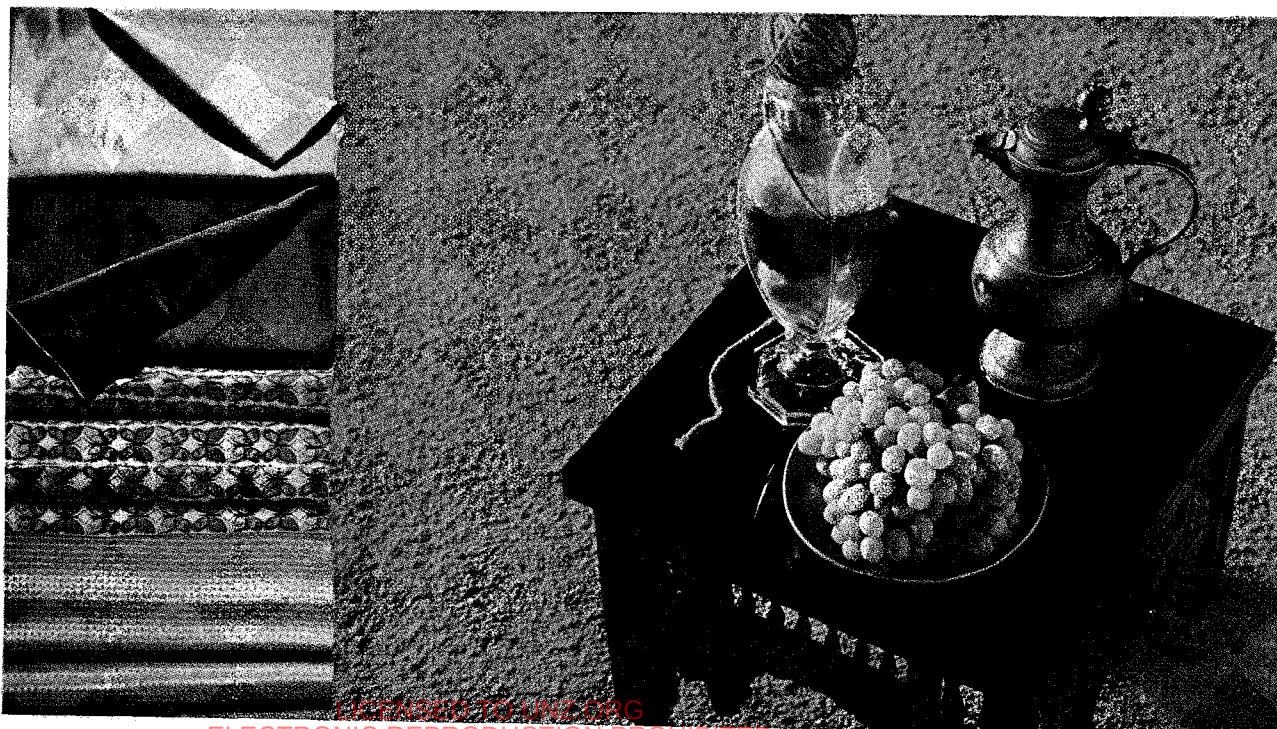
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Fennel Blue is the Country Spice color that inspires the decorating scheme shown left. Notice how perfectly the tones of the drapery and upholstery fabrics blend together against the background of the Cabin Crafts carpet.



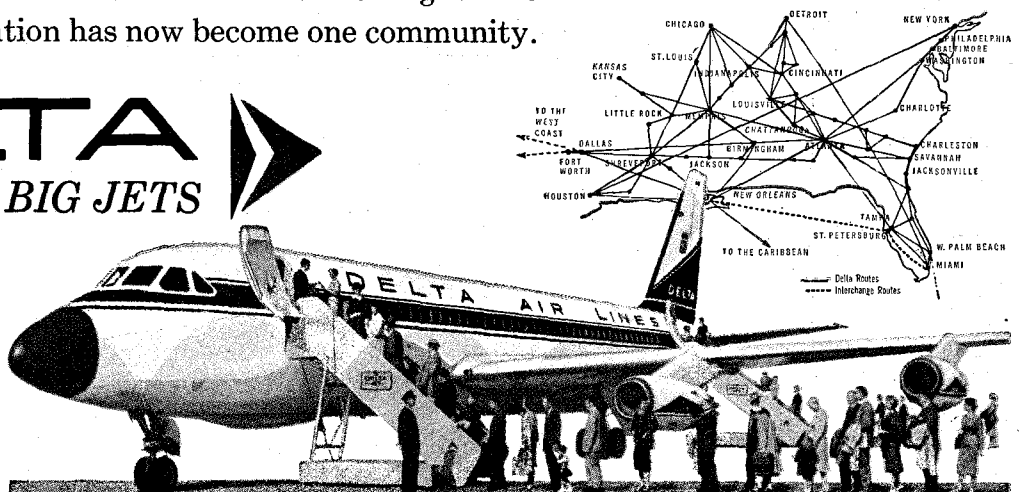
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houses, called *tembes*, were built of mud but were quite extensive buildings, enclosing a central courtyard and having separate rooms for the domestic slaves and the harem. Fruit, vegetables, and rice had been planted, and in the bazaar most of the articles essential to East African trade were on sale, though at prices about five times as high as in Zanzibar. The Arabs were delighted to see the two white men from the coast, and were ready to help them in every way. And so a month went by at Tabora, and Burton, at least, enjoyed himself, since he could engage in long, profitable conversations with his hosts about the unknown country that lay before them to the west. Speke, one feels, being ill and unable to speak Arabic, was left a little in the cold.

Early in December, the expedition set off again, and on February 13, 1858, it reached Lake Tanganyika, in the neighborhood of the Arab slaving-and-ivory post at Ujiji. This was a moment of great triumph, and a major discovery. Both men were seriously ill again—Speke, who had suffered since childhood from ophthalmia, was so blind that he could barely see the lake, and Burton had an ulcerated tongue and could take nothing but liquid food—but at least the expedition had accomplished the first of its great objectives. Speke, on recovering his eyesight, went off in search of a boat that would enable them to make a thorough exploration of the region. Two native canoes were found at last, and in these the two men set off toward the upper end of the lake. It was Burton's notion that they would find a northward-flowing river there that might well be the Nile. But in this he was disappointed. As he and Speke neared their goal, they met a party of Arabs who had just come from the northern end of the lake; there was a river there—the Ruzizi—the Arabs said, but it flowed southward, into Lake Tanganyika. "I was sick at heart," Burton wrote. At this point, moreover, the expedition's paddlers refused to go on, so the two men turned back to Ujiji, where, at last, they met with a little good fortune; their rear guard arrived with supplies from the coast, and, after nearly a year, they received letters giving them news of the outside world. Burton had the sardonic satisfaction of learning that he had been quite right about India; the mutiny had broken out.

IN June, 1858, Burton and Speke were back at Tabora. And here, in almost a haphazard way, there occurred the beginning of a chain of incidents that

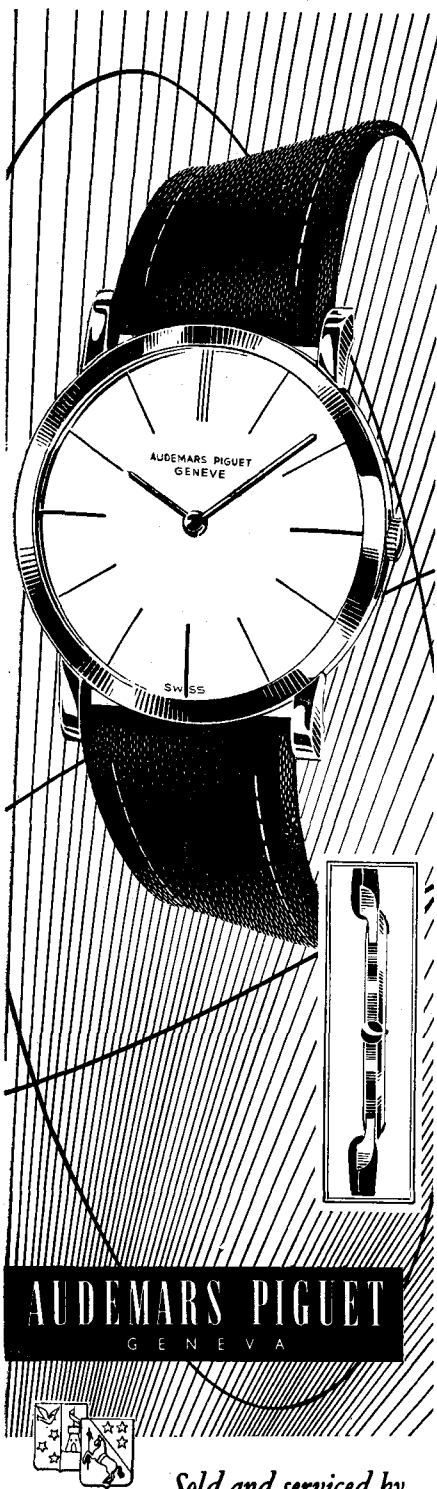
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was to set this journey apart from all others in Central Africa and lead on, through endless bitterness and tragedy, to the solution of the problem of the Nile. Burton was anxious to pause a bit among his Arab friends in Tabora while he refitted the caravan and compiled his notes on the discoveries they had already made. Speke wanted to go off and investigate reports they had heard from the Arabs of the Nyanza, a lake larger than Lake Tanganyika, which was said to lie some three weeks' journey to the north of Tabora. Burton willingly let him go. On July 9th, with Sidi Bombay and a small party of porters and Baluchi guards, Speke set off.

The traveller today will find that the trip from Tabora to what is now called Lake Victoria is, at first, anything but spectacular; the eternal scrub presses around one, mile after mile, monotonously repeating itself. The few villages and clearings that occur have a poverty-stricken air, and in the dry season, when the withered grass is burned off by the inhabitants, one sees little but vistas of blackened earth and scorched trees that would remind First World War soldiers of Passchendaele—except that here there is no mud but only the parched and listless dust. But then one gradually passes into a landscape that is altogether different. The scrub thins out, and wide, refreshing plains begin to sweep away to the horizon. Here and there, huge, rounded granite boulders, probably dropped by the melting glaciers of some ice age, rise up grotesquely from the ground, and at a distance they often have the appearance of the walled hill-top towns of southern Italy. One touch of rain on this countryside and it sprouts a lawn of grass. A myriad of storks and other birds alight on the swamps and water holes, and there is a distinct element of change in the air—a feeling, as you move along, that you are approaching a frontier of some kind, a new experience. This feeling becomes steadily more pronounced as you approach the lake. The earth grows greener, the air more humid, and soon you are surrounded by shade trees—palms, emerald-green mangoes, and flamboyants. Finally, near Mwanza, the lake itself breaks into view. It is much more like a sea than a lake—a tropical sea with yellow sand beaches and wooded slopes coming down to meet them. To the north, there is no visible end to the vast sheet of water. Occasionally, it is ruffled up by tremendous storms, but on a normal day a light breeze blows, and the white horses splash up casually on the shore. The lake takes on the color of the sky, so that it is blue in the sun-

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shine, gray on a cloudy day, and almost black in a storm. During the sunsets—and they can be astonishing at times—both sky and lake glow together in an explosion of theatrical light. These scenes are extremely beautiful, and yet there is a mysterious and disturbing atmosphere about the lake. One feels here very strongly the primitiveness of Africa—its overwhelming multiplicity in emptiness. At dusk, the water tends to become still, sombre, and silent; there is a heavy nothingness in the hot air that conjures up notions of undercurrent witchcraft and superstition, of plotting and of ambushes in the dark, and all this is made worse because there is no definite object for one's fear. The lakeside Africans are mighty drinkers of *pombe*, and when they have drunk away the oppression of the boredom and idleness of their lives, they give way very easily to infantile outbursts of passion and hysteria, and then the drums and the stamping dances have a quality that is uncouth, savage, and sometimes menacing.

All these things—the surrounding plains, the peoples of the lake, and the immense, mysterious reaches of the lake itself—were, of course, outside the range of civilized knowledge when Speke began his march. It is, then, hardly surprising that he should have been possessed by great excitement in the early morning of August 3, 1858, when he stood on the shore near Mwanza and saw the immense stretch of water for the first time. An inspiration seized him. "I no longer felt any doubt that the lake at my feet gave birth to that interesting river, the source of which has been the subject of so much speculation, and the object of so many explorers," he wrote in *Blackwood's Magazine*, on his return to London in 1859. "The Arabs' tale was proved to the letter. This is a far more extensive lake than the Tanganyika, so broad that you could not see across it, and so long that nobody knew its length."

It was a reckless conclusion to jump to, and it was quite impossible for Speke to back it up with any scientific proof. Yet he seems to have been genuinely convinced by this one short view of a tiny section of the southern shore—he stayed only three days at the lake—that he had discovered the source of the Nile. One wishes that he could have had any other companion than Burton with whom to share his enthusiasm. Nevertheless, he hastened back, re-entering Tabora only six weeks after he had left it, and at once acquainted Burton with his discovery. It is not difficult to imagine the scene from Bur-

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ton's description in his "Lake Regions of Central Africa," published in 1860:

We had scarcely breakfasted before he announced to me the startling fact that he had discovered the sources of the White Nile. It was an inspiration perhaps; the moment he had sighted the Nyanza, he felt at once no doubt but that "the lake at his feet gave birth to that interesting river which has been the subject of so much speculation, and the object of so many explorers." The fortunate discoverer's conviction was strong; his reasons were weak—were of the category alluded to by the damsel Lucetta, when justifying her penchant in favour of the "lovely gentleman" Sir Proteus:

"I have no other but a woman's reason. I think him so because I think him so. . . ."

After a few days it became evident to me that not a word could be uttered on the subject of the lake, the Nile, and his *trouvaille* generally without offense. By tacit agreement it was, therefore, avoided, and I should never have resumed it had my companion not stultified the results of the Expedition by putting forth a claim which no geographer can admit, and which is at the same time so weak and flimsy that no geographer has yet taken the trouble to contradict it.

Speke's version of the matter, published in his "What Led to the Discovery of the Source of the Nile," in 1864, is as follows:

Captain Burton greeted me on arrival at the old house. . . . I . . . expressed my regret that he did not accompany me, as I felt quite certain in my mind I had discovered the source of the Nile. This he naturally objected to, even after hearing all my reasons for saying so, and therefore the subject was dropped. Nevertheless the Captain accepted all my geography leading from Kaze [the former name for Tabora] to the lake, and wrote it down in his book—contracting only my distances, which he said he thought were exaggerated, and of course taking care to sever my lake from the Nile by *his* Mountains of the Moon.

Burton and Speke had long since fallen out over the Mountains of the Moon. Burton wanted to have them in one place on the map, Speke in another, and it was a vital point, since these mountains, wherever they were, probably provided the first drainage for the river. So now, in his "Lake Regions of Central Africa," like an old hand at chess, Burton neatly checkmated his opponent by dropping the mountains onto a point of the map where they stood fairly and squarely between the river and the lake.

In Tabora, Burton had an idea that the real sources of the Nile might lie farther to the east, in the general vicinity of Mount Kenya and Mount Kilimanjaro. At the same time, he was not altogether satisfied that the Tanganyika basin should be disqualified. The most he would allow for Speke's new lake (which Speke had named Victoria, in

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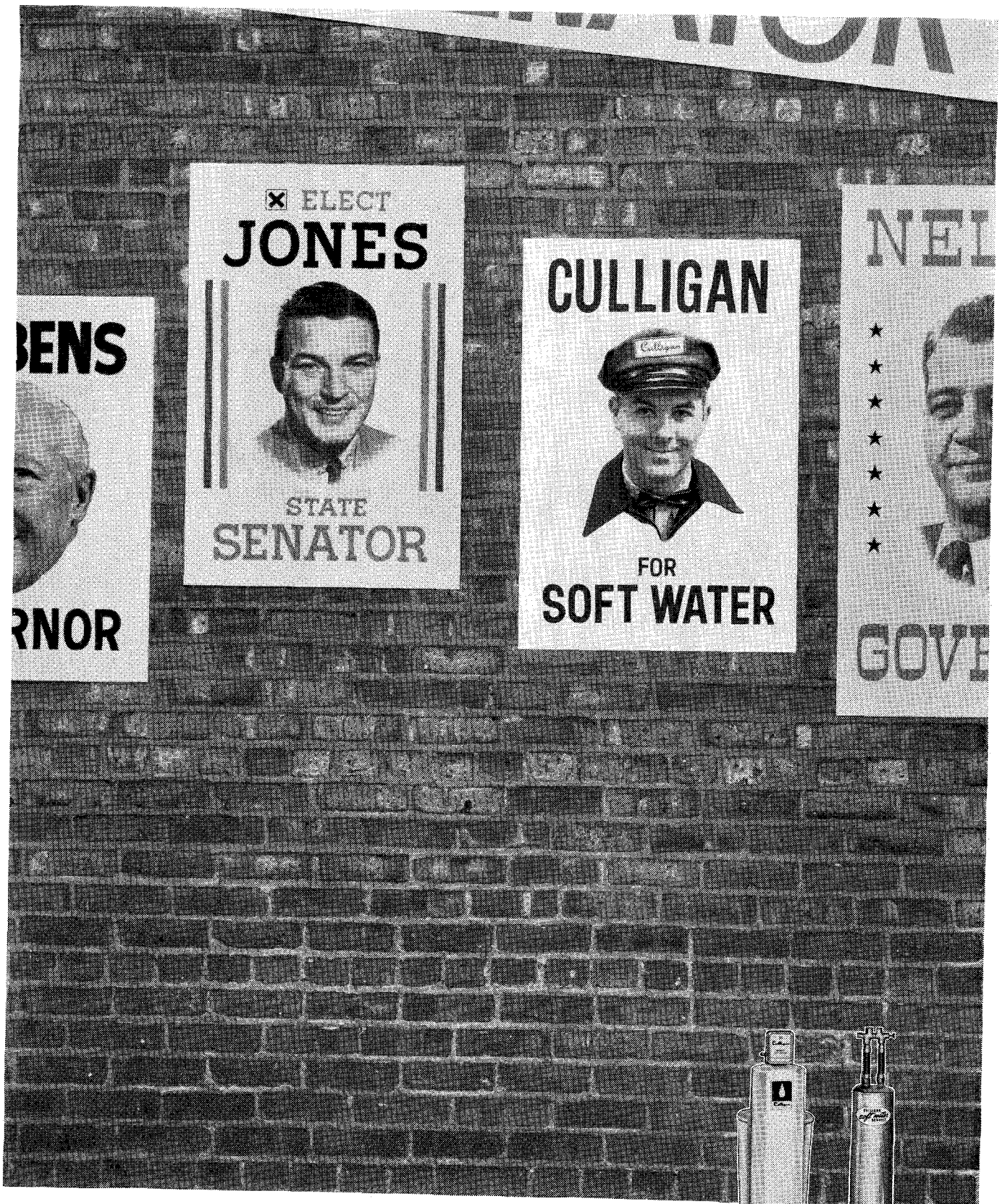
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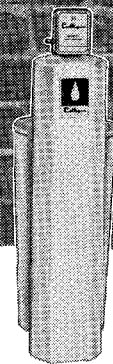
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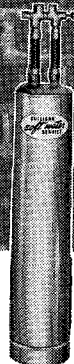
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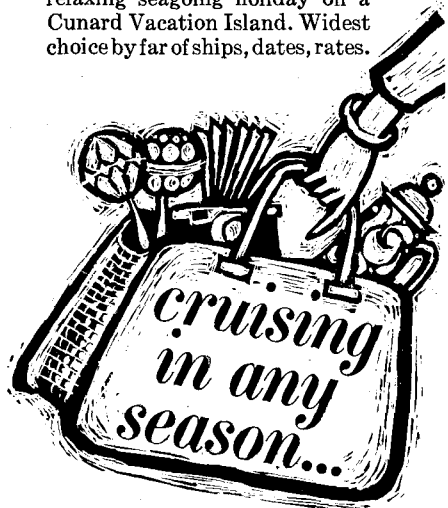
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honor of the Queen) was that it might be a feeder of the Upper Nile; there was also the possibility that Lake Victoria was not one lake at all but a series of lakes. Still, Burton was not adamant about any of this. He simply wished to make it clear that Speke had no ground whatever for his sweeping assertions; they were all guesswork. Therefore, in Burton's opinion, their report to the Royal Geographical Society should stick to the territory they had thoroughly investigated together—that is, the Tanganyika region—and to the reports they had heard from the more reliable Arabs.

And so, from this time forward, we find Burton concentrating more and more upon Lake Tanganyika, and Speke upon Lake Victoria; each adopted his own lake and was determined to support it against all arguments. Their quarrel may seem futile, but one has to remember that the two men had been almost constantly together in the most hazardous circumstances for well over a year, and had long since begun to get on one another's nerves. Also, this issue was almost their whole world at the moment, and it seemed to them to be of the most pressing importance. "He [Burton] used to snub me so unpleasantly when talking about anything that I often kept my own counsel," Speke wrote later to the secretary of the Royal Geographical Society. "B. is one of those men who never *can* be wrong, and will never acknowledge an error, so that when only two are together, talking becomes more of a bore than a pleasure."

IT cannot have been a very congenial party that set off at the end of September, 1858, on the long return journey to the coast. There were a hundred and fifty-two in the caravan now, including slaves, women, and children, and many of them, having already marched some fifteen hundred miles since leaving Bagamoyo, were worn out. Burton and Speke collapsed almost at once and had to be carried. Speke appears to have been suffering from pleurisy and pneumonia, and soon it was impossible for him to continue. At the height of his delirium, he raved and screamed at Burton, recalling every petty, pent-up grievance. These spasms passed at length, and the expedition dragged itself on slowly eastward, beset by sickness and desertions. Four months elapsed before it sighted the Indian Ocean at last, just north of the present town of Dar-es-Salaam. It was now February, 1859, and Burton and Speke had been away for twenty months, but Burton had undertaken to visit the slaving settlement of Kilwa, farther down

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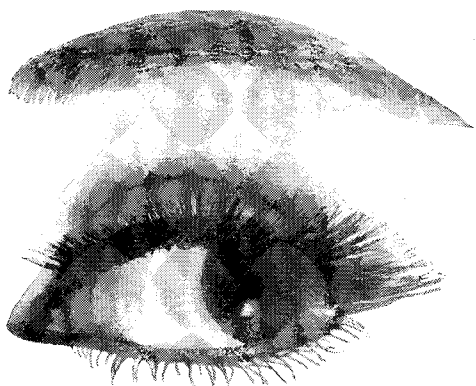
the coast, and, with a stubbornness that seems a little pointless, he insisted on keeping his word. He sent a message across to Zanzibar by dhow asking the British consul to furnish him with a boat, and when it arrived, the two weary, antagonistic men set sail for Kilwa. They accomplished nothing beyond their gesture; a cholera epidemic was sweeping along the East African coast, and it had struck Kilwa with special force. Burton and Speke came away almost at once, and on March 4, 1859, finally reached Zanzibar.

Here everything was in turmoil; some ten thousand deaths from cholera had already occurred in the city, and the Sultan was preparing to resist an invasion of the island by his brother in Oman. The new British consul, Captain Christopher Rigby, was an old rival of Burton's (both of them being remarkable linguists, they had competed against each other in interpreters' examinations in India), and Burton lost no time in falling out with him. The main source of contention between them seems to have concerned Burton's failure to pay his porters all the money they expected; when the porters complained at the consulate, both Rigby and Speke, to Burton's fury, supported them.

For the moment, Burton was at the end of his tether. Those who saw him at this time described him as wild-eyed, and so gaunt and emaciated that the flesh hung in hollows on his cheeks; he himself says that "the excitement of travel was succeeded by utter depression of mind and body." He read French novels, avoided meeting people, and nursed his hatred of Rigby. After barely three weeks on the island, he embarked for Aden with Speke on the bark *Dragon of Salem*, and they arrived twenty-five days later.

As yet, there was no open breach between the two men; "still we were to all appearances friends," Burton says. But Speke, the younger man, was recovering fast and was anxious to get home. It was agreed that while Burton continued his convalescence a little longer at Aden, Speke should go ahead, and in mid-April he took passage on H.M.S. *Furious*. According to Burton, Speke's last words before he embarked were a promise that he would await his companion's arrival in London before revealing the results of the expedition. Upon that, they parted forever.

When Burton reached England, on May 21st, Speke had been there for twelve days, and had made good use of his time. One can explain his conduct only by remembering what Professor Ingham, of Makerere College, Uganda,

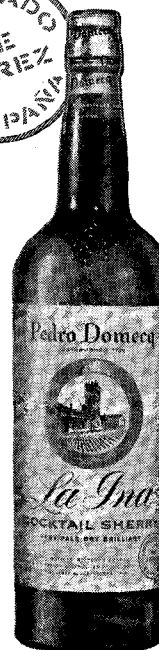


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calls "the self-righteousness of his generation," which moved him to put "justice before generosity." Speke was filled with his conviction that he had solved the great secret of the Nile. Burton had derided his theory and washed his hands of it; therefore, Speke had every right to regard his inspiration and his discovery as a personal matter, something quite apart from the official expedition. Whether Speke himself used this justification is unknown, but the fact remains that upon disembarking he went directly to Sir Roderick Murchison, the president of the Royal Geographical Society, and revealed to him the story of the expedition and his conviction about the source of the Nile. Murchison, naturally, was interested, and asked Speke to give an address before members of the Society at Burlington House. Here he again pressed his views. Within a week of his arrival, word was going around London that this intrepid and modest young man had made a discovery of extraordinary importance, and he was invited by the Society to go back to Africa at the head of a new expedition. A sum of twenty-five hundred pounds was quickly raised to finance it, and Speke was soon at work on his plans; he proposed to strike inland from Zanzibar along the same route as before and then work his way up the western side of the new inland sea he had discovered. On its northern coast he hoped to find its outlet, which would be the source of the Nile, and then he would follow this stream northward, wherever it might lead him, until he emerged at last in Egypt. There was much enthusiasm in London for the new expedition, since, in effect, Speke proposed to march straight through the blank space on the map of Central Africa and at one stroke settle the immemorial problems of the inland lakes, the Mountains of the Moon, and the fountains of the Nile.

Burton, meanwhile, a lean and haggard figure, had landed in England to find that he was almost forgotten. The public was only mildly interested in his careful and scientific report on Lake Tanganyika, and he was not even invited to take part in the new expedition.

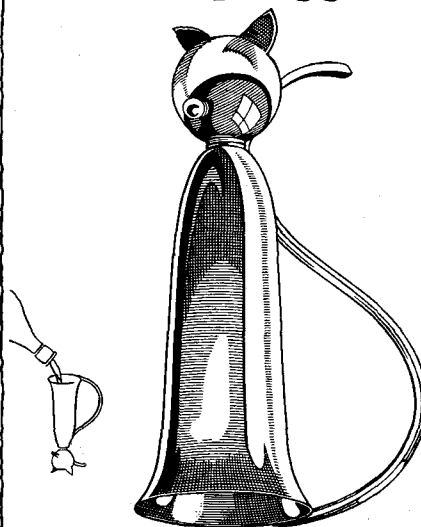
—ALAN MOOREHEAD

(This is the first of a series of
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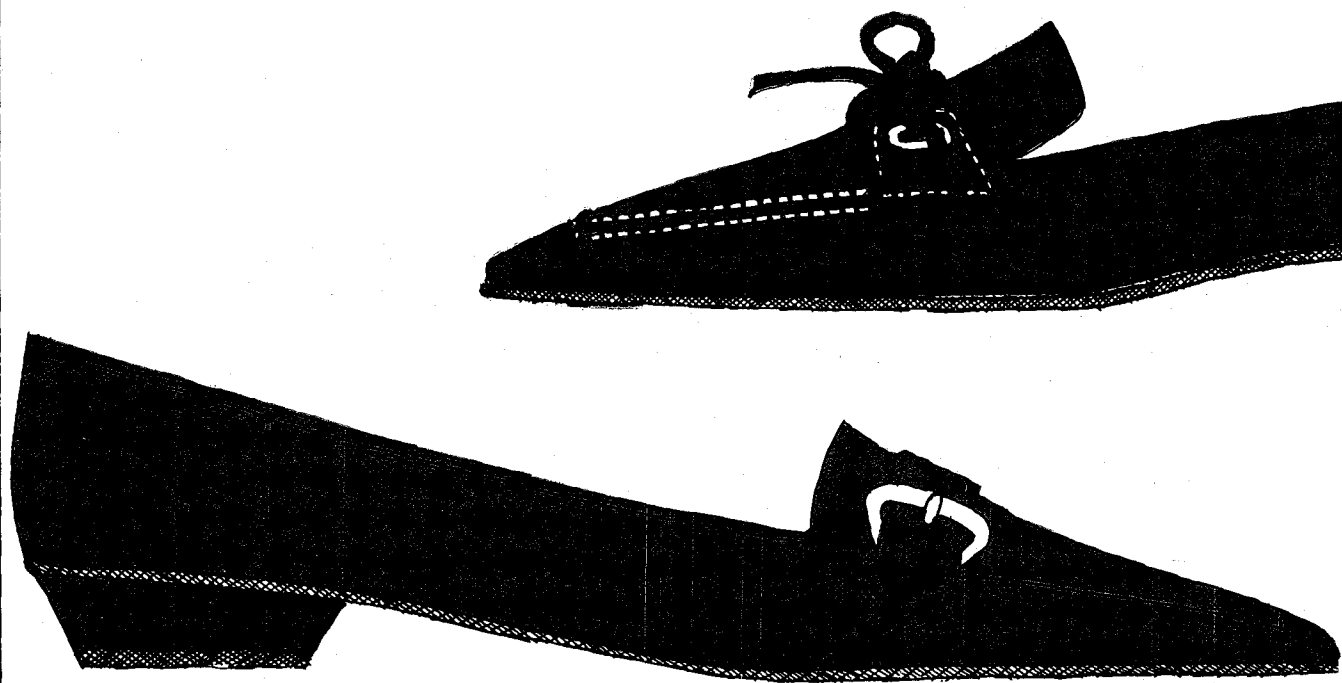


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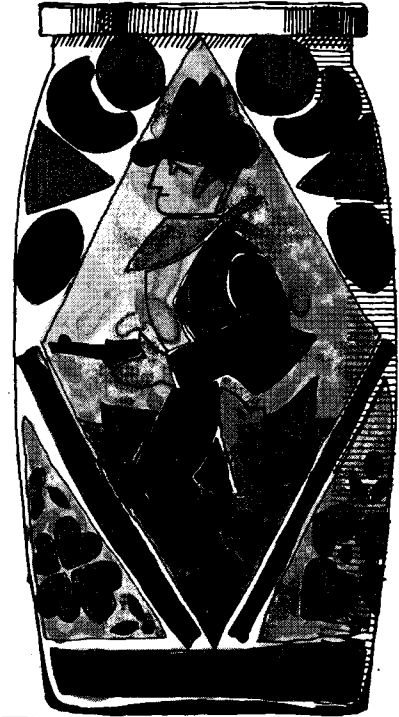


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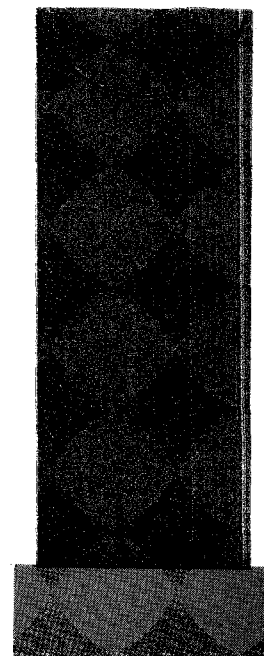
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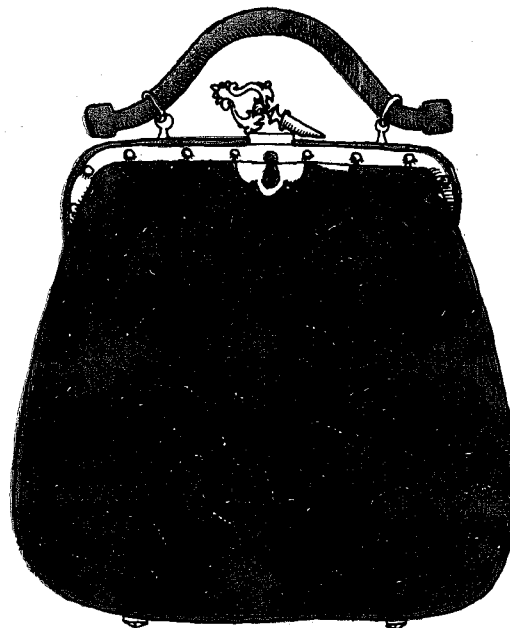
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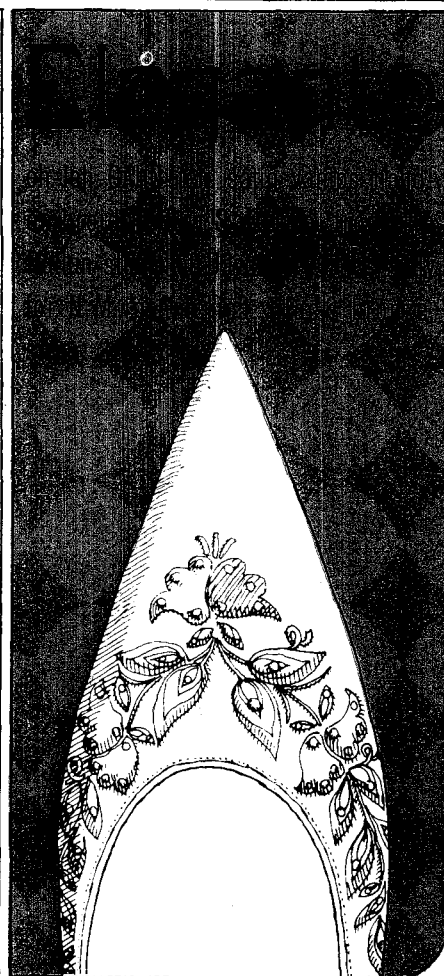
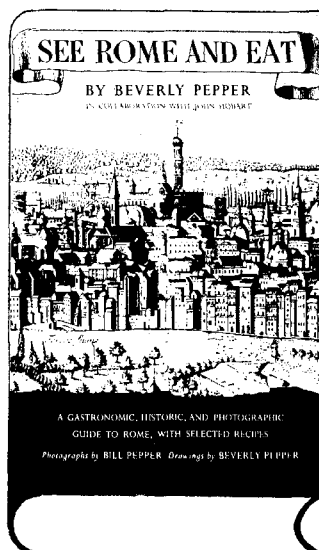
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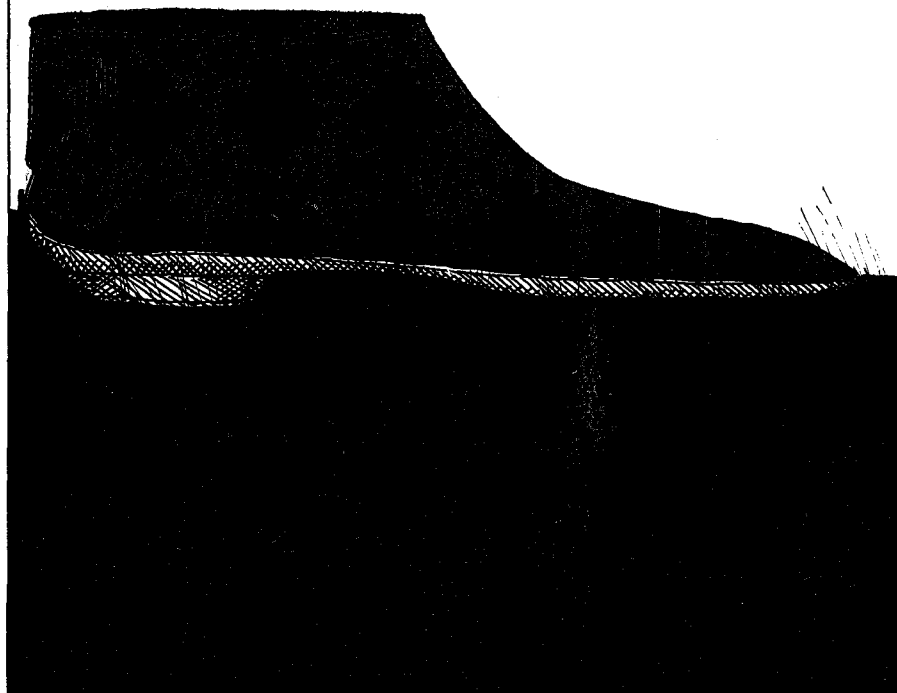
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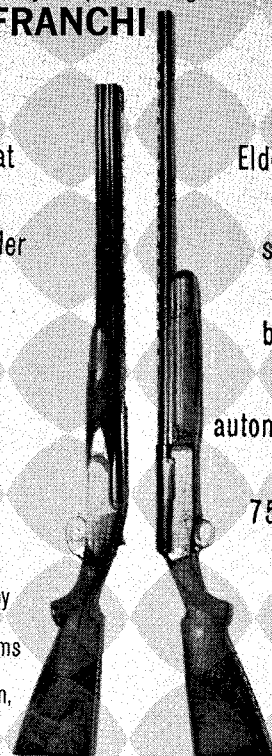
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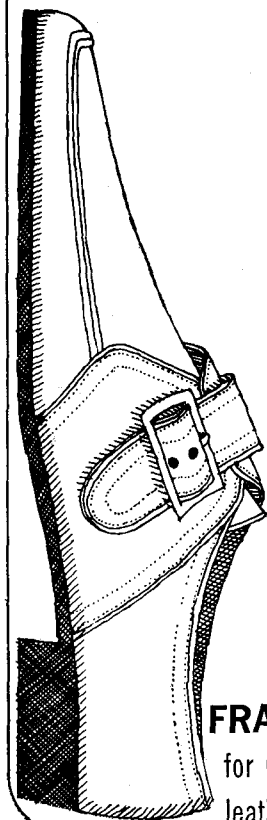
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EXERCISE IN ELOCUTION

NORMAN CORWIN, who used to be poet laureate of the airwaves, is responsible for the adaptation and direction of "The World of Carl Sandburg," a recital, at the Henry Miller, in which Bette Davis, Leif Erickson, and Clark Allen participate. As is customary in such readings, three lecterns have been provided for the principals (there are, by the way, no non-principals), and in this case there is a red velours throne as well, at the base of which is piled an assortment of books, serving to demonstrate, I gather, that Mr. Sandburg is an author nonpareil. However that may be, Mr. Corwin's connective commentary, as it is rendered by Miss Davis and her associates, sounds as if all hands were out to sell the man rather than to sing him, and when the performers get down to lining out the simple declamatory stuff of Sandburg, the change is as sudden as if Father Divine had started to talk English in the middle of an oration. The Sandburg material used here is quite varied, the verse and passages of prose embracing everything from birth and death to jokes that might give Joe Miller pause. Trying to grapple with assorted snatches of Sandburg's enormous output, the readers seem to get a little dizzy changing mood from minute to minute, and Miss Davis, a highly galvanic type, doesn't settle down to show what she can really do until she comes to "Elizabeth Umpstead," which involves the reflections of an ancient colored woman, whose pride has survived innumerable indignities, while she is watching herself being buried—Sandburg has his poetic license—owing no debt to any man. Mr. Erickson also has his mo-

ments, and, indeed, renders with just the wry intonation that it deserves the best observation made during the proceedings: "Someday they'll give a war and nobody'll come." From time to time, Mr. Allen strums a guitar quite capably—as capably, in fact, as Mr. Sandburg himself, who, as you know, is a minstrel of consequence. But these pleasant divertissements are not enough, I'm afraid, to offset the static quality of "The World of Carl Sandburg." The play is still the thing, and no elocution lesson can provide a substitute.

SOME well-meaning young people came out of the West last week with a topical revue called "Vintage '60." Playing at the Brooks Atkinson, it includes skits by a score of writers, and a large cast full of bounce. But, alas, it has no wit, no polish, no style, and no song worth a damn. Furthermore, it uses as one of its devices a loudspeaker, on the edge of the proscenium arch, that

blares deafeningly every so often. Even if this production had been in a class with "Three's a Crowd" and "The Band Wagon," the fine old topical revues I was reared on, that mechanical racketing would have made it impossible for me. I hope that one of these days I'll meet in more auspicious circumstances some of the spratlings who figure in "Vintage '60." Maybe their enthusiasm isn't infectious this time, but, given some material, they'd probably be an engaging lot.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

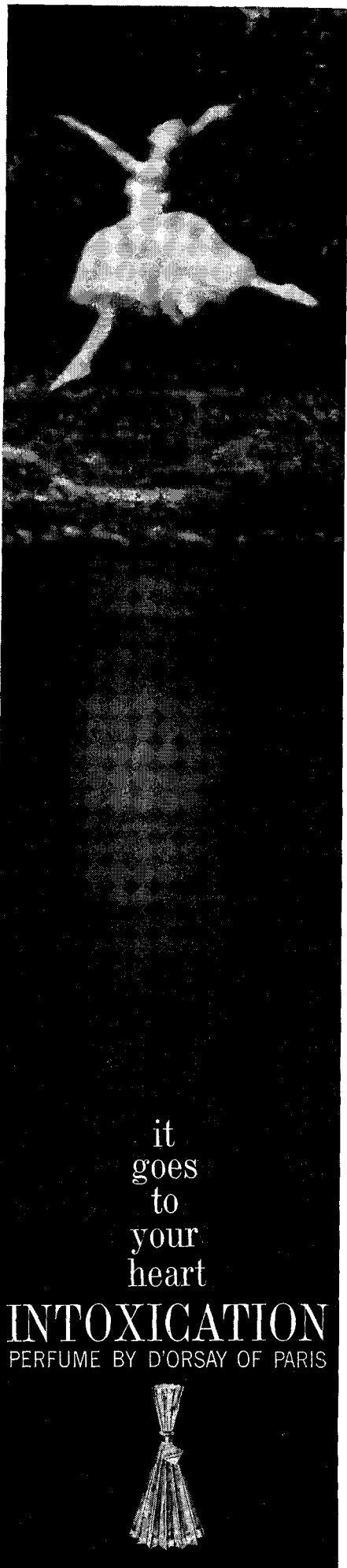
OFF BROADWAY

Guilt-Edged Security

IT has become extremely fashionable, since the Word of Freud first smote man, to feel guilty. The reason is simple. Those guilt feelings and guilt complexes that are currently being enjoyed, along with Dacron and easy credit, in much of the Western world have little to do with the Biblical interpretation of the word, which implied both the recognition of one's evils and their repentant scourging. To feel guilty now, one need only admit this or that personal evil—or, with cheerful magnanimity, this or that universal evil—and no more. Thus, guilt has become a kind of negative and comfortable angora hair shirt that excuses its remorseful wearer from reme-



"Don't fret about it. Think of the thousands of people all over the country who are in the same boat!"



it
goes
to
your
heart

INTOXICATION
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dial action, and, even more important, makes him a full-fledged member of the guilt-edged group, which cements its safety in numbers. These Sunday-best thoughts have been provoked by "The Sign of Jonah," an up-to-date guilt bath that can be soaked in, for upward of two hours, at the Players Theatre. Written in 1947 by a German pastor named Guenter Rutenborn, "The Sign of Jonah" is a play-within-a-play—a mode of theatrical dodgism that appears to be having something of a revival and that often gives one the impression of simultaneously looking through differently adjusted telescopes. Or, perhaps better, "The Sign of Jonah" is a lecture-within-a-lecture that was originally intended to make its postwar West German audiences squirm over the enormities recently committed by their nation. Unfortunately, this preaching, which is carried out through accusatory rhetorical questions flung like medicine balls at the audience by the cast, doesn't have the flattening effect on an American in 1960 that it probably had on a West German in 1947. Indeed, by transplanting this dramatic device intact (the action is set in a West Berlin theatre in 1947) the adapter of the play, George White, is asking his audience to act, too—a presumptuous sing-along request that drew a nervous but-I-can't-carry-a-tune reaction from the viewers at the Players.

Except for the idea that the evils of man must be charged to us all, because no man is an island, it is far from easy to explain what Mr. Rutenborn had in mind thirteen years ago. The play is a kind of trial in which a Judge, who may or may not be God, interrogates a number of people, including a Merchant, an Average Man, an Average Woman, and the Queen of the South, Babylon, and Nineveh, in an attempt to find out just who is guilty for what has ailed the world since Babylonian days. (The Judge's apparent helpers in this Atlas endeavor are the three archangels Gabriel, Michael, and Raphael, as well as the prophet Jonah.) Average Man, Average Woman, Merchant, and Queen are each found guilty, but that is not enough, for it is ultimately decided that God Himself is also guilty, a heavily carbonated heresy that is shouted out in the theatre until the very walls ache. To avoid what would be a superb anticlimax, the play ends almost immediately after this, and we are left with the palliative that since all of us, including Himself, are guilty, there isn't a thing that can be done about it—except to

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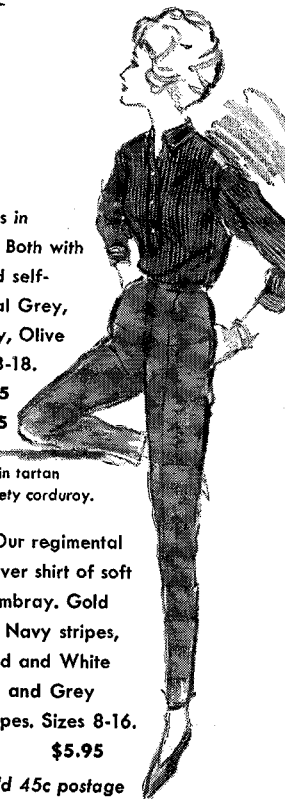
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party is likely to be that much more festive*if cham-
pagne is served (*"Tonight Could Be The Night") it
was P*I*N*K Champagne for everybody and no nonsense
about what will you have? *I admit I had qualms
at thus removing all choice and I
thought in typingese:

"Now*

*is

the

time*

for

a

*good

man

to*

*come

to*

the

aid

*of

the
party".

*I am happy

to report* it was a

sparkling* success and everyone

seemed pleased. Last night was the night.

Yours very truly, *****E.E.S.



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feel guilty. The evening's only diversion, not counting the sport of trying to keep up with Mr. Rutenborn's time sequence, which shifts imperceptibly and rapidly from 1947 to Old Testament times to Roman days to the Second World War, was offered by the costumes. The archangels appeared in reddish bus-driver-type uniforms topped by trench coats. Jonah wore a salty nineteenth-century merchant-seaman's outfit, complete with squashed cap, turtle-neck sweater, and short double-breasted jacket. And the Queen of the South swayed about in blinding golden slippers and a purple off-the-shoulder sheath festooned with pearls and ringed by bands of long fringes, which converted her into a handsome late-Victorian lamp. The acting, under the direction of Brian Shaw, was chiefly asthmatic, and the set was one of those platforms-with-boxes-scattered-about-on-them arrangements that made such a splash a quarter of a century ago in "The Ascent of F. 6."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

LOST OR BEWILDERED

Every year a few outdoor recreation seekers manage to wander off their course and end up with the nerve tingling realization that they are lost.

Here are a few pointers—should you become lost—that can save your life and will certainly make it easier for those who may have to search for you:

1. Stop, sit down, and try to figure out where you are. Use your head, not your legs.
2. If caught by night, fog or a storm, stop at once and make camp in a sheltered spot. Gather plenty of dry fuel.
3. Don't wander about. Travel only downhill.
4. If injured, choose a clear spot on a mountain spur and make a signal smoke.
5. Don't yell, don't run, don't worry, and above all, don't quit. Better yet—write to the Forest Service, U.S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C., and ask for their pamphlet No. 0-23 "What to do when Lost in the Woods."

—New York State Conservationist.

It would be our luck not to have a stamp.

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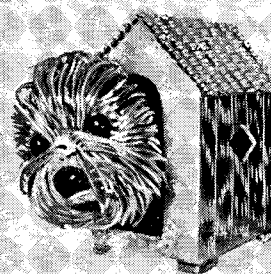
He sounds shifty to us.



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(*A Burnished, Emphatic Flavour Guide*)

WHAT DOES IRISH WHISKEY TASTE LIKE

[VOL. III Nº IX]



WELL, obviously the best way to find this out is to taste it for yourself and see. But even that method has its shortcomings, we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] find, because so many things can influence the way something will taste to you and not the least of these is your preconceived ideas. In case you doubt this just recall it wasn't so many years ago that vodka was *believed by everyone* to be Russian fire-water and now, of course, we know it is so mild it has no taste at all. ☞ It is very hard to describe a flavour except in comparison to other flavours. So here we shall try to show more or less where burnished, emphatic Irish Whiskey falls in the taste spectrum:



So if you know what Scotch and American Whiskeys taste like you can get some idea of what to expect from Irish Whiskey. ☞ But what cannot be shown on any chart or for that matter by any figures is how thoroughly you will enjoy the delicious differences of burnished, emphatic Irish Whiskey now you know what to taste for.

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INTERCONTINENTAL

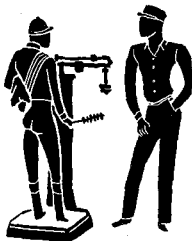


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THE RACE TRACK

Rising Star



TO those who still care to weigh such matters in a season marked by so many disappointments among the three-year-olds, it is becoming clear that

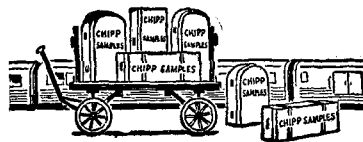
Kelso ranks among the better ones we have left. He has been running sit-up-and-take-notice races since June, but in the Discovery Handicap at Aqueduct last week he topped all his earlier efforts. In a dramatic finish that left spectators a little breathless, he slipped through an incredibly small opening along the rail and won going away by more than a length from Careless John, with Count Amber third, a length and a half farther back. In addition, Kelso set a new track record—1:48 $\frac{2}{5}$ —for the mile and an eighth. Tooth and Nail, who shakes a nimble leg, was quickest away at the start, and Careless John (he was given that name by his owner, Louis Haggin, because he was always bumping into fences, other horses, and whatnot when he was younger) followed closely. Kelso was slowest out of the gate and a bad last going around the first turn, but, settling into his long, easy stride, he moved up steadily along the rail, and by the time he reached the turn for home he was in a contending position. Halfway down the stretch, the leaders bore a bit to the right and Kelso popped through the gap. Arcaro, who was on Kelso, has seldom ridden with greater skill and assurance. He reminded me of Workman and McAtee on the Whitney horses in the old days, and the way they used to send them through knotholes. (Remember Red Rain in the 1935 Hopeful?) By the way, I'm told that Arcaro is thinking of going on a long holiday next week. People who bet on him won't like it. To get back to Kelso, who is owned by the Bohemia Stable, he is an unusually strapping, powerful dark-bay gelding by Your Host out of Maid of Flight, by Count Fleet. He's bred for speed, but he's such an easy and effective galloper that I daresay he'd go well at a mile and a quarter.

Another impressive three-year-old is the Meadow Stable's Goodspeed, who won in a romp earlier in the meeting. He should be a runner, for he's a half brother to Hill Prince, Prince Hill, and

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- Birmingham, Ala. • Hotel Dinkler Tutwiler
Sept. 28
- Houston, Texas • Rice Hotel
Sept. 23-24-26
- Midland, Texas • Scharbauer Hotel
Sept. 28
- New Orleans, La. • Roosevelt Hotel
Sept. 26-27
- Tulsa, Okla. • Mayo Hotel
Sept. 30-Oct. 1

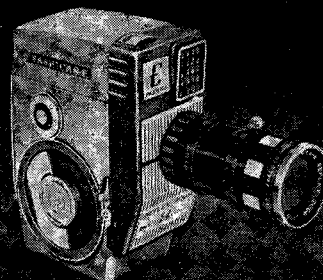
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"We seem to be preparing, not to retaliate, but to obliterate," says Maj. Gen. John B. Medaris, former Army missile chief, as he analyzes U.S. military policy in the current LOOK.

Writing boldly, candidly, with complete freedom in his first article as a civilian, he urges us to:

"End the numbers racket of excessive ICBM's."

"Begin production of *antimissile* missiles."

"Cut away nine-tenths of Pentagon bureaucracy."

We must act, he says, to attain what we do *not* have:

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LOOK

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ad "HOW TO RESCUE OUR DEFENSE EFFORT"
Maj. Gen. John B. Medaris, in the Sept. 27, 1980, LOOK



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Third Brother, all of whom I'm sure you'll recall. Because of Goodspeed's great size—he stands seventeen hands and is built in proportion—he didn't run last year (growthy two-year-olds are always hard to train) and has been out only twice this season. From the look of the hair on his legs, he wears bandages most of the time. That doesn't mean he needs them; it's merely a precautionary measure. He, too, should go well in the handicaps next year.

A TWO-YEAR-OLD who caught my eye the other day is Darby Dan Farm's Primonetta—she's a daughter of Swaps—who turned in a sparkling race her first time out. She has size, substance, and speed, and she looks a lot like her sire, who was—and still is—one of this department's favorite horses.

BIG A had its first birthday last week, on Wednesday. To be sure, a cake with one candle on it was not set out at the eight pole as a burnt offering to the goddess Fortuna, but just before the Anniversary Purse was run off, the bugler played "Happy Birthday" on a cornet. And it was happy. According to John Hanes, chairman of the board of trustees, there were a hundred and sixty-seven days of racing at the new track during the first year, the attendance was 4,779,804, and the pari-mutuel handle was \$456,706,956. I've been looking back through the annual report of the State Racing Commission for 1940, the first year of the mutuels, and I see that New York had a hundred and seventy-four days of racing, at five tracks and two hunt-club meetings, the attendance was 2,054,314, and the tote was \$103,259,359. Business is picking up.

COLONEL MARTINGALE's Name of the Week is Tzitzikama, for a filly who ran at Aqueduct the other day. Then there is Ute Scoot Luke, who ran in the Michigan Derby. He wasn't in the money, either.—AUDAX MINOR

Their joint statement said the religious issue posed by Kennedy's Catholic faith is a "Major factor" in the Presidential campaign.

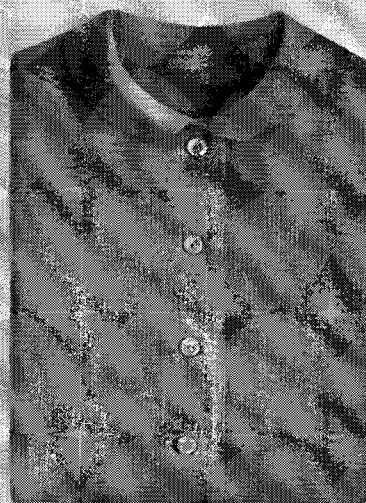
"We believe that this religious issue should be handled with utmost discretion; that it should be discussed only in a spirit of truth, tolerance, bigotry, prejudice or unfounded charges."

—Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.

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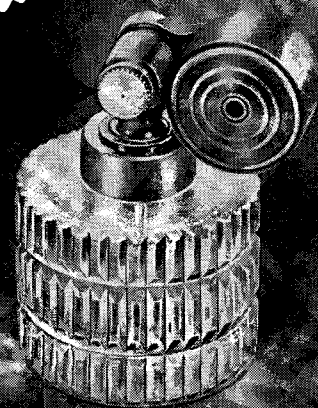
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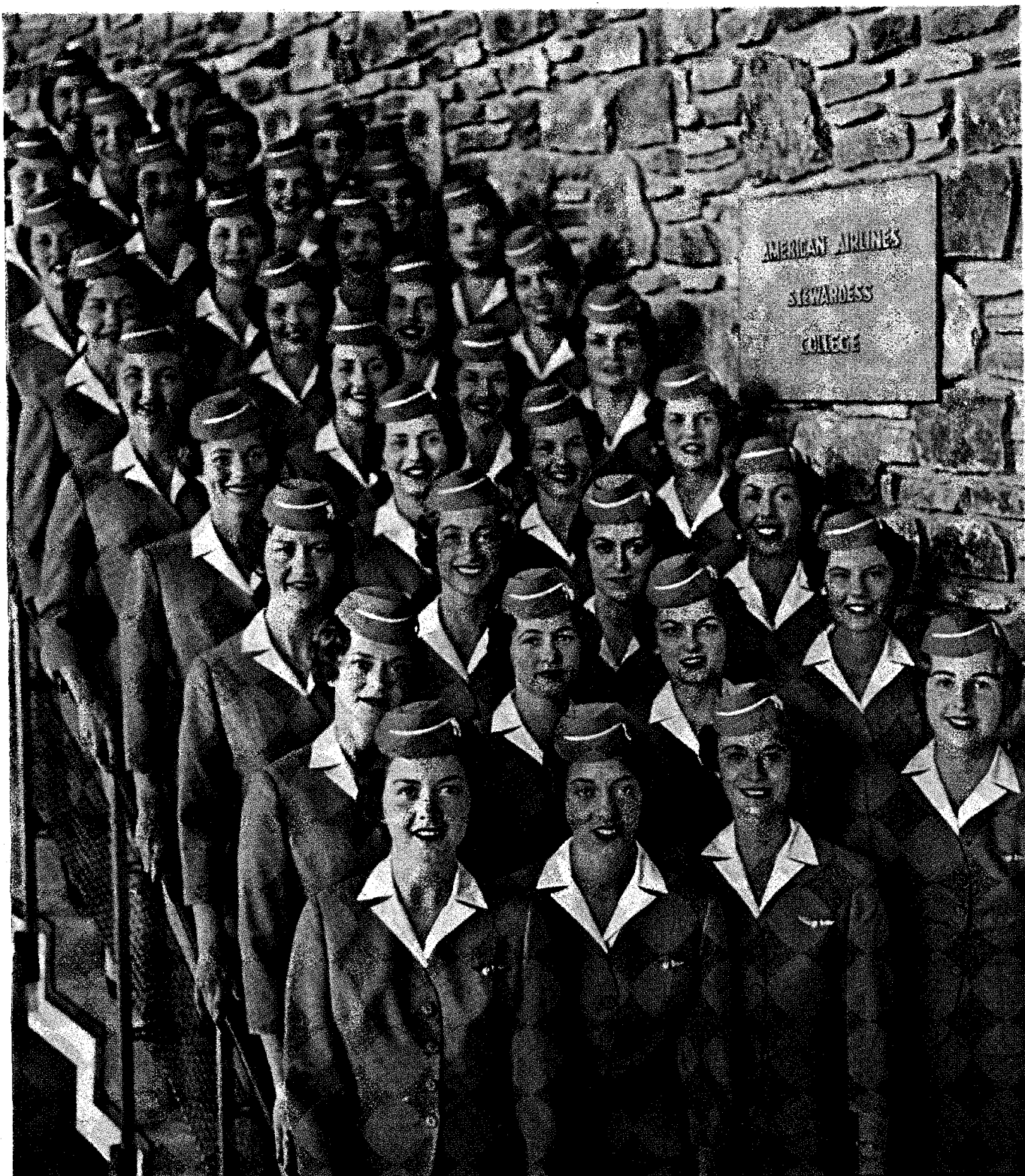
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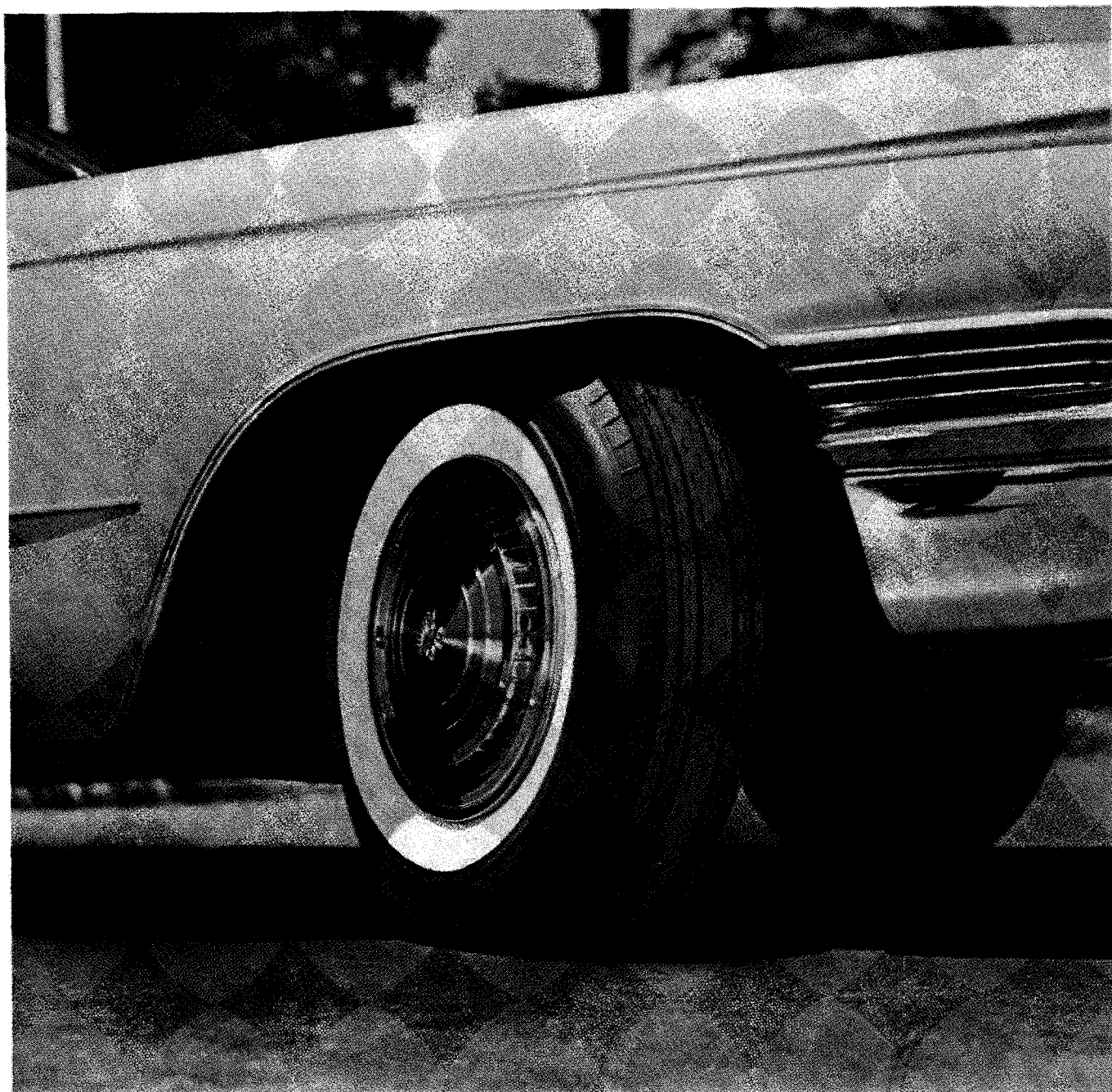
Ask your tire dealer to give you a demonstration ride on a set of Butyl tires. One immediately evident sign of superiority will be the unusual silence and the lack of squeal—even on quick stops and sharp turns. You'll also notice that the car seems quieter and the ride more comfortable.

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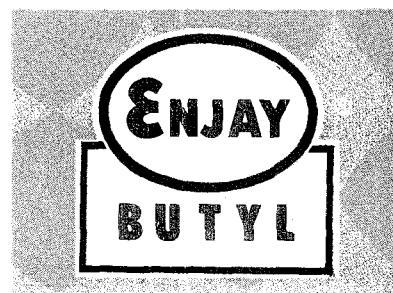
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THE SAUCER OF LARKS

THEY drove the first ten miles in silence. Once, at a point where the main road veered inland and they followed a narrower track that ran along the rim of the Atlantic, the Sergeant took his pipe from between his teeth and said, "This is all my kingdom, as far as you can see," and Herr Grass, who was driving the car, said "Yes?" in such a way that the Sergeant was not sure if the German had understood him. What he had meant, of course, was only that he was the senior police officer in this small district of Irish countryside. The German had replied "Yes?" to so many things that the Sergeant had said that morning—questions about the work they were on and other parts of the country they had still to visit—that the old policeman now resolved once more that he would keep quiet and enjoy the sun. It pleased him that the two in the rear seat, Guard Burke, his assistant, and the other German, Herr Henreich, also found conversation too difficult.

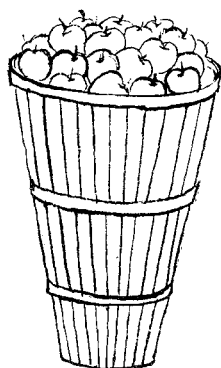
The Sergeant was a Cavan man and a garrulous man. He had been twenty-six years in Donegal, but there were times when its beauty still shocked him, as it did on this spring morning, with the sea spreading out and away into the warm sky, and a high, fresh sun taking winging lights out of the granite-covered countryside. He just had to comment on it.

"Dammit, it's lovely, isn't it, eh?" he said. "God Himself above you and the best of creation all around you. D'you know, only that the missus is buried away down in the midlands, I wouldn't mind being laid to rest anywhere along the coast here myself."

"Yes?" said Herr Grass.

He was young and clean and polite.

"Not that it matters a curse, I suppose, where they put you when the time comes. But it would be nice to have the sea near you and the birds above you, wouldn't it?" He stole a glance at the German's face. "And you wouldn't be disturbed every ten minutes with funerals crawling past you—I seen them myself years ago when I was stationed in Dublin. Every ten minutes they come, everyone looking sad and miserable. I'm telling you, everything's dead in them places. Once they put you in them big cemeteries, you're finished, all right."



John H. Schrank

"Very depressing indeed, Sergeant," said Guard Burke from behind, hoping to match his supervisor's mood.

"But do you see what I mean about being buried out here in the wilds?" The Sergeant was warming up. "Out here it's not the same at all, Burke. Out here, man, you still have life all around you. Dammit, there's so much good life around you, you haven't a chance to be really dead!"

"Very pretty. Very pretty," said Herr Grass.

"A grand spot," echoed Burke.

The Sergeant, who was not too sure that he had made himself clear, stuck his pipe between his teeth again.

The car went cautiously because the surface of the road was bad. Houses became fewer. Small quilts of farms here had lost heart in their struggle against obdurate, peaty, rocky earth and disappeared altogether. In places there was nothing but barren bogland and an occasional gnarled tree, its back to the ocean and its tortuous arms outstretched to the shelter of the interior. They came in sight of a long, thin promontory of about three miles' length that shot out at right angles to the coastline.

"That's where we're heading," said the Sergeant. "Out to the tip of yon neck. That's where your man's buried.

Turn right when we come to the white rock below."

"The road—?" began Herr Grass.

"Who would want a road out to a place like that?" said the Sergeant. "There's a sort of a track, as I remember. Drive on, man!"

They drove out along the narrow strip as far as they could, but then the track became potted with rabbit holes. Herr Grass

stopped suddenly. "It is safer and quicker to walk, perhaps," he said.

"Whatever you say," said the Sergeant. "A bit of a walk will take some of the mutton from beneath this shirt of mine."

"Yes?" said Herr Grass.

"Just a manner of talking," said the Sergeant.

Herr Henreich, who had not spoken up to now, said something in German to Herr Grass, and Herr Grass gave him the keys of the car. He then went back to the boot, opened it, and took out a spade and a large white canvas bag, which he folded neatly and placed un-

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der his arm. Herr Grass joined him and they talked rapidly together.

"Can I give you a hand there?" called the Sergeant.

"Yes?" said Herr Grass.

"Christ!" said the Sergeant softly to himself. "Come on, man," he said to Guard Burke. "We'll lead the way."

They followed the track, which ran up the middle of the lean peninsula. At times it broadened into a road wide enough to carry a car, and then it would unexpectedly taper into a thin path and vanish into a bunker of sand.

"The man that battered out this route must never have sobered," panted the Sergeant.

Burke was glad of the opening. "What do you make of them?" he whispered confidentially.

"Make of what?"

"Them German fellas."

"What do you mean, what do I make of them? They're doing a job of work here—a duty—just as they're doing the same duty all round the country. And we're here to see that everything's carried out legally and properly. That's what I make of them." And to show Burke that he was not to be drawn into any narrow criticism of the foreigners, he turned around and shouted to the men behind, "Do you see the wee specks in the water away south there below the island? That's the men from Gola Island shooting their lobster pots. The lobster are exported to France and to Switzerland and to England—aye, and to your own country, too. So when you go home, you can say that you seen where they come from."

"Yes?" called Herr Grass, against the wind.

"What did he say?" asked the Sergeant.

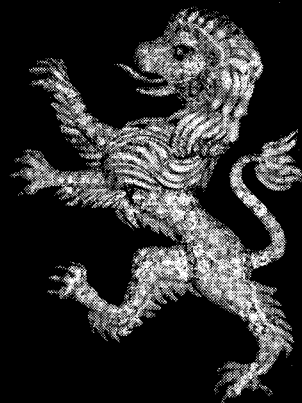
"'Yes?'" mimicked Burke accurately.

"I'm beginning to think he says that just to annoy me," said the Sergeant.

HALF a mile from the end of the promontory, the path dipped sharply into a miniature valley, a saucer of green grass bordered by yellow sand dunes, and the promontory itself ended in a high, blunt hill that sheltered the valley from the Atlantic wind. For a few seconds after they entered the valley, their ears still heard the rush of the breeze and they were still inclined to speak in shouts. Then they became aware of the silence, and no sooner were they hushed by it than they heard the larks—not a couple or a dozen or a score, but hundreds of them, all but invisible against the blue heat of the

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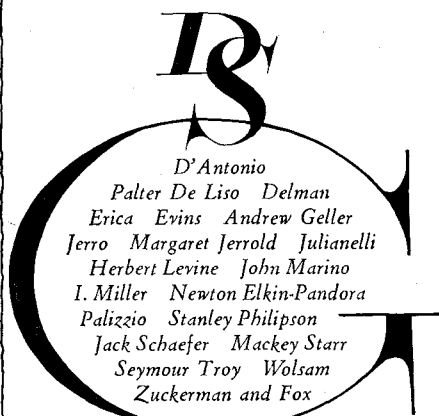
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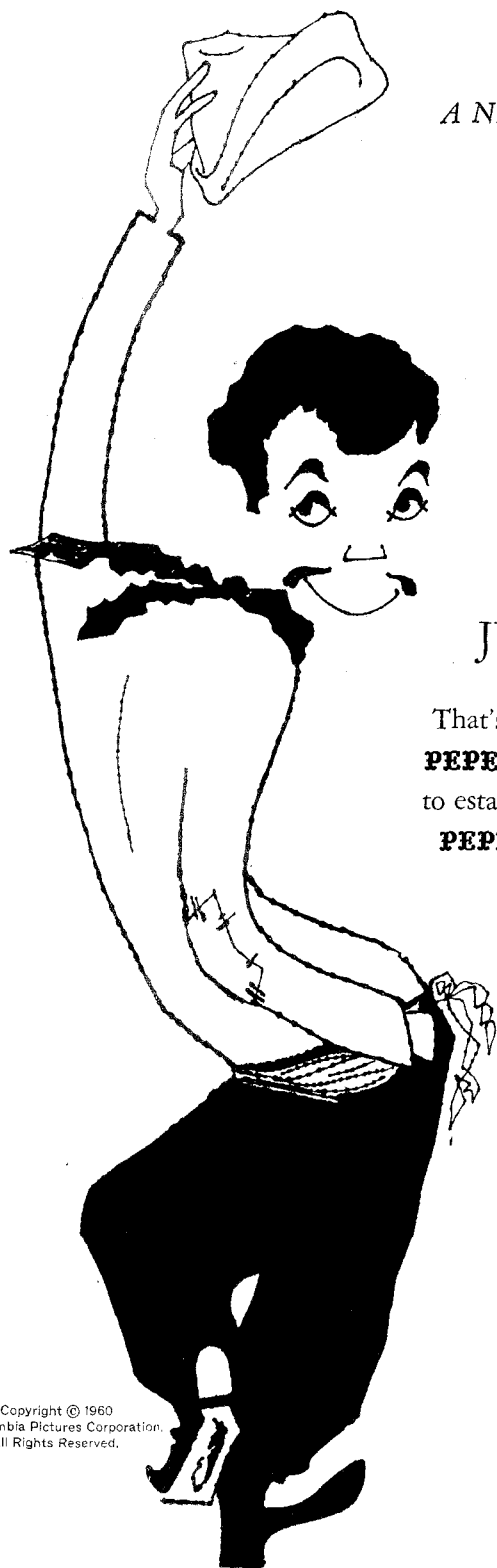
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sky, making an umbrella of music over them.

"God, isn't it grand, eh?" said the Sergeant. He dropped clumsily on the grass and screwed his face up in an effort to see the birds against the light. Guard Burke sat beside him and opened the collar of his tunic. Herr Grass and Herr Henreich stood waiting.

"Dammit, could you believe that there are places like this still in the world, eh?" the Sergeant said. "D'you know, there are men would give fortunes for a place like this. Fortunes. And what would they do if they got it? What would they do?"

"What, Sergeant?" asked Burke dutifully.

"They would destroy it! That's what they would do! Dig it up and flatten it out and build houses on it and ring it round with cement. Kill it. That's what they would do—kill it. Didn't I see them myself when I was stationed in Dublin years ago, making a mess of places like Malahide and Skerries and Bray? That's what I mean. Kill it! Slaughter it!"

Herr Grass had a notebook and pencil in his hand. "This is Glennafushog?"

"Glenn-na-fuiseog," said the Sergeant, pronouncing the Gaelic name properly. "It means 'The Valley of the Larks.' You need to be careful where you walk here; you might stand on a nest and crush it. Listen to them, man! Listen to them!"

He tilted his head sidewise and his mouth dropped open and his big, fleshy chest rose and fell silently. Grass and Henreich and Burke looked around them casually. After a few minutes, the Sergeant gathered himself together, and when he spoke he avoided Grass's face.

"Herr Grass," he began, "I suppose you never done an irregular thing in your life?"

"Yes?"

"What I mean is—" The old policeman's face showed his struggle to find the right words. "I suppose you never did a wrong thing—did something that was against orders?"

"Disobey?"

The Sergeant did not like the word. He hesitated before accepting it. "Aye, aye, disobey—that will do. Disobey... Did you ever disobey your superiors, Herr Grass?"

The German considered the question seriously. "No," he replied slowly. Then, with finality, "No."

Burke was watching his sergeant keenly.

"Neither did I, neither," said the

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Sergeant. "Never. But there are times, I think, when it might not be such a bad thing to—to—" He saw Burke watching him, and he looked away. "There are times when a man could overlook orders . . . forget about them."

"Overlook?" said Herr Grass.

The Sergeant got to his feet and faced the German. "I'm going to ask you to do something." His breath came in short puffs and he spoke quickly. "Leave that young lad here. Don't dig him up."

Herr Grass stiffened.

"Let him lie here where he has all that's good in God's earth around about him. He has been here for the past eighteen years; he's part of the place by now. Leave him in it. Let him rest in peace."

"My orders are—"

"Who's to know, I ask you? Who's to tell what happened? I'll fill up whatever forms you have from your government, and Burke, here, will cause no trouble. It will be a private thing between the four of us. No one will be a bit the wiser."

"It is getting late. We must return to Dublin today," said Herr Grass.

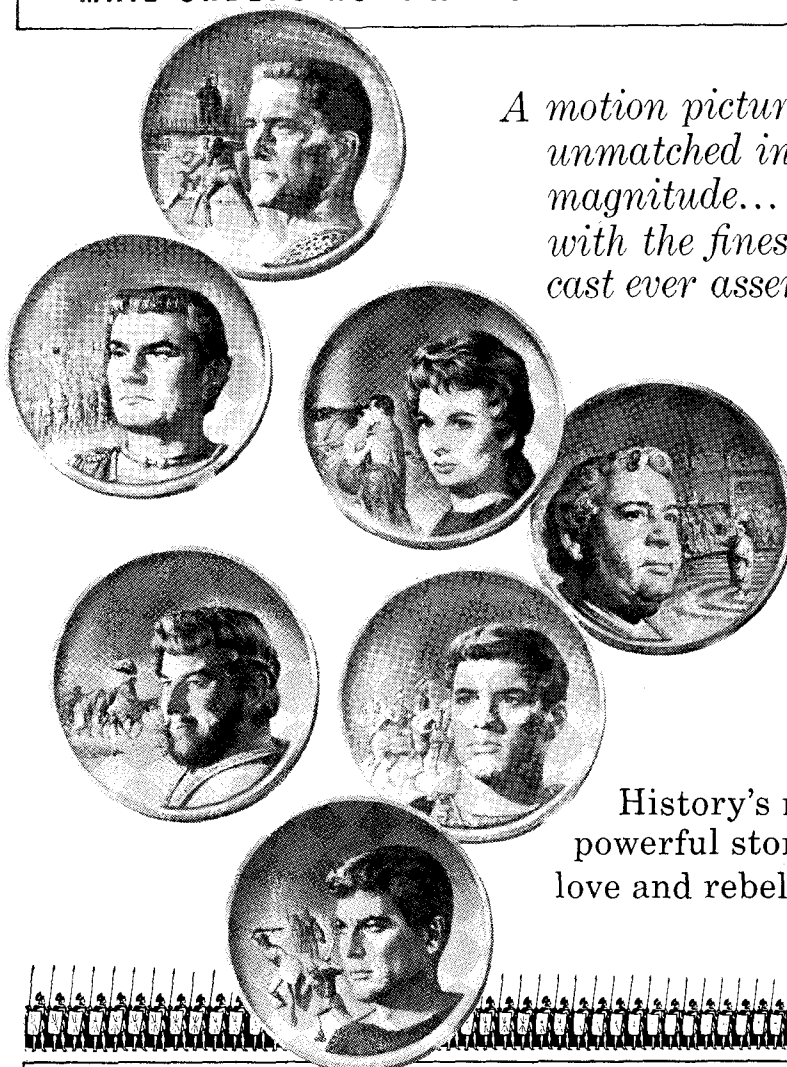
"You don't understand me," said the Sergeant. "I'm asking you not to touch this grave—not this one. Do you understand that?" He raised his voice and said each word deliberately. "Do not touch this grave. I will not tell anyone. Burke, here, will not tell. I will sign your papers." He wheeled to his assistant. "Burke, you try him. He doesn't understand me—it's the way I talk."

"I understand," said Herr Grass. "But I have orders I must obey."

The four men stood awkwardly, looking at one another. The Sergeant's face, which had been animated and tense while he was pleading, held its concentration until the flush of anger at Grass's refusal drained out of it. Then it went flabby, and a nerve under his



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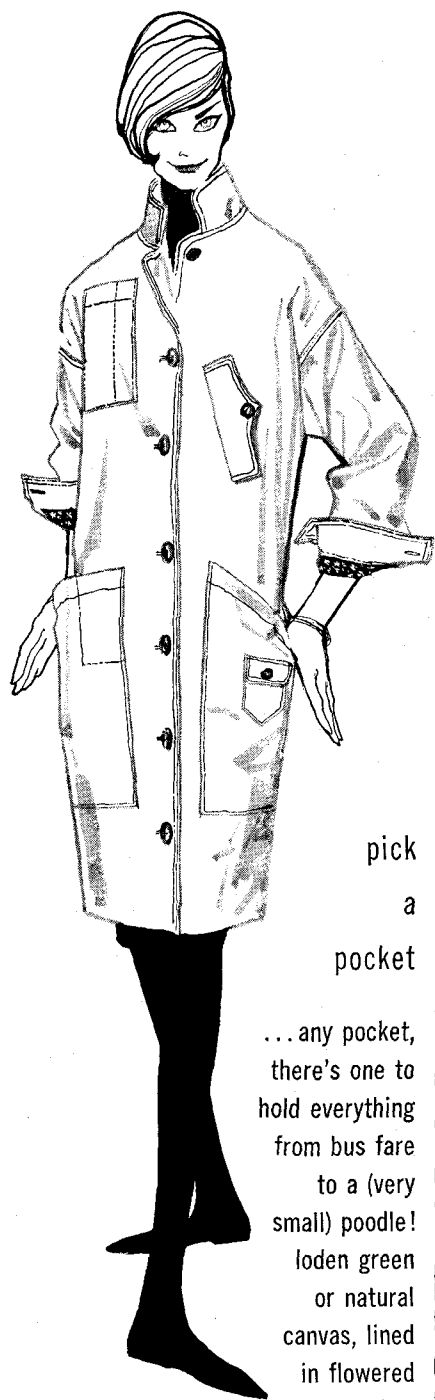
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right eye twitched once or twice. In the silence that followed, the heat of the sun poured down on them in waves. The air was a great void of warmth around them. Gradually the emptiness was filled again by the larks, slowly at first, then by more and more of them, until the saucer valley shimmered with their singing.

The Sergeant's weighty body sagged in his uniform. He looked across the valley at the blunt hill. "They found his papers on him," he said, speaking in a limp, flat voice. "He was a young airman from Hamburg. And he crashed into that stump of a hill over there. It was a night in the summer of '42, and his plane was burned to ashes."

Herr Grass consulted his notebook. "First Sergeant Werner Endler," he read.

"He was dead when I got here. And buried. The fishermen found him about fifty yards from the plane. They made a grave and laid him to rest in it before priest or anyone came, because it was weather like this and the lad was badly burned." He rubbed his hands down the legs of his trousers to dry the sweat off them.

"The exact position? Is it marked?"

"I know where it is," said the Sergeant. "Come on." He launched himself forward into the mass of heat and left the others to follow him.

The grave, a mound of grass sprinkled with wild Mayflowers, lay at the foot of the blunt hill. Herr Henreich opened it and put what remains he found into the white canvas bag. Then he closed the grave again and smoothed over the clay with his hands, leaving the place tidier than he had found it. While the exhumation was being done, the Sergeant paced up and down a few feet from where the Germans were working, and Burke went over the dunes to relieve himself. The whole job was completed within twenty minutes.

"I think that is everything," said Herr Grass. "Now we are prepared."

"Right," said the Sergeant irritably. "We'll go, then. This bloody place is like an oven. My shirt's sticking to my back."

On the journey back, Herr Grass was more talkative. In slow, cautious English, he told them of his early childhood, of his work in the Navy during the war, of his present job with the German War Graves Commission. The following day, he said, he and Herr Henreich would motor to County Clare, and on the day after that to County Galway. Then they would bring all the remains to the special cemetery in County Wick-



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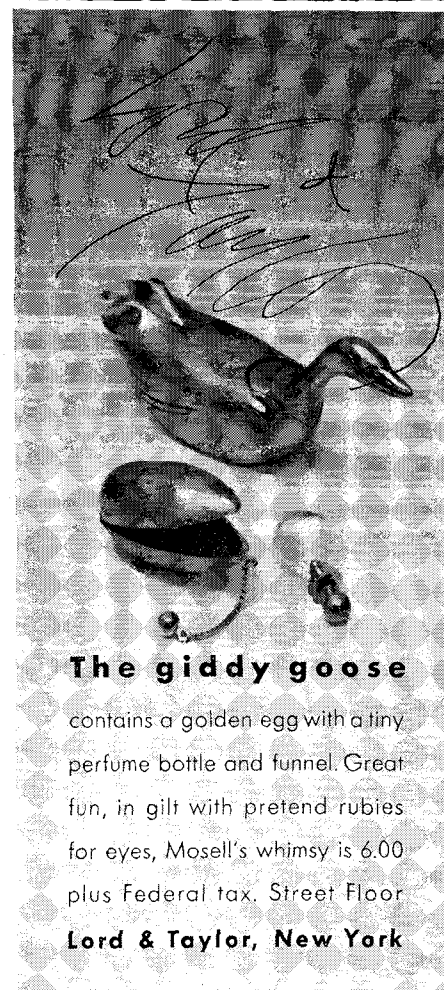
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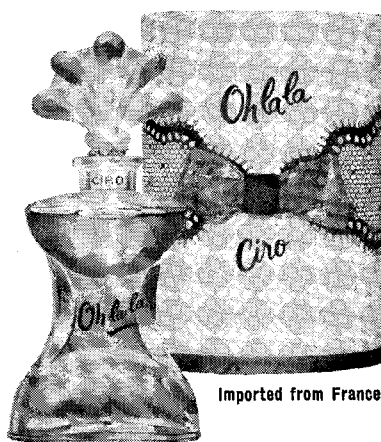


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low, where there were already over fifty Germans buried. Then back to Berlin, where Greta and his family of three boys were waiting for him. He showed them a photograph of Greta, a plump, care-free girl in shorts, by a lake.

BACK in the police station, the Sergeant signed the papers that stated that he had witnessed the exhumation, and Burke signed as witness to the Sergeant's signature. Then Herr Grass and Herr Henreich added their names; they gave a duplicate copy of the papers to the Sergeant. They would not stay for a meal—they had to get back to Dublin that night. Out on the street, they thanked the two policemen for their assistance, apologized for taking up so much of their time, and departed.

"They're gone," said Burke, looking after the car.

"Aye," said the Sergeant.

"It's no wonder they're a powerful nation, that's what I say. Did you ever see the beat of them for efficiency? And there they are, away off with a dead man in the car with them, and them as happy as lambs. What do you make of them, Sergeant? And did you see that second fella—the Herr Henry bucko—did you see him digging away there as if he was digging potatoes for dinner? Never turned a hair on his head."

"Aye."

"And the other lad ticking off the names in his wee book like a grocer. Aw, but they're a powerful race of people. Powerful. And then when—"

"Aye, powerful," echoed the Sergeant grimly. "Powerful and neat and efficient. Them and their notebooks and their dates and their data—aye, and their well-planned cemetery in Wicklow, with their decent dead laid out like neat herrings on a fishmonger's slab. For Christ's sake, who do they think they are? Even their dead, are they not safe from them?" He stared down the empty road for a moment, looking tired and angry. Then he straightened his shoulders and pushed his stomach in with the palm of one hand. "Now, Burke," he said briskly, "back inside with us to our own duties. Have you distributed those handbills about the dog licenses?"

"This afternoon, Sergeant, I was going to do it."

"And the tillage census in the upper parish, have you finished it yet?"

"All but three or four houses, Sergeant. I'll do them on the bicycle, of an evening."

"Good," said the Sergeant. "That'll be that, then." The moment of efficien-

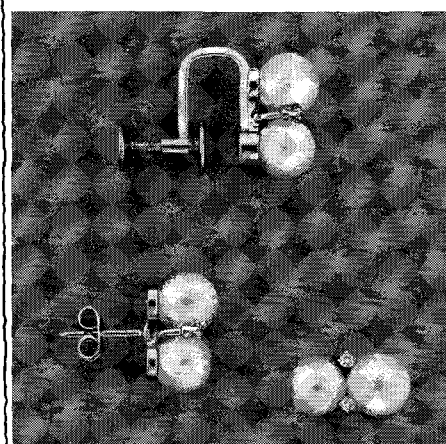
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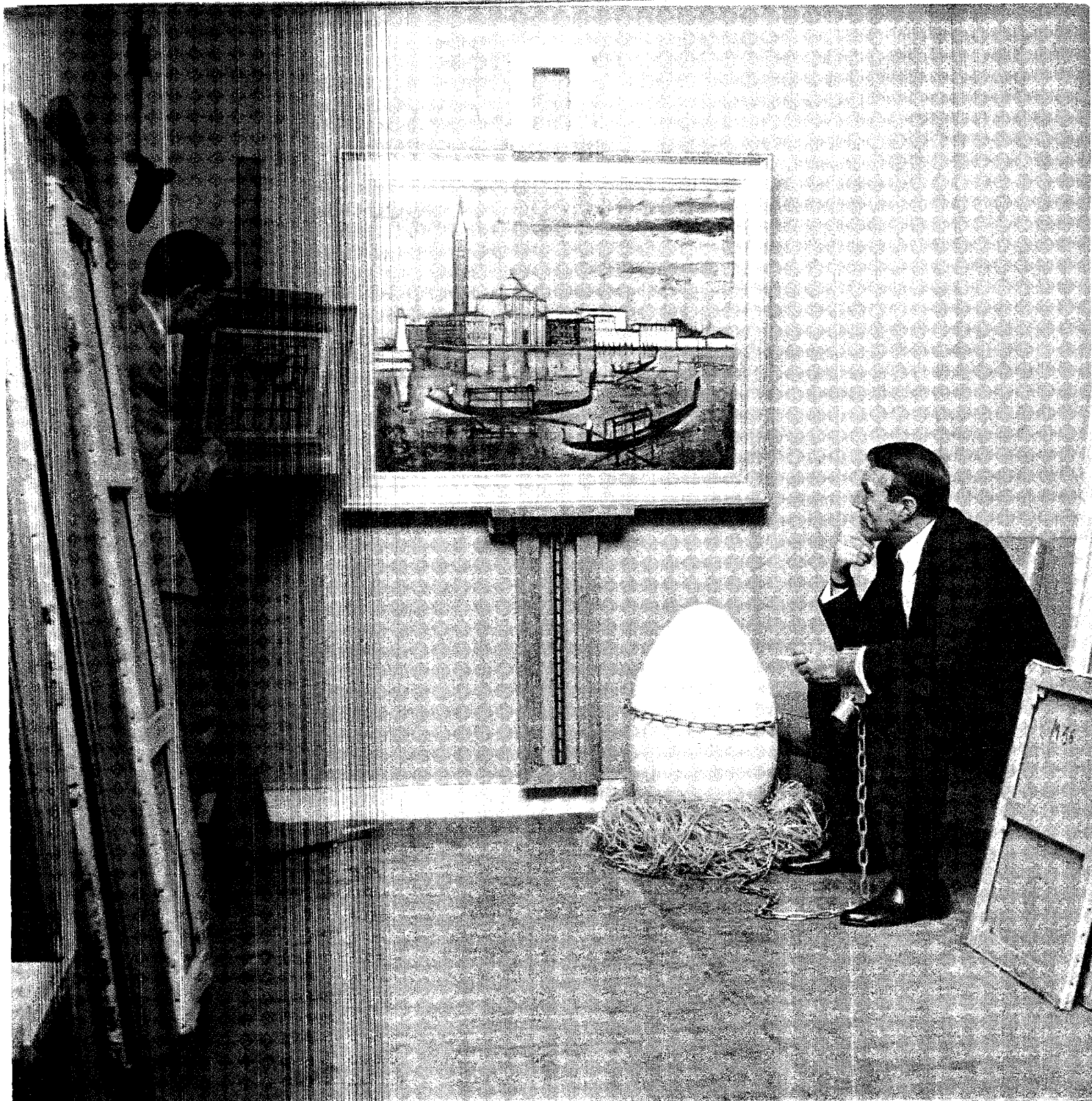


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cy died in him as quickly as it had begun. He made no move toward the building. His shoulders slumped and his stomach crept out. "I don't know a damn what came over me out there," he said, in a low voice, as if he were alone.

"What's that, Sergeant?"

"What in hell came over me? I never did the like of it in my life before. Never in all my years in the force. And then before foreigners, too. Damn! I'm ashamed to think of it. It made me look an old man." He raised his cap inches above his head, slipped his other hand under it, and rubbed his scalp. He lowered the cap again. "I'm damned if I can understand it. The heat, maybe. The heat and the years—they're a treacherous combination, Burke."

"What are you talking about, Sergeant?" said Burke, with exaggerated innocence.

"You know bloody well what I'm talking about! And I'll tell you something here and now, Burke." He prodded the guard's shoulder with his index finger. "If ever a word of what happened out there at Glennafuisseog breaks your lips, to any mortal man, now or ever, as God's my judge, Burke, I'll have you sent to the wildest outpost in the county! Now, get away out with you and distribute them handbills."

"Very good, Sergeant."

"And report to me again when you come back."

"Righto, Sergeant. Righto."

The Sergeant turned and walked toward the steps of the police station. For a man of his years and shape, he carried himself with dignity. —BRIAN FRIEL

AFTER VACATION

Grand Canyon (Arizona) made
Me feel so young, so unafraid,
I played hide-and-seek with trilobites,
Drove my machine
Into the Pliocene,
Lingered there for forty nights,

But came out old (less wise than stoic)
Into the wrinkled Cenozoic,
Fossil and frith in my gunnysack,
Time heaped, forever, on my back.

—REEVE SPENCER KELLEY

Under local school board control, he said, a system may hire a basketball coach instead of a mathematics teacher, with the result that "more than one-third of our high schools don't teach a foreign language."—*The Times*.

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ONWARD AND UPWARD IN THE GARDEN

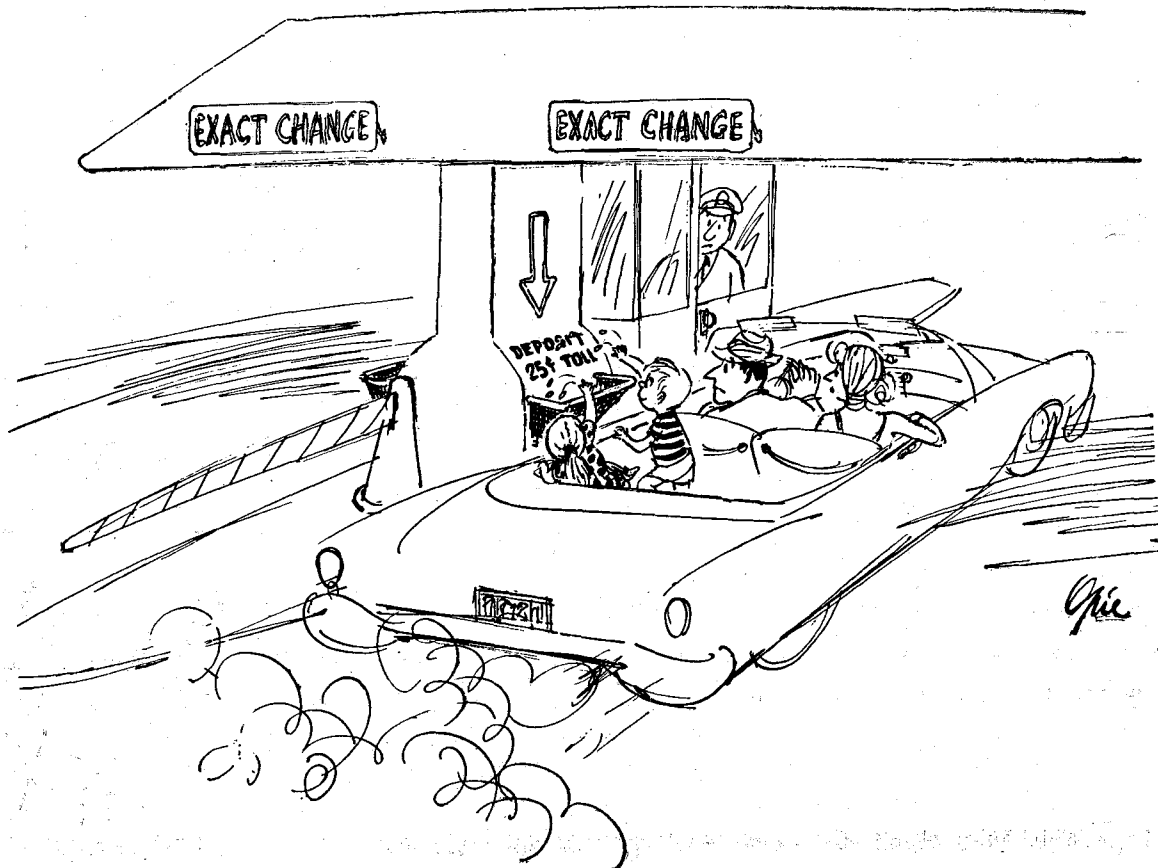
WAR IN THE BORDERS, PEACE IN THE SHRUBBERY

BY August a flower garden, at least on the coast of eastern Maine, where I live, can be at its best—and at its worst. Most of one's successes are apparent, and all of one's failures. For me, this year, heavy memories remain from spring of the disaster area in the north bed of old-fashioned roses, where field mice, hungry under a snow-drift, stripped the bark off the bushes and killed two-thirds of them. Like all disaster areas, this one is still, although replanted, rather bleak. A more recent sorrow is the sudden death on the terrace of a well-established Jackmani clematis, which turned black overnight just as its big purple blossoms were opening. There are numerous theories in the household about this loss—too heavy a dose of fertilizer, too much watering, too strong a spray drifting over from the nearby rose beds, a disease still undiagnosed. My own theory is dachshund trouble. Our dachshund is a robin-and-bee hound, not a badger hound. A robust dog, he flings himself with abandon at birds, bees, and fireflies. Once he caught a barn swallow on the wing. Bees swarm all over the clematis bed, attracted by the petunias and violas, the foxgloves and lilies that we grow in front of the clematis, to give the vines the recommended "cool root run." I think the dachshund mortally wounded the Jackmani vine in a scuffle with a bee, for the other large-flowered clematis vines in that bed are spreading their mauve and mulberry stars all over the cedar windbreak, and the roses are in their second surge of bloom. The terrace, despite its accident, is one of our successes, and so, it would seem, are the long borders of perennials, with their masses of hardy phlox, which, because it is mid-August, are in full color. Yet a closer look at the borders will show that even here all is not well. The wars of aggression that I thought our private Security Council and its little army of two, armed with spade, fork, and trowel, had set-

tled in early spring have started again. The lolloping day lilies have begun to blot out the delicate columbines, the clumps of feathery white achilleas are strangling the far more precious delphiniums, and the phlox itself is at the throats of the lupines and the Canterbury bells. Even the low plants at the front of the borders are making aggressive sorties. The ajuga, whose small blue spires were so beautiful in June and early July, is one of the worst offenders. Unless I soon repress its insinuating roots, there will be no violets, pansies, or pinks next year. (I should have known better than to plant the stuff in the first place; after all, the ajuga's familiar name, bugleweed, carries its own warning.) There is also internecine warfare among the phlox—between the burgeoning clumps of common pink, white, and calico phlox and the less well-established stands of the newer varieties, whose colors are more interesting. Nonetheless, I am happy with all this bountiful bloom, and, careless gardener that I am, I comfort myself with the thought that at least I have achieved a mass effect, and that the flowers grow in drifts of color in a way that even Gertrude Jekyll, the author of "Colour in the Flower Garden," might have approved. But that formi-

dable garden genius of the last generation would never, never have condoned my crowded beds or my state of August sloth, which makes me want to say "Oh, let it go. Let the plants fight their own battles."

It is in moods like this that a garden of flowering shrubs seems wonderfully easy and peaceful. Shrubs grow slowly. They need less care, less adjudication, less ruthless cutting back than perennials. We have never grown many shrubs here, probably because a well-landscaped shrubbery does not seem to suit our rural countryside. We do have a few, but they are the common ones, seen on almost every farm—lilacs, spiraea, honeysuckle bush, and shrub roses. Yet flowering shrubs are dear to me. I grew up in a house where the beauty of the shrubbery far surpassed that of the flower beds. We actually lived on a Hawthorn Road, in a suburb of Boston, and the street was named for the three huge English hawthorn trees that grew in our own yard—a red, a pink, and a white. Towering above the lilacs in the curving bed of shrubs, they were a sight to see in May. Only the most ambitious nursery catalogues seem to list hawthorn any more, and when they do they are apt to spell it "hawthorne," such is the carrying power of



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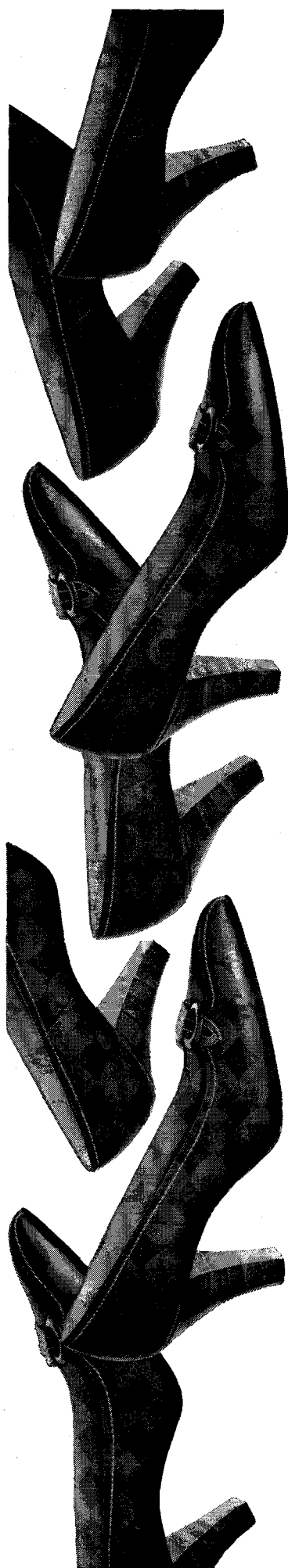


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Nathaniel. To reach our may blossoms, we children had to carry a stepladder into the empty lot next door, use it for the first boost up, and then scramble the rest of the way to a narrow ledge on top of an enormously high lattice fence that backed our shrubbery. Standing there perilously, trying to keep our balance, we had to reach *up* to break the branches. Memory makes the fence at least twenty feet high, and the hawthorn trees many feet higher, but remembered Boston snowdrifts still tower way over my head, so perhaps our hawthorns were only the average height of eighteen or twenty feet. At that, they were the tallest of the shrubs.

Most people do not pick their flowering shrubs, but we always did. I can remember the succession of flowering branches, plucked by the adults of the household and arranged by them in a tall gray Chinese jar, in our gold-and-green parlor. My sister and I and our friends had a game we played with the shrubbery. It was called Millinery. All the little girls in the neighborhood would bring to our lawn their broad-brimmed straw school hats, which, because they were Boston girls' hats, had only plain ribbon bands for decoration. Then each of us would trim her straw with blossoms from the shrubs. There was a wide choice of trimmings—forsythia, Japanese crab, Japanese quince, mock orange, flowering almond, lilac, hawthorn, bridal wreath, weigela, deutzia, with its tiny white bells, and, in June, altheas and shrub roses. We were not allowed to pick the rhododendrons or the azaleas, but nothing else was forbidden. When our flowery concoctions were completed, we put them on our heads and proudly paraded into the house to show them off to our elders; it seems to me now that we must have made quite a gay sight. By dusk the trimmings were dead, and the next day we could start all over again.

AUTUMN, in most regions, is the best season for planting trees and all but the tenderest flowering shrubs, and I think that if I lived in a Boston suburb today—or anywhere in the East, for that matter—and were starting a shrubbery, I would send for the catalogue of the Weston Nurseries, of Hopkinton, Massachusetts, or, better still, would drive to the nurseries, on Route 135, seven miles from Framingham. Here there are several hundred acres of growing stock, plus a landscaped area with gardens and waterfalls and specimen plants of all kinds, where customers are welcome. The descriptions are sparse in the Weston Nurseries cata-



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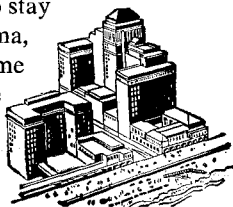
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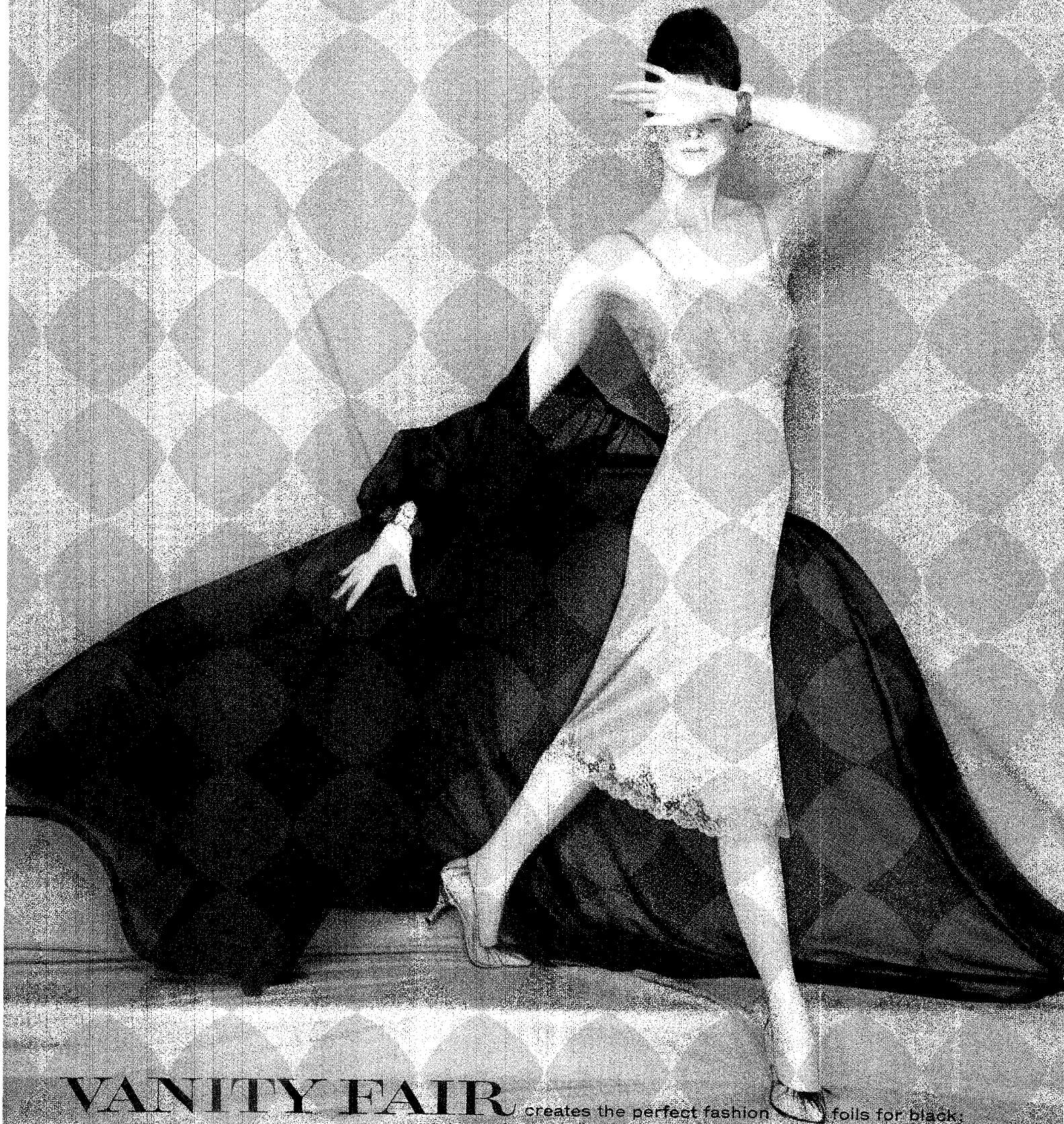
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logue, and its eighty-six well-printed pages are illustrated by only a handful of decorative line drawings, but it lists an enormous number of things—evergreens, broad-leaved evergreens, trees, ornamental shrubs, roses, fruit trees, perennials, and much more. As an example of its completeness, I'll note that the 1960 list includes six varieties of hawthorn (spelled correctly), fourteen varieties of dogwood, fifty-three azaleas, eleven native rhododendrons, and twenty-nine rhododendron hybrids. I had two thornless honey locust trees come by truck from Hopkinton to our farm in Maine two years ago, and today they are thriving on our lawn, thus far unmolested by porcupines, which are the plague of the native locusts hereabouts.

Another excellent Massachusetts source of shrubs, trees, and evergreens is the Bay State Nurseries, in North Abington, a few miles from Plymouth. Its current catalogue is unillustrated, and it lists fewer varieties than the Weston book does, but it gives explicit descriptions of all its shrubs and trees. A second catalogue Bay State puts out is an attractive fifteen-page illustrated booklet titled "Seaside Planting," which is full of helpful advice for anyone who wants to grow anything near the ocean—on sand dunes or wind-swept slopes, or where salt spray may reach the garden or shrubbery. Both of the Bay State catalogues are undated, which is inconvenient, for what do prices mean these days unless they are current? The stock offered in "Seaside Planting" includes not only trees, shrubs, and plants indigenous to the New England coast, like bayberry, sweet fern, shadbush, bearberry, dusty miller, which is called "the high-tide plant," and the delightful beach plum whose fruit makes such good jelly, but also exotic trees and shrubs that have proved stalwart against hurricane winds and flood tides. Bay State says that the Japanese black pine and the Austrian pine are made to order for our eastern coastline, that the Russian olive is useful as a windbreak, and that the spreading cotoneaster, with its pink blossoms, is quite as hardy as the rugosa rose, which is traditionally hardy near the sea. The other roses it recommends for the shore are the memorial rose (*Rosa wichuraiana*), the old-fashioned pink rambler Dorothy Perkins, and the American Pillar rose. For years we had an American Pillar growing against a trellis on the south side of our house. It is a single, deep-crimson rose with a white center and gold stamens. I had never quite liked its crimson as a background for the late tulips and the

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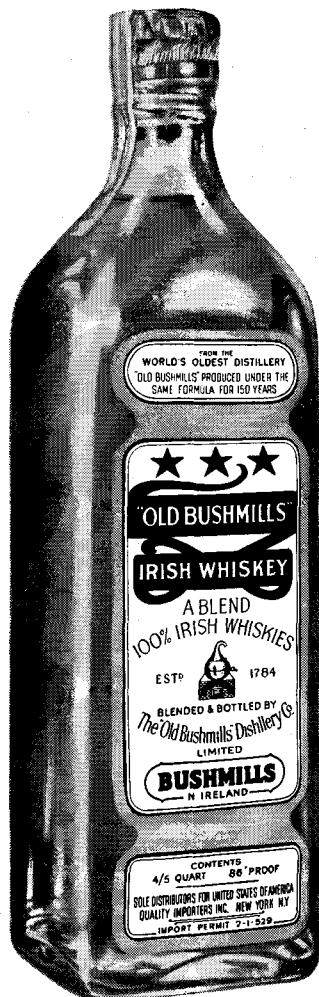
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annuals that followed them, so I foolishly transplanted the big bush. Now I have my regrets, for it did not survive the move, and no other Pillar rose or climber has done as well in our prevailing southwest breezes.

A different way to start a shrubbery would be to send ten cents for the catalogue of the Kelsey Nursery Service, in Highlands, New Jersey. This is not a nursery but an office; no stock is grown at this address, except a show garden of broad-leaved evergreens. The catalogue explains that Kelsey's method is different from that of a nursery, and the firm makes no pretense of growing its own stock. It is a service, employing by contract specialist growers and, for wild stock, regional collectors, from all of whom the trees or shrubs or plants are shipped direct to the customer. This last is the difference between Kelsey and the large mail-order nurseries that contract to have their shrubs grown for them. Usually, such contract-grown material is shipped to the nursery, then reshipped to the customer. Kelsey eliminates this intermediate step. Its theory is that the customer receives fresher material this way, at somewhat lower prices. The Kelsey catalogue is sensibly planned. It contains a climate map, with weather zones numbered from I to VII, keyed to the same numbers in the listings, so that you will not order anything unsuitable for the region you live in. It offers a wide variety of material—evergreens, deciduous trees and shrubs, fruits, roses, vines, ground covers, perennials, and wild native shrubs. The catalogue is not particularly attractive in appearance, but I was attracted to it by a section that contains an interesting selection of dwarf trees and espaliered dwarf trees. These espaliers are hard to come by. Kelsey offers them only in apples and pears, in three shapes—fan, U form, and four-armed. The list of standard fruit trees is much longer, and includes some unusual fruits, like beach plums, persimmons, and medlars, and also, I'm glad to say, the old-fashioned Red Astrachan apple, the best by far of the summer apples, which most growers seem to have abandoned. I have not yet used Kelsey, but it has been serving customers for more than eighty years.

We ourselves have usually bought our dwarf and standard fruit trees from the firm of Kelly Brothers, in Dansville, New York, which this year celebrates its eightieth anniversary with a good-looking catalogue in full color. Heretofore the Kelly catalogue has not been one to charm the eye, but this year its Kodachromes of fruits, berries, and



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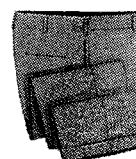
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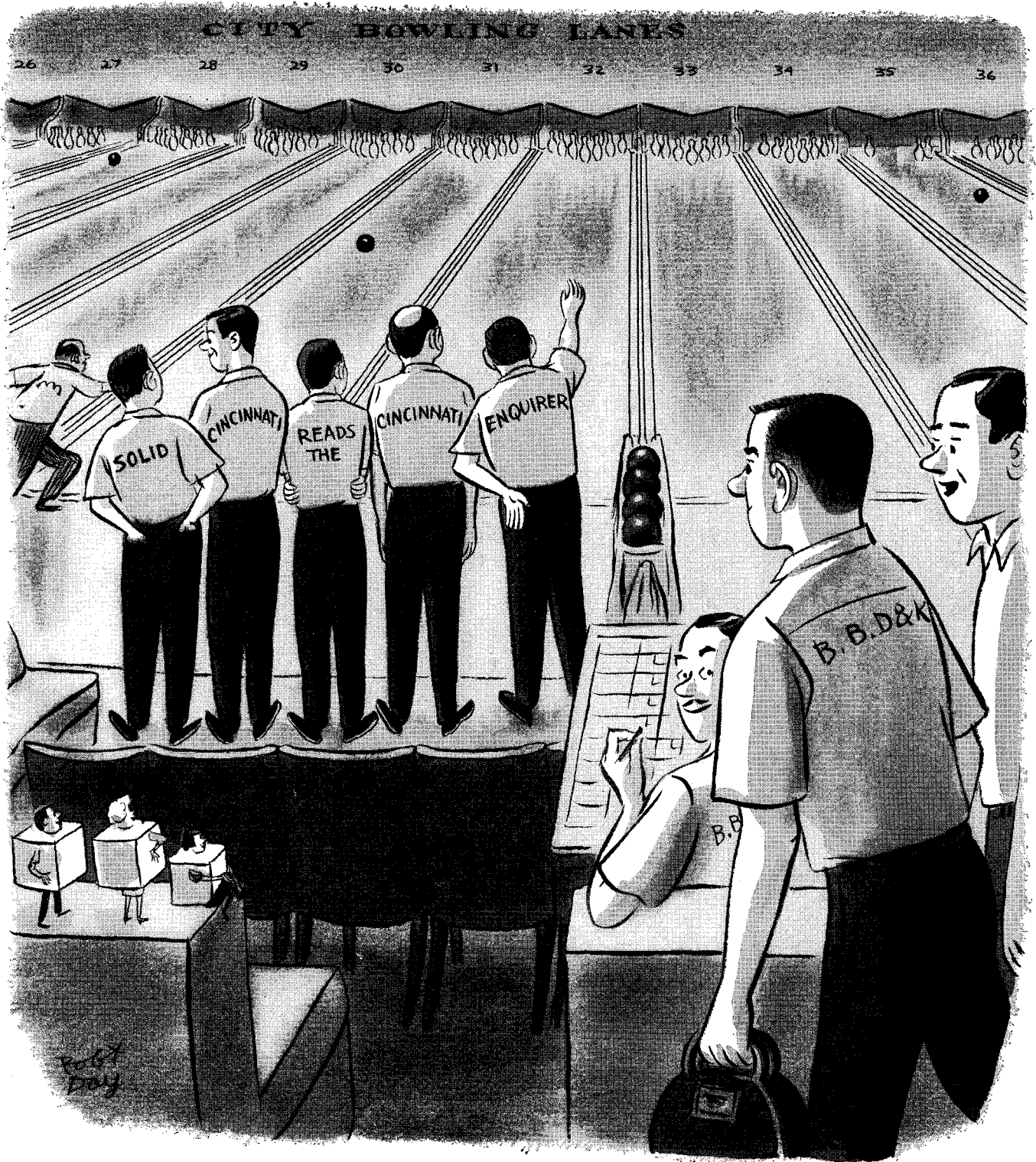
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grapes are so luscious and so true to the natural colors that they make the mouth water. Apples, peaches, pears, cherries, and plums come in dwarf as well as in standard size, but no espaliers are offered—only a bulletin to tell you how to espalier your own fruit, which is not too easy a job. After eight decades, members of the Kelly family still run the nursery. Let us hope the handsome catalogue pays off well enough to be repeated. Its listings include nut trees, shrubs, flowers, and much more, but the name Kelly spells fruit to most of us.

A NURSERY that specializes in rhododendrons and azaleas is Lindum Gardens, in Portland, Oregon. The office address to which requests for catalogues should be sent is 1309 Southwest Washington Street; the gardens and the nursery are at 637 Northwest Skyline Crest. Visitors are welcome at the nurseries and may select their plants from among thirty-five thousand grown there. A startling photograph on the cover of the catalogue shows rhododendrons in noble bloom against a backdrop of Mount Hood, and all through the glossy booklet there are excellent photographs of the flower clusters of individual varieties. Unhappily, the 1960-61 catalogue is printed in green ink, and is therefore less pleasing than the 1958-59 issue, which was done in black-and-white. Green ink or no green ink, though, people who have bought shrubs there tell me they are of the highest quality. One useful feature of the booklet is the symbols designating the relative hardiness of the varieties, each one being ranked from H-1 (hardy to twenty-five degrees below zero) to H-5 (hardy to fifteen degrees above zero). We have never grown and cultivated rhododendrons or azaleas here, thinking them too elegant for a Maine coast farm. Besides, we have our own display of wild azaleas in May, when the rhodora (*Rhododendron canadensis*) spreads its purple-pink bloom in drifts across the pasture, washing up in waves of color against the green of the surrounding spruce woods. In this region, rhodora is called lambkill, but when we were raising sheep it never killed a lamb.

Another Oregon specialty nursery, the Brownell Farms (P.O. Box 5965, Milwaukee, Oregon), grows only illexes—that is to say, hollies. The firm, started by the late Senator George C. Brownell in 1910 to grow holly for the Christmas trade, has been developed by his son Ambrose Brownell into a nursery and arboretum for the collection and propagation of hollies from all over

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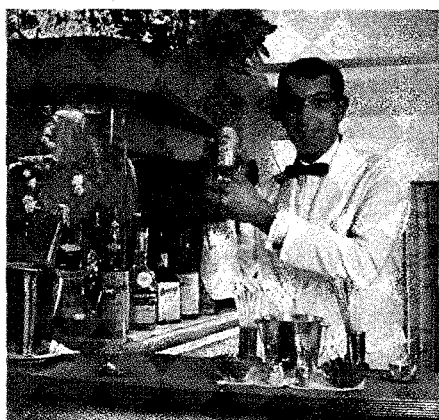
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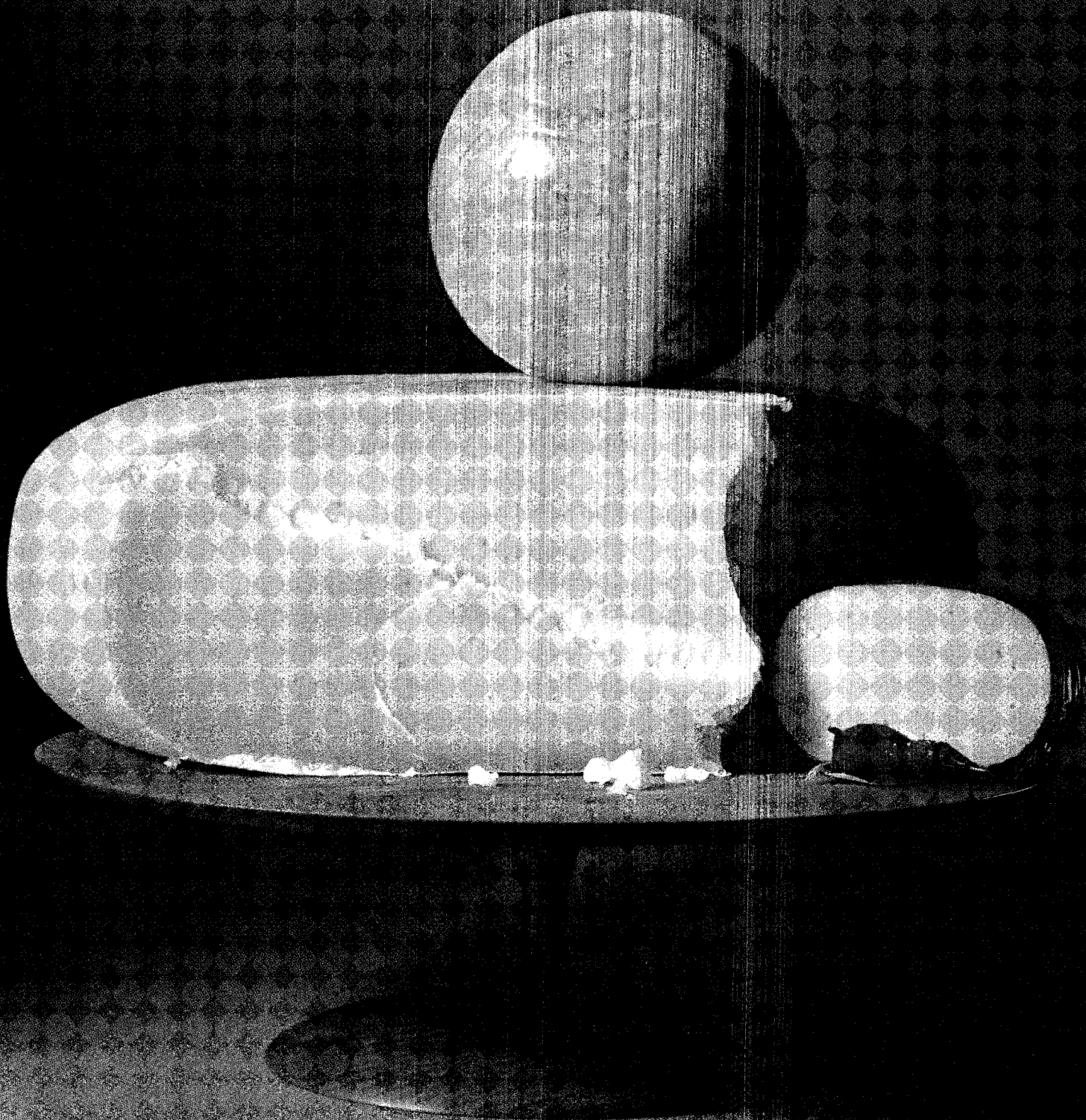


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Tucked away in the green of Holland's richest grasslands are the towns of Edam and Gouda. Nature set the stage for Holland Cheese when she chose these spots to create the perfect marriage of climate, fertile soil, luscious pastures.

Early in the Middle Ages, farmers of northern Holland discovered what happened when skim milk was mixed with rich, whole milk and left to ripen. It made smooth, supremely mellow cheese. They wrapped their cheese in red and sent it to market in Edam. That red wrapper became a trademark, as distinctive as Edam's shape. Edam was and is the world's only cheese with the shape of a perfect sphere.

Meanwhile, farmers near Gouda were creating a wheel-shaped cheese with a yellow wrapper. Because it was made with whole milk only, it had flavor and character all its own.

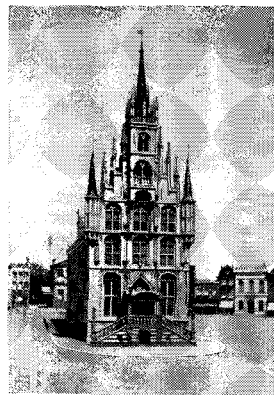
But no story of Gouda and Edam would be complete unless it mentioned Holland's cows. Around the clock, kept clean as a Dutch kitchen. Left to follow their laziest whim as they graze the day out. Quartered at night in the snug indoors, often under the same roof as the family.

Result: the world's highest milk yield—every drop smooth, pure, even-textured. This is the milk that makes the flavor that makes Holland Cheese so tasteful. So delicious the Dutch build banquets around it, so hearty they have it for breakfast.

And why not cheese for breakfast? Black coffee, black bread, and a slice or two of Holland Cheese make a mockery of toast and juice. For lunch try it with bacon and tomato, for dinner in a salad. Not to mention all the flavor-some things you can do at snacktime.

Enjoy it any way you like, but make sure it's the real Gouda or Edam. Others have the same name, not the same quality. Only the cheese with the Dutch Girl emblem comes from Holland, world's cheese kingdom for nearly a thousand years.

Plain and fancy serving suggestions in our new recipe booklet. Send 10¢ for postage and handling to: Holland Cheese Exporters Association, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y. 20, N.Y.



Town of Gouda, population 39,000, incorporated in 1272. Famous for its Gothic town hall and medieval weigh house in the market place where traders seal bargains for Gouda cheese with a slap of farmers' hands.



Town of Edam, population 4,000, incorporated about 1325. Once a bustling export center, this picturesque little town north of Amsterdam is now content to be home of the superb Dutch cheese that bears its name.

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From top to bottom, Edam, Gouda and Baby Gouda.

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ARDEN FOR MEN

the world. Until I saw the Brownell catalogue, I hadn't known there were so many different varieties of this cheerful shrub and tree. The nursery sells some seventeen species and well over a hundred named varieties. Most of them are English hollies (*Ilex aquifolia*), but there are also the decorative golden and silver hollies (*aurea* and *argentea*), with variegated leaves, which may have gold or silver margins, or gold or silver centers. Brownell offers, as well, hollies from the Orient, from the Canary, Madeira, and Balearic Islands, and from our own continent. Many hollies are hardy and will winter well in the North, surviving at ten to twenty below zero provided a cold spell does not come in early winter. This last lets out my own state of Maine. Thus, I cannot say, with Southey:

But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
 What then so cheerful as the holly tree?

Ambrose Brownell can and does say it, in his first and current nursery catalogue, which is a handsome booklet, full of pictures of holly trees in brilliant color and in black-and-white, and full, too, of scientific *ilex* information, some of which is presented in rather fancy form. Send for it anyway, if you would grow a holly tree, or go to the Brownell Farms, a short drive from Portland, and pick out your own specimens. You may also view what Mr. Brownell likes to call his *ilexetum*. The smaller bushes are sold in pots; the large trees come to you balled and burlapped. You must never fail to plant two of a kind, for all hollies are dioecious, which means that some trees are male, with staminate blossoms, and others female, with pistillate blossoms. Unless you grow one of each sex you will have no berries.

If we can't grow a holly here in Maine, at least we have hopes of bright berries on our new fire thorn, which we planted last spring against the gray-shingled south wall of the barn. It is a *Pyracantha kasan*, the extra-hardy fire thorn, which we obtained from the Gardenside Nurseries, of Shelburne, Vermont. The husky little bush has spread and flourished in spite of the dry summer, even in competition with a patch of ornamental gourds I planted too near it.

The firm of Edward H. Scanlon & Associates (7621 Lewis Road, Olmsted Falls, Ohio) grows conventional trees, but its specialties are rare and unusual trees and what its catalogue describes as "tailored trees." The term is misleading, suggesting as it does trees pruned and tailored into odd outlines,

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when all it means is trees that are smaller at maturity than most, or that grow, without pruning, in various odd shapes—globe-headed, umbrella, weeping, pyramidal, columnar, and so on. Scanlon recommends the short trees for city streets or moderate-sized house plots, where telephone or power lines may interfere with the branches of trees taller than twenty-five feet, and it recommends those of unusual form for special effects in landscaping. The list of trees is varied and imaginative, it is profusely illustrated with photographs, and it includes many flowering trees not to be found elsewhere. The catalogue I have before me is for the wholesale trade; I trust that the 1961 retail catalogue, due sometime in September, will be just as inclusive and as interesting to read. Nine varieties of my favorite hawthorn are offered, one of them the Glastonbury Thorn, which, according to the legend, first sprang from the staff of Joseph of Arimathea. In England, there is also a story that the tree will burst into bloom when visited by a member of the Royal Family. The one planted near the Washington Cathedral, in the District of Columbia, is said to have done the trick twice—for the Prince of Wales in 1919, and for the present Queen in 1951. . . . Well, let's see, now. What were the *months* of those visits?

The catalogue of the Strawberry Hill Nursery, Rhinebeck, New York, is a pretty little booklet, devoted entirely to lilies, lilacs, and hardy camellias. The nursery guarantees only that these camellias will live as far north as Philadelphia, but adds that plantings of this especially hardy strain have survived cold winters a hundred miles farther north. We can't grow camellias here in Maine, but we have ordered two lilacs from Strawberry Hill to replace a couple of played-out old common lilacs, and have chosen from the catalogue's fine list of French hybrids Mme. Casimir Perier, a sturdy double white, and Mrs. Edward Harding, whose double claret-colored florets are stained with pink. In a climate less severe than ours lilacs can be planted in the autumn.

Many of the nurseries one thinks of as primarily sources of perennials, like Wayside Gardens (Mentor, Ohio) and White Flower Farm (Litchfield, Connecticut) and the Lamb Nurseries (East 101 Sharp Avenue, Spokane 2, Washington), also sell shrubs; they are particularly good sources of the unusual flowering shrub. It was Wayside that introduced, for instance, the dogwood with bright-coral branches that is so



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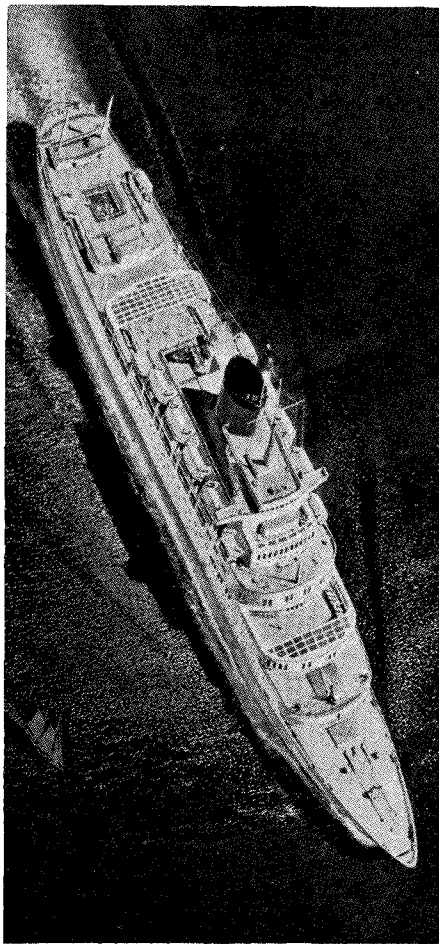
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decorative against the snow—*Cornus sibirica* Coral Beauty—and White Flower has recently patented a handsome new potentilla called White Gold, which it imported from England; its pale-yellow flowers are as big as fifty-cent pieces. Lamb's list of shrubs is short but select, and includes the tall, creamy rock spiraea of our own West, *Holodiscus discolor*. Wayside's autumn catalogue will cost you \$1, and White Flower's "Plant Book" fifty cents; there is no charge for Lamb's catalogue.

Before ordering any new shrubs, an American gardener would be well advised to get hold of a copy of "Shrubs and Vines for American Gardens," by Donald Wyman (Macmillan, 1958). Dr. Wyman is the chief horticulturist of Harvard's famous Arnold Arboretum, and his book is the most useful reference book I know on these subjects. Plants are first discussed in terms of their hardiness, their order of bloom, their ornamental fruits, and their autumn coloring, and then follows a long list of the shrubs and vines the author can recommend. From there, he goes on to an equally useful "Secondary Plant List"—the varieties he cannot endorse, with the reasons for his dissatisfaction.

IF in planting any of the shrubs or trees I have mentioned, you and I strive to obtain a natural effect, to follow the contours of the land, or to study the region we live in so as to make our planting suit it, if we naturalize garden flowers in our woodlands or bring wild flowers into our gardens or strive to make our garden blend gradually into a forest or field, we probably owe our ideas, though all unconsciously, to two great English gardeners and garden writers of the past. They are William Robinson, the author of "The English Flower Garden," which was published in 1883 and is still a garden classic, and his younger friend and follower Miss Gertrude Jekyll, the formidable lady I referred to earlier. It was these two, more than any others, who taught Victorian England, and eventually America, to make the garden, as Mr. Robinson put it, a reflection of "the beauty of the great garden of the world." When he wrote this, most English gardens, except cottage gardens, either imitated the elaborately formal gardens of France and Italy or were devoted to "bedding out"—that is, to planting flowers in scattered small beds to make artificial color patterns or geometrical designs. Miss Jekyll has been called "the beautifier of England," and, indeed, during her long life she almost single-handed gave the gardens and estates of

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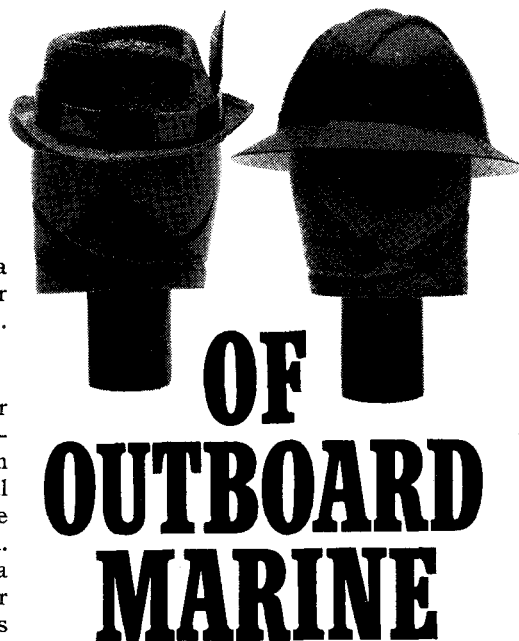


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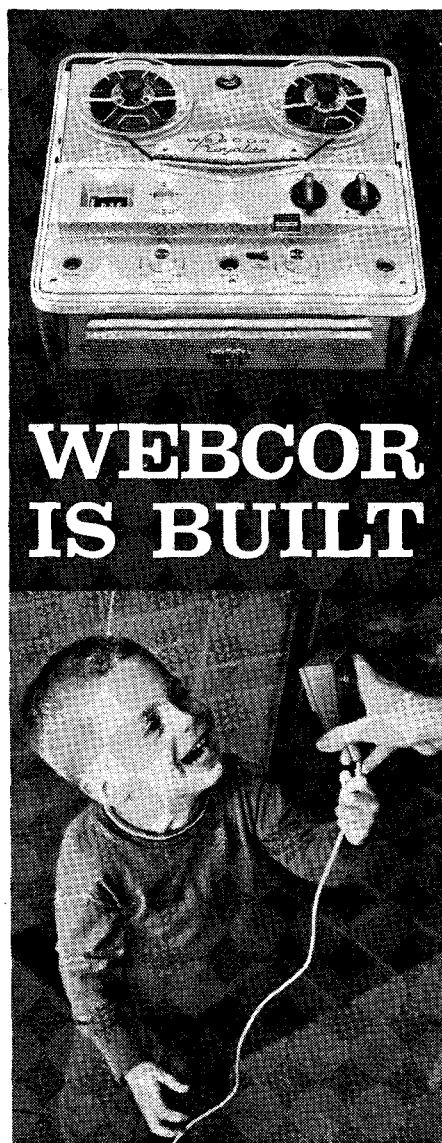
a serious side to outboard motors, too. They help commercial fishermen earn a better livelihood. They provide transportation for logging and mining companies, doctors, and missionaries. They help haul freight and passengers in underdeveloped lands in sailing craft, pirogues, scows, rafts, canoes, and dugouts.

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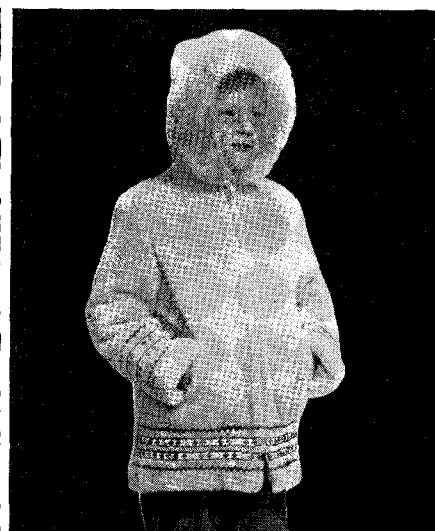
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England a wholly new countenance. Between the years 1899 and 1925, she wrote fourteen books, all now out of print. For some months now, I have been reading three of the best of them, "Wood and Garden," "Home and Garden," and "Colour in the Flower Garden," and also her nephew Francis Jekyll's memoir of his aunt. It has been a pleasurable but rather exhausting experience living with Miss Jekyll at Munstead Wood, the home she built for herself in West Surrey in her fifties, watching her plan and build the house itself with her architect, Sir Edwin Lutyens, and helping her carve garden after garden out of the birch and Scotch-fir forests and the sandy heaths that surrounded her house. There was no labor too heavy for her, no detail too small for her attention, no stone she could leave unturned—or, at least, unplanted with rock plants. Soon the gardens so proliferated that I lost track of them, and now remember, offhand, only the border of spring bulbs followed by ferns; the copse of daffodils; the spring garden of other flowers; the rock-wall garden; the hidden garden; the main hardy border, which was two hundred feet long and fourteen feet wide; the garden of summer annuals; the October garden of Michaelmas daisies; the primrose garden (primroses were a great specialty of Miss Jekyll's); the kitchen garden; and everywhere—on walls, trellises, and arbors—clematis, roses, and honeysuckle vines. The very size of it all is a bit stupefying. One year, her nephew tells us, eleven thousand roses were gathered for the potpourri, and to the roses were added half again as many sweet-geranium leaves and lesser quantities of lavender, sweet verbenas, orange peel, bay, rosemary, and, of course, orrisroot and spices. (You will find the recipe in "Home and Garden.")

Miss Jekyll, as you can guess, was the daughter of a gentleman of means. She set out to be an artist, but failing eyesight made her turn from painting, silver *repoussé* work, and fine embroidery to flower gardening. She had the means to hire a head gardener and, one supposes, all the helpers he needed, but she was always a working gardener herself, and in the garden wore army boots and an apron with great pockets for her tools. There is a painting of these garden boots of Miss Jekyll's in the Tate Gallery, by the artist William Nicholson, who also did a fine portrait of Miss J. at the age of seventy-seven, sitting semi-profile in an armchair, her tiny, thick-lensed spectacles on her nose, a velvet ribbon in her white hair, her art-



FOR LITTLE AMERICA

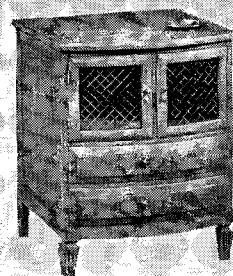
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ist's pointed fingers, now worn and wrinkled, pressed fingertip to fingertip in readiness for the next task.

What the lady who wore those sturdy army boots accomplished at Munstead, first at her mother's house and later at her own, was before long so notable that she was in demand as a garden consultant and as a designer of gardens for others; at her death, her commissioned garden plans numbered over three hundred.

The next-to-last chapter of "Home and Garden" is titled "Things Worth Doing," and I quote from it:

We should not let any mental slothfulness stand in the way of thinking and watching and comparing, so as to arrive at a just appreciation of the merits and uses of all our garden plants. . . .

There is no spot of ground, however arid, bare, or ugly, that cannot be tamed into such a state as may give the impression of beauty and delight.

And this is how the book ends:

Are the people happier who are content to drift comfortably down the stream of life, to take things easily, not to *want* to take pains? . . . I only know that to my own mind and conscience pure idleness seems to me to be akin to folly . . . and that in some form or other I must obey the Divine command: "Work while ye have the light."

I don't know whether there has ever been a Gertrude Jekyll anthology. If not, I wish some publisher would get one up, for while her books have a period flavor, most of what she wrote is not really out of date. She did, though, write too easily and flowingly, and her chapters vary in interest. Thus, a selection of the best from all the books would be rewarding. If to some of us the life at Munstead sounds more like slavery than like godly work, we should remember that to Miss Jekyll her labors were an expression of a discriminating love for flowers and a consuming artistic passion. It is therefore pleasant to note, offered for the first time, in Wayside's 1960 autumn catalogue, a newly imported periwinkle called Miss Jekyll's White—a free-blooming, small-flowered variety of *Vinca minor alba*, which the cataloguer describes as "a select and refined ground cover for particular locations." I can't help thinking that whoever wrote that sentence has, like me, been living at Munstead Wood with the author of "Wood and Garden."

WELL, while we have the light we had best be on to wild flowers. Autumn is the season to plant them, so there is not a moment to lose. Possibly I should report that I had perfect success with the spring planting of three

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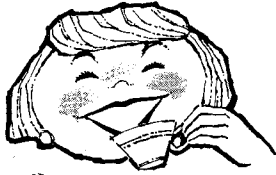


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potted trailing-arbutus plants from the Putney Nursery (Putney, Vermont), which took hold in a damp end of the north border, under light shade from a nearby oak. Because we watered them, they have even survived this summer's severe drought. Putney's plants don't die if you take care of them, and Putney's customers are happy ones, for this is the nursery that never fails to notify you of the impending arrival of your orders. (I have lost a good many delicate plants because I was not at home on the day they arrived in the mail.) Putney's catalogue is an unpretentious booklet peppered with engaging flower photographs, and its eight-page list of ferns and the smaller wild flowers is my favorite of all the wild-flower lists. There are many temptations here—wild flowers I don't seem to know, like Oconeebells and black cohosh, as well as the dear, familiar exquisites like bloodroot, hepatica, lady's-slippers, Dutchman's-breeches (the wild dicentra that is easy to grow on a shaded woody slope), and the cardinal flower, the scarlet lobelia that loves the borders of streams and brooks. Whenever a wild flower (such as the large blue lobelia) will adapt itself to growing in a garden, the catalogue tells you this happy fact. The Putney lists include much more than wild flowers, offering a good selection of perennials, herbs, Vermont-grown hardy shrubs and trees, fruit trees, roses, and so on. Visitors are welcome at the nursery, which is on Route 5, midway between Brattleboro and Bellows Falls.

Although the chief specialty of the Gardenside Nurseries, where I got my fire thorn, is lilies, the new fall edition of *Gardenside Gossip*, the little magazine that serves as the catalogue of this firm, contains not only a lot of good lily talk but also a selective list of rare native plants and a column on the cultivation of wild flowers. The varieties of wild flowers offered by Putney and Gardenside overlap to some extent, but each offers rarities not on the other's list. This issue of *Gossip* is particularly interesting on the subject of pyrethrum (the painted daisy)—a garden perennial one finds in few American catalogues. Gardenside lists nineteen varieties, and says that, unlike chrysanthemums, to which they are cousins, painted daisies should be planted in the autumn.

A wild-flower fancier, especially if he lives in the Midwest, should send for the pleasing catalogue of Lounsberry Gardens, in Oakford, Illinois. Here the illustrations are mostly in color, and the listings are confined to hardy

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wild flowers and ferns, garden perennials, rock plants, and gladiolus bulbs. It has always seemed to me wise to buy wild flowers as near home as possible, and this is the only reason I have not yet bought plants from Lounsberry Gardens.

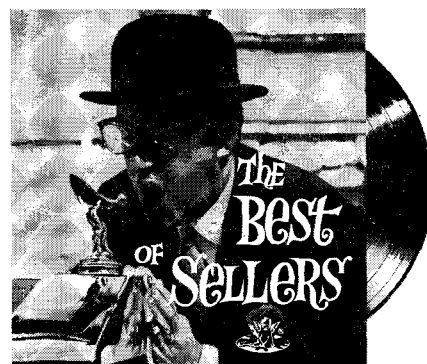
Another nursery I have never used, but one that is highly recommended by those who have, is the Gardens of the Blue Ridge, in Ashford, McDowell County, North Carolina. It is probably most famous for its hardy wild rhododendrons, azaleas, and mountain laurel, and the other wildings of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Most of these shrubs can safely be shipped to distant points, and they will thrive in other cool regions. The nursery has been in business for sixty-eight years, and its illustrated catalogue is exciting, with its long lists of hardy native ferns, trilliums, and bog plants, as well as its wild shrubs. What I covet most, though, from Blue Ridge Gardens is its Turk's-cap lily bulbs, for the *Lilium superbum* is one of the most delightful of our native lilies, with its tall candelabras of nodding orange-red flowers. These lilies grow so prolifically at the four-thousand-foot altitude of the nursery that it can offer the bulbs at very low prices, especially when they are bought in quantities for naturalizing. Turk's-caps are accommodating. They will grow almost anywhere—in the garden, in meadows, woodlands, and swamps, and on rough ground—and they need next to no care.

Though I am a devoted reader of the spring catalogue called "Garden Aristocrats," which is sent out by the Pearce Seed Company (Moorestown, New Jersey), and recognize it as an excellent source for the seeds, plants, and bulbs of wild flowers, and for unusual perennials and house plants, I do find it a bewildering catalogue to order from. This is chiefly because, instead of being a small bound booklet twenty-two pages long, it is a folder with eleven faces, printed on both sides of each face, which folds up like a road map and stretches out, when opened, to a length of three feet eight inches. What with all the folding and unfolding, I get lost and am never quite sure whether I'm under the Pot Plants heading or the Garden High-Lights heading, or just where to find the wild flowers, which are scattered hit or miss throughout. Then, too, most of the type is irritatingly small—especially the minuscule letters that Pearce places after the names of the wild-flower seeds, which are supposed to tell you where and when to sow each variety. I become so utter-

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ly confused after flipping about from fold to fold to find the particular sort of seed I want that by the time I discover my item I have lost the table showing what these tiny letters mean and have forgotten the differences between *x* ("Sow after soil is warm") and *k* ("Sow in spring while soil is still cool"), *kt* ("Sowing can be in open ground in either late autumn or early spring") and—a very fine distinction here, it seems to me—*yt* ("Sow only in late autumn to earliest spring in open ground"). Nevertheless, on days of unusual calm I have managed to place orders with Pearce successfully, as some interesting geraniums in pots on the terrace attest. Next month, if I have time to search them out again in all those wandering pages, I may buy a packet of Pearce's mixed "Wild Flowers for Shade" and a packet of its mixed wild-gentian seed. Pearce brings on the disease I call catalogue daze in a particularly severe way. I mention it, more in sorrow than in anger, if only because I have started to make out at least four orders for Pearce that I didn't have the stamina to complete. (Pearce's fall catalogue, "Autumn Rarities in Seeds, Bulbs, and Plants," which has this moment arrived in the mail, is the same sort of road-map affair, but I am glad to report that typographically it is less confusing. You will, though, need the spring folder for wild flowers, as only a few are included among the fall rarities.)

There is an unusual book on wild flowers, "Flowers Native to the Deep South," which was published in 1958. The author and illustrator is Caroline Dormon, and the publisher and only distributor is Claitor's Book Store, 241 North Street, Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Although all this may sound far too regional and special for most readers—and it is special—I found the book delightful, and I believe that other Northerners will enjoy it. Miss Dormon's more than two hundred illustrations, in water color and line, are both charming and exact, her text is lively, and, of course, many of the flowers she lists are also native to the East, North, and West. Miss Dormon lives in her own stretch of forest in northern Louisiana, where for more than thirty years she has been collecting and growing trees and wild flowers. Good as her botany is, she would probably not claim to be a professional botanist, nor does she attempt to make this a complete reference book of the flowers of her region, but she is certainly a gifted collector and a close observer, and her comments on the

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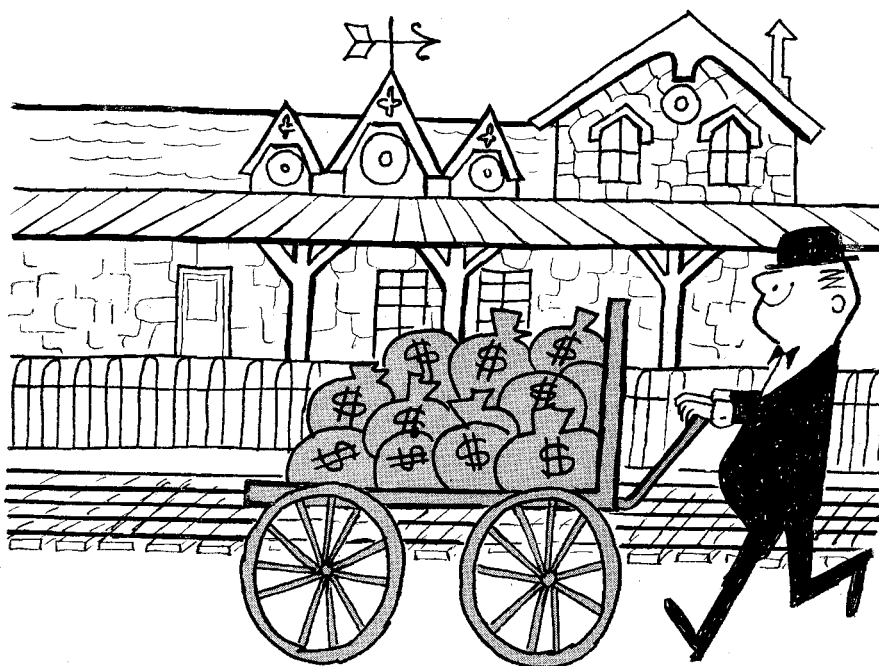
many hundreds of wild flowers she does describe are illuminating.

SEPTEMBER and October are the months for planting peony roots, and before planning his peony bed this year the gardener may want to read a new book, "Peonies, Outdoors and In," by Arno and Irene Nehrling (Hearstside). Oddly enough, it is the first non-technical book on peonies in more than twenty-five years. Useful and good-looking as it is, I wish it were better. Perhaps because of its chapters on peonies in flower arrangements and garden design, it has a garden-clubbish, amateur air that does a disservice to the rest of the book, which clearly explains the various types of peonies (tree peonies, herbaceous peonies, hybrids, and the rest), gives excellent advice on their culture, and supplies useful lists of the modern varieties that have proved themselves. The handful of photographic illustrations in color are lovely, and there are line drawings and diagrams. As a lazy gardener, I have always been grateful to the decorative and easy-to-grow peony, which was named for the physician to the Greek gods. The myth goes that Paeon, a disciple of Aesculapius, was the first to use the plant as a medicine, and with it healed Pluto of a wound he received in the Trojan War. Aesculapius, like many a modern teacher, was jealous of his pupil's achievement, and plotted Paeon's death, but Pluto, hearing of the plot, and grateful to Paeon for saving his life, in turn saved Paeon's by transforming him into a peony. The flower could as suitably have had a Chinese name, for it was known and honored in China from the most ancient days, and had its place in Chinese poetry and art by the eighth century A.D. You will find more of the peony's curious history than the Nehrlings give in Mrs. Buckner Hollingsworth's "Flower Chronicles" (Rutgers, 1958), and she explains more fully the peony's place in the kitchen and the medicine cabinet over the years. If this fall you decide to replace your old peonies with newer varieties, you might try eating the roots you dig up. The English nobility enjoyed peony roots in medieval days, finding their acrid taste a pleasant accompaniment to roast pork. I think, though, that if I ever discard any of my peonies I shall make them into "Compound Piony Water," following the recipe given in the Nehrlings' book, which is taken from "The Complete Confectioner," by Hannah Glasse, published in 1782. It's a promising compound, all right, calling for many spices and one



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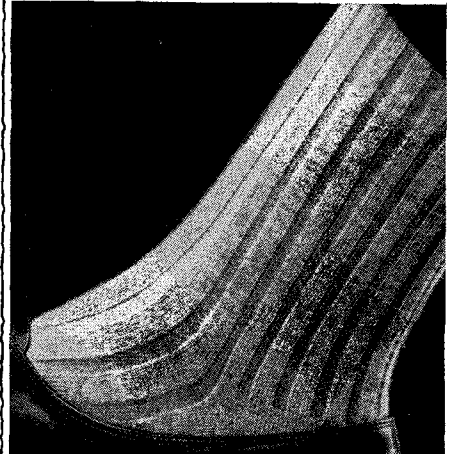
gallon of rectified spirits of wine. One can readily understand why Piony Water is "good in all nervous disorders" and "efficacious in all swoonings, weakness of the heart, decayed spirits," and other heavy afflictions.

At the moment, though, I shall restore my decayed spirits by studying some of the new peony catalogues and ordering some of the lovely modern varieties. The firm of Gilbert H. Wild & Son (Sarcoxié, Missouri) has long made a specialty of peonies, as well as of iris and day lilies, and its seventy-fifth-anniversary catalogue devotes nineteen pages to peonies, with inviting color photographs of scores of varieties of the herbaceous sorts that Wild offers. It sells no tree peonies, which are more difficult to grow, but there are two pages of decorative Japanese herbaceous peonies and a short list of the new herbaceous hybrids. The descriptions indicate the height, the flowering date, and—wonder of wonders—the degree of fragrance of each peony. Wild is sometimes even courageous enough to say so when a peony has no scent. Perhaps its example will encourage the rose growers to be equally bold.

The great advantages of hybrid peonies, aside from their startling beauty, are that they lengthen the period of peony bloom, many of them blossoming as early as mid-May, and a few even earlier, and that they introduce many interesting new colors to the peony spectrum—brilliant pinks, yellows, and unusual reds. Professor A. P. Saunders was probably the most adventurous of the pioneer hybridizers. Since his death, in 1953, his daughter Silvia Saunders has carried on both his nursery and his hybridizing experiments. Her new 1960 catalogue makes the sad announcement that it may be the last to come from the A. P. Saunders Nursery, of Clinton, New York. It is therefore a "must" for all who care for these rare hybrids. Miss Saunders writes me, though, that this is by no means her last year of running the nursery; she plans to sell peony roots and seed for at least three or four more years. Her little booklet, as I have said before in these pages, is merely a descriptive listing of her treasures, but it contains seventy-odd named hybrid tree peonies and about a hundred and twenty herbaceous varieties—an astonishing number when you consider how many years it takes to create a good hybrid.

SURELY the most cheerful and hopeful of the fall catalogues are those of the spring-bulb growers. A year ago, I described the delights of the catalogue put out by P. de Jager & Sons

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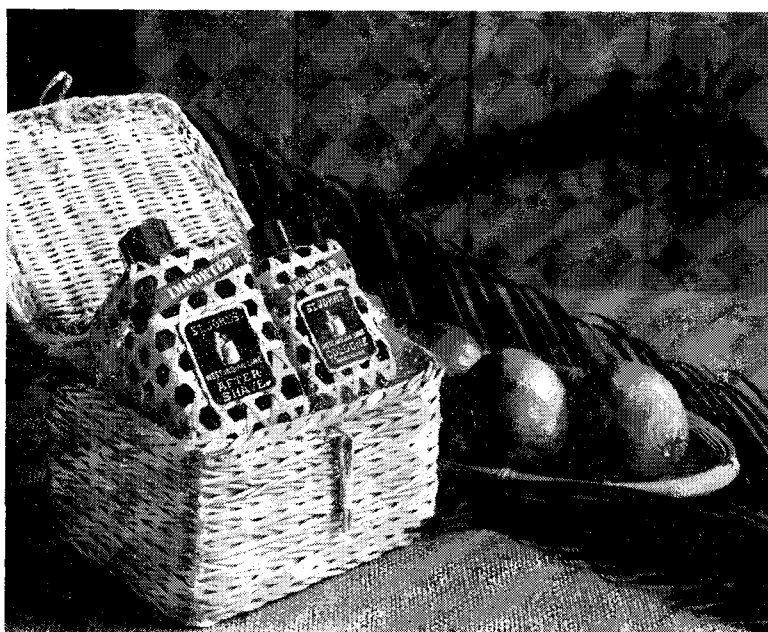
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(188 Asbury Street, South Hamilton, Massachusetts), a firm that raises its bulbs both in Holland and in this country. Its 1960 version, with its many color illustrations, is to me still the most alluring and the most inclusive of them all, and I can testify that in every category—tulips, narcissi and daffodils, hyacinths, freesias, crocuses, and many sorts of miniature bulbs—the de Jager bulbs I planted last October performed miraculously. This year, I plan to try some of the firm's historical Broken Tulips. The word "broken" means that the flowers are feathered or flaked with bright colors or, if the background is dark, are marbled with white. These tulips, the cataloguer explains, are the ones that were so fashionable and brought such exorbitant prices in Holland during the seventeenth-century tulip mania, and they are the ones the Dutch and Flemish artists liked to paint. (One type of Broken Tulip is called the Rembrandt.)

Last June, as an experiment and on the recommendation of a knowing gardener, I ordered some of my daffodils for this autumn's planting direct from Holland—from J. Heemskerk, % P. van Deursen, Sassenheim, Holland. (Van Deursen is the grower, and Heemskerk is his agent for American sales.) The bulbs are supposed to come direct to my door, all duties and other shipping costs paid, and I shall need no import permit. It is now too late to send an order to Heemskerk for this fall's delivery, but for another year you might like to send to Sassenheim for the Heemskerk catalogue. It is less complete and less sophisticated than de Jager's, and occasionally its English is shaky and its spelling odd, yet the booklet has a charm all its own, and most of the color pictures are good. Whereas tulips are the great de Jager specialty, here daffodils come first. I was particularly pleased by the cover picture of Silver Chimes, a white hybrid narcissus of the triandrous group with a primrose cup, which has clusters of six or more flowers on each stem. It is perhaps *not* too late to order amaryllis from Heemskerk, who offers not only bulbs for the normal midwinter season of growth but also specially prepared amaryllis, in both named and unnamed varieties, that are shipped in the middle of October and should, if all goes well, come to bloom by Christmas. Just plant them in a pot and they should shoot. I hastily add that I've never tried these specially prepared bulbs myself and cannot testify to their performance.

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BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

Troublemaker. We've been having a little difficulty with a magazine named *Newsweek*. (Perhaps you've heard of it.) Sometimes, when we are introduced as being with *Business Week*, people say, "Oh, yes—the magazine with the 'Periscope.'" Or, "oh, yes—I buy it at the newsstand." Well, we want to make it clear that we *aren't* the magazine with the "Periscope" (we have a *thermometer*



—on our cover), and you *can't* buy *Business Week* at a newsstand. One of our editors has suggested we take a full page in the papers and shout, "Not *Newsweek*, darn it, *BUSINESS WEEK*." But let's keep cool. Here are the facts. *Business Week* is published by McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., world's largest publisher of business periodicals. *Business Week* is the "general" one of the group, with circulation in business, industry, finance and government. Circulation: over 350,000, restricted almost exclusively to management men; no newsstands. Our oyster: The World—but only events, ideas, trends, that affect an executive's business decisions.



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sells only daffodils and narcissi. The 1959 catalogue, which is the latest I have at hand, shows on the front and back covers pictures of the old plantation manor house and the growing fields of the Little England Farm. Otherwise the booklet is just a list, but what a rich and unusual one! The descriptions are full enough to enable you to visualize the flowers, and only the most rigorously selected varieties are offered. The 1959 price list gives an idea of the rare quality here, for while there are some bulbs offered at as low as thirty cents each (if one can call that low), others range freely up to twenty- and thirty-odd dollars, and even higher. Glendormott, at \$85 per bulb, and Empress of Ireland, at \$125, must have come down in price by now, but they rather took my breath away, even as new introductions in short supply a year ago. The growing conditions at Bena are similar to those in Holland and Ireland, the catalogue says, and, to judge by the variety names, many of the parent bulbs must have come from Ireland. The emphasis here is obviously more British and Irish than Dutch; one of the useful features of the catalogue is the Royal Horticultural Society's classification, with diagrams, of the nine types of daffodils, so that you can tell exactly what you are getting when you order a triandrous hybrid, a cyclamineus hybrid, a Tazetta, a Poeticus, and so on.

I should add that I was charmed by the Bouquet, or multiflora, tulips I grew for the first time last year. I planted them as the border of a bed of taller single tulips and daffodils, and the effect of the row of little clumps of tulips, each clump growing from one bulb, was very gay and airy. I bought the bulbs from the George W. Park Seed Company, of Greenwood, South Carolina. Park's new autumn catalogue devotes almost two pages to these comparatively new tulips, and there you may see Pink Lemonade, Lovely Lady, Mahogany Prince, and all the rest of the Bouquets in pleasing color and black-and-white photographs, as well as a good selection of other spring bulbs. The prices are moderate. I might also note, in passing, that Jackson & Perkins, the rose firm of Newark, New York, appears to be selling the favorite pink-cupped daffodil Mrs. R. O. Backhouse this autumn under the name of Mrs. R. O. Pinkhouse—a confusing and dispiriting change, it seems to me, since the flower honors the memory of a lady who was a well-known daffodil breeder. To her and her husband, whose surname is pronounced like the name of the Greek god of wine, we owe many of the red-

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cupped daffodils from which, presumably, the pink varieties were developed.

SOON it will be time to turn one's thoughts to growing flowers indoors. Because of a news item I've just caught up with, the prospect is sobering. The *IFAP News*, journal of the International Federation of Agricultural Producers, reports in its issue of last December that for the past eight years an Indian botanist, Dr. T. C. N. Singh, has been experimenting with growing plants to music. We all know that music broadcast in barns can make cows give down, but now Dr. Singh thinks he has proved that music broadcast in fields can make plants grow tall. He says that tapioca and sweet potatoes growing to the sound of recorded music showed a gain in yield of forty per cent, that rice plants exposed to Indian classical music increased their growth by fifty per cent, and that tobacco plants produced fifty per cent more when violin music was broadcast over the fields. His theory is that the sound waves agitate the plant cells in such a way that growth is accelerated. Now, as it happens, the worst trouble I am having with house plants is that they grow too fast. Our house is low-studded, and I have been anxiously eyeing an angel-wing coccinea begonia that I raised from a slip given me by a friend; at the moment it is reaching hard for the ceiling. A particularly handsome rubber plant that has been with us for two years has even fewer feet to go. Naturally, I can't help feeling that the sound waves in this house, which are considerable—the continuous chatter of voices, the scratchy strains of music all day and all night from several radios and a television set, and, less frequently, the pleasanter emanations from the piano and the record-player—are agitating my plants and turning them into giants. Dr. Singh appears to have uncovered a wholly new house-plant trouble. Nobody in my house wants to give up music. One answer to the begonia, of course, would be to eat it. The citizens of Paris ate their begonias as a substitute for spinach during the siege of 1871. But I doubt if I can face eating a rubber plant. —KATHARINE S. WHITE

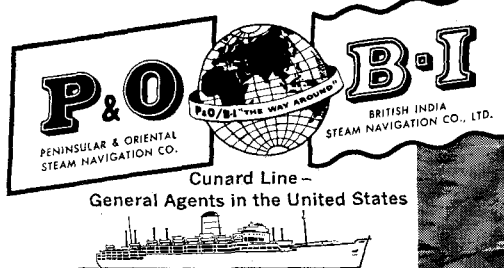
Wood lives at 995 Medford Avenue in Hayward. The Abbots told police inspectors that Wood "came over once or twice a week," and tutututut a week," and had access to the basement.—*San Francisco Examiner*.

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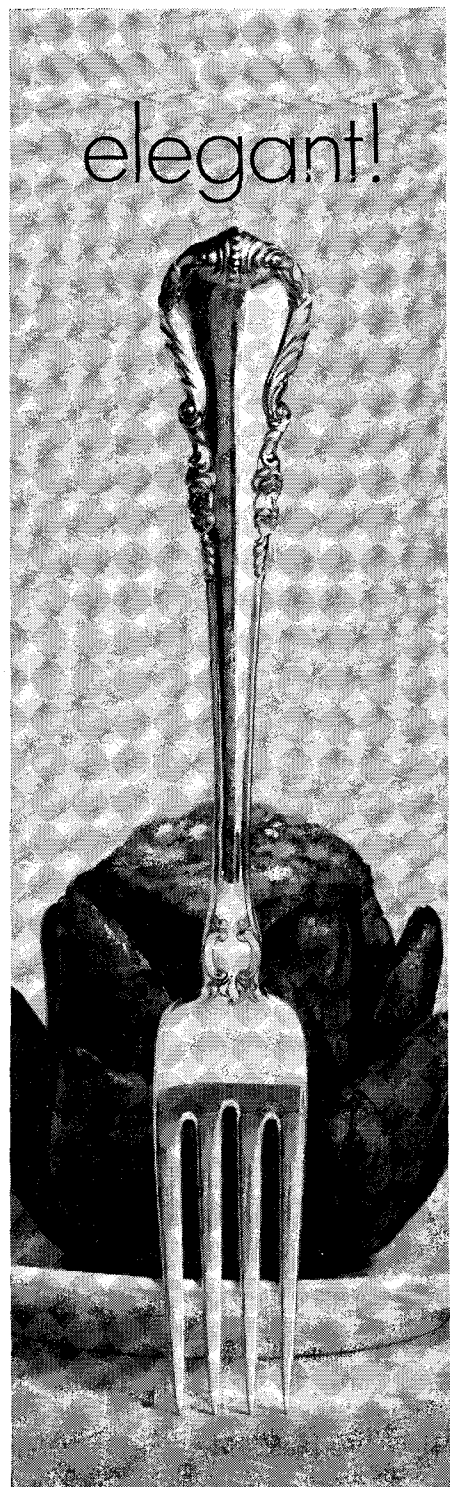
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THE sounds of St. Petersburg, in old Russia, are still very close to the surface of my memory. Whereas a visual image is recalled, in my case, mainly by unexpected shifts and combinations of pressures, a sound, once registered, appears to remain in a state of immediacy, and if my accounts of things seen are subject to exaggeration, to mistaken observation, and to the creations and distortions of memory itself (a memory being a great cluster of vested interests), my recollections of sound must be faithful; I am proving as much, after all, every time I compose music.

St. Petersburg street noises are especially vivid to me, perhaps because I led a particularly confined indoor life, in which any sound of the outside world was memorable and attractive. The first such sounds to record themselves on my awareness were those of droshkies on cobblestones or wooden-block parquetry pavements. Only a few such horse carriages had rubber tires, and these few were doubly expensive; the whole city crackled with the iron-hooped wheels of the others. I also remember the sound of horse-drawn streetcars, and, in particular, the rail-scraping noise they made as they turned the corner near our house and whipped up speed to cross the Krukov Canal Bridge. (Steeper bridges sometimes required the use of extra horses, and these were found at hitching posts throughout the city.) The noises of wheels and horses, and the shouts and whipsacks of coachmen, must have penetrated my earliest dreams; they are, at any rate, my first memory of the streets of my childhood. (The clatter of automobiles and electric trolley cars, decades later, was much less memorable, and I can hardly recall the city's mechanized aspect, such as it was, when I last saw it, in 1911.)

The cries of venders are vivid in my memory, too—especially those of the Tartars, though, in truth, they did not so much cry as cluck. "*Halaat! Halaat!*" they used to say, "*halaat*" being their word for a kind of dressing gown. Only rarely did they speak Russian, and the low, froglike noises of their own language were an irresistible invitation to mockery. (The Tartars, with their glabrous skins, in that heavily bewhiskered epoch, and with their

rigid Mohammedan mores—they never drank alcohol—were always objects of mystery and fascination to me.) In contrast to them, the Russians would bawl every syllable too distinctly and with annoying deliberation. They carried their wares on head trays, and this required them to wobble their shoulders and swing their bodies in perfect balance; they were more interesting to watch than to hear. They sold *pryaniki* (cookies of the kind the Germans call *Pfefferkuchen*) and *morozhennoye* (ice cream). "*Nye pozhelayete-li morozhennoye?*" ("Wouldn't you like some ice cream?") was a familiar fair-weather cry on our street. Other edibles bruited this way were *klyookva*, or cranberries, the chief produce of the tundra (I still remember the old peasant *baba* who sold them) and apples, pears, peaches, and oranges. (Grapefruit and bananas were unknown in St. Petersburg then.) But the most memorable street cry of all was the knife grinder's: "*To-cheet nozhi, nozhni-tzy breetvy pravit!*" ("Sharp-en your knives and scissors, strop your razors!")

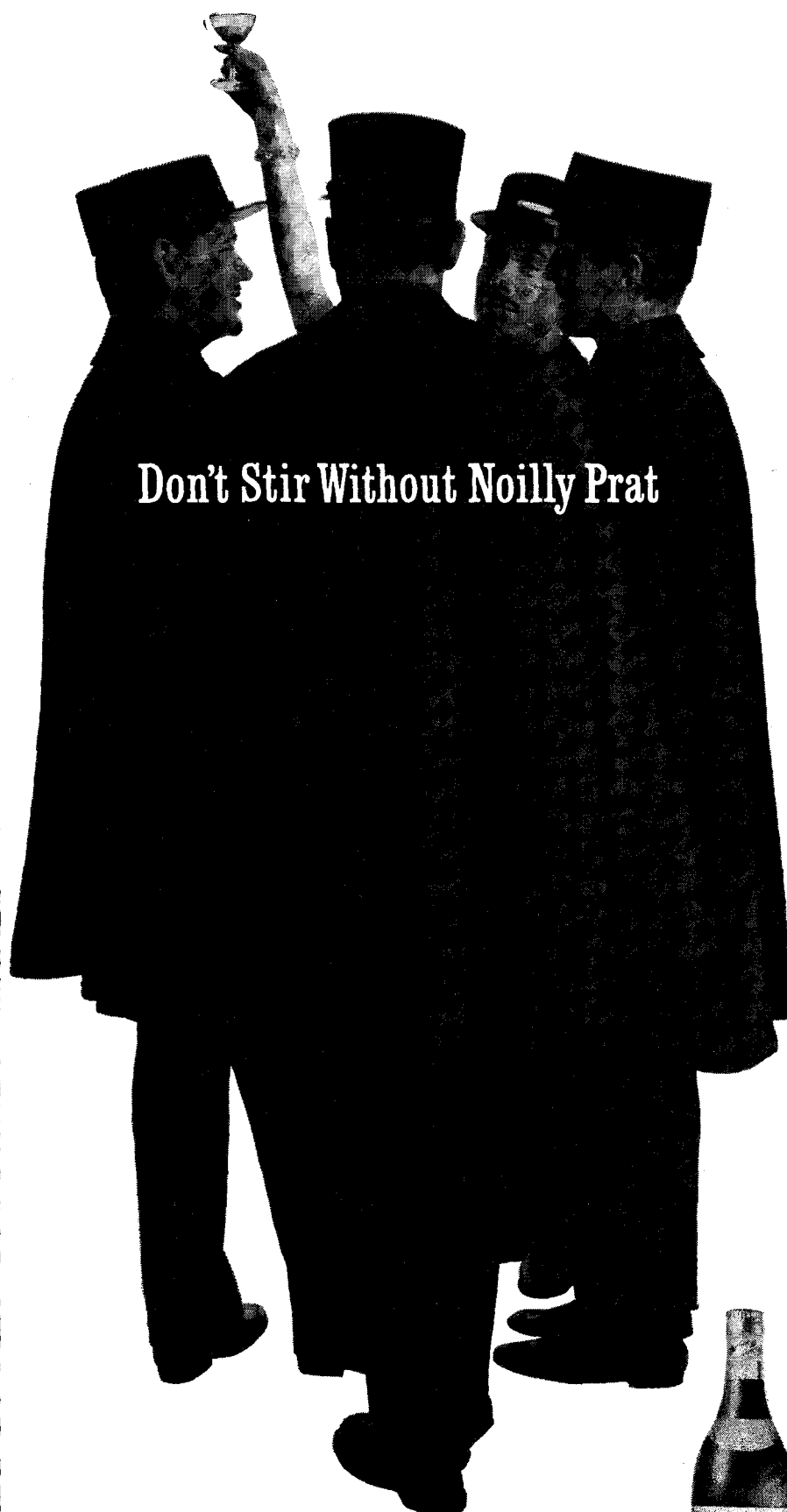
The loudest diurnal noises of the city were the cannonade of bells from the Nikolsky Cathedral, near our house, and the noon signal from the St. Peter and St. Paul Fortress—a timepiece for the whole populace—but I recall with more nostalgia the sound of an accordion on a suburban street on a lonely Sunday afternoon, or the trilling wires of a balalaika orchestra in a restaurant or café. A final, *ad absurdum* example of memorable *musique concrète* is the St. Petersburg telephone. It produced an even ruder tintinnabulation than the one we suffer today. The first telephone call I ever made was to Rimski-Korsakov, incidentally, and the Stravinsky and Rimski households were among the first in the city to install the nuisances.

A CITY is also remembered by its odors. In the case of St. Petersburg, these were associated chiefly with droshkies. The carriages smelled agreeably of tar, of leather, and of their horses. Usually, however, the strongest odor emanated from the driver himself. ("*Qué hombre!*") we would say of a particularly redolent coachman when savors of unwash had penetrated layers of clothing as thick as a mummy's,



and as infrequently changed.) My own olfactory bearings were conditioned by a felt bashlyk, or hood, that I was obliged to wear during the winter months, and my palate still retains a strong residual reek of wet felt. The general odor of the city returned only in the spring, with the liquefaction of the rivers and canals, and that odor I cannot describe. (In the case of something as personal as an odor, description, which depends upon comparison, is impossible.) One other aroma that permeated the city—and, indeed, all Russia—was of the tobacco blend called *Mahorka*; it was originally imported (probably from Spain, through Holland) by Peter the Great. I loved the smell of it, and I continued to smoke it in Switzerland during the First World War, and for as long thereafter as I could buy it; when I moved to France, in 1920, a large stock of it went with me.

Though I do not claim reliability for my memory of color, I remember St. Petersburg as an ochre city (in spite of such prominent red buildings as the Winter Palace and the Anichkov Palace), and though I can no more describe colors than odors, I can say that I am often reminded of the tint of my native city in Florence and Rome. And the architecture, as well as the color, of the city was Italian, and Italian not merely by imitation but by the work, on the spot, of such architects as Guarengi and Rastrelli. (I have often thought that the fact of my birth and upbringing in a Neo-Italian—rather than in a purely Slavic or Oriental—city must be at least partly, and perhaps profoundly, responsible for the cultural direction of my later life.) Italian stylization and craftsmanship could be found in any work of the Catherine the Great period, whether a building, a statue, or an objet d'art. And the principal palaces were Italian not only in design but in material (marble). Even in the case of the ordinary St. Petersburg building stone, which was a local granite or an equally local brick, the outer surfaces were plastered and then painted in Italian colors. My favorite buildings were the Bourse; the Smolny Cloister (this, by Rastrelli, was Lenin's headquarters during the revolution); the Alexandrinsky Drama Theatre (now called the Pushkin Theatre); the Winter Palace; the Admiralty, with its handsome spire; and, above all, the Mariinsky Theatre. The last was a delight to me no matter how often I saw it, and to walk from our house through the Ofitserkaya to the Ulitsa Glinka, where I could see its dome, was to be



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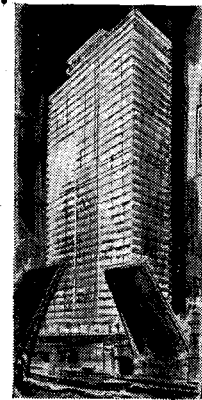
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consumed with Petersburger pride. To enter the blue-and-gold interior of that heavily perfumed hall was for me like entering the most sacred of temples.

ST. PETERSBURG was a city of many islands and many rivers. (The latter were called Neva, mostly—Great Neva, Small Neva, Great Small Neva, Middle Neva, and so on.) The movements of boats and the life of the harbor are less significant in my recollections than one might expect, however, because of the long, icebound winters. I do remember the reappearance of boats on the canals in our sudden Russian spring, but the picture of them is less vivid than that of the waterways being used as thoroughfares for sleighs. These radical equinoctial changes affected the aspect of the city in other ways, too, and not only the aspect but the health, for an influenza epidemic followed each deceptive sign of spring, and plagues of mosquitoes appeared at the least hint of warm weather. The most striking change of décor came at Easter. The week before Holy Week was known as Willow Week in Russia, and the willow replaced the palm on Palm Sunday. Brightly beribboned bunches of willows were seen and sold all over the city for as long as a fortnight.

St. Petersburg was also a city of large, open piazzas. One of these, the Champ de Mars, could easily have been the scene of "Petrouchka." The Mardi Gras festivities were centered there, and as puppet shows were part of the carnival entertainment it was there that I saw my first *petrouchka*. Russian Mountains—roller coasters for sleighs—were fixtures of the Champ de Mars, and the whole populace came there to sleigh, but a more beautiful spectacle was that of sleighs drawn by elk. These noble creatures were brought to the city in the carnival season by Finnish peasants, who used them to sell sleigh rides. They were part of a real fairy-tale world whose lost beauty I have tried to rediscover, later in life, in Hans Christian Andersen. (I might also mention that I learned to bicycle in the Champ de Mars, though that, of course, was in a warmer season.) Another attractive piazza was the Haymarket, where hundreds of the hay wains that supplied the city's huge horse population were stored; to walk there was to be reminded of the countryside. But my most animated promenades in St. Petersburg were on the Nevsky Prospekt, a wide avenue nearly three miles long and full of life and movement all the way. Here were the beautiful



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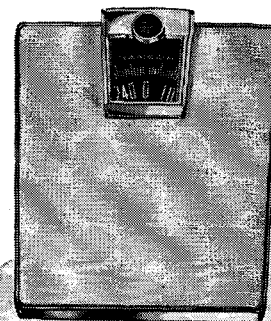
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Stroganov Palace (by Rastrelli); the Lutheran Church (which Balakirev, a devout Orthodoxist, used to call the upside-down trousers); the Kazan Cathedral, with its semicircle of columns in imitation of St. Peter's, in Rome; the Duma (City Hall); the Gostinnyi Dvor (Merchants' Court); a block of arcades holding hundreds of shops; the Public Library; the Alexandrinsky Theatre; and the Anichkov Palace, Czar Alexander III's residence. The Nevsky Prospekt was sometimes used for military parades and other imperial convocations, and I remember being taken there in my early childhood to see the Czar or the rulers of foreign powers. It was also the principal arena for amorous assignations, and at night was full of *grues* and the officers and students who were their chief customers.

WHEN I attempt to recall St. Petersburg, two different cities come to mind, one gaslighted, the other electric; the smell of gas and kerosene lamps pervades all memories of my first eight years. Electric lights—or, rather, oscillating carbon arcs—first appeared in the Nevsky Prospekt. They were pale in color and not very powerful, but St. Petersburg was too far north to require much lighting; the winters glared with snow, and the springs were bright with the aurora borealis. I remember that one May night, while preparing for my university examinations, I was able to work until 4 A.M. with no other illumination than those northern lights.

There is one more memory I wish to mention—one that, again, has to do with the fact that my life in St. Petersburg, more than in any other city, was spent indoors. I remember how I used to blow on a five-kopeck piece and hold it to the frost-covered window of my room, where it would melt through to give me a view of the world.

—IGOR STRAVINSKY

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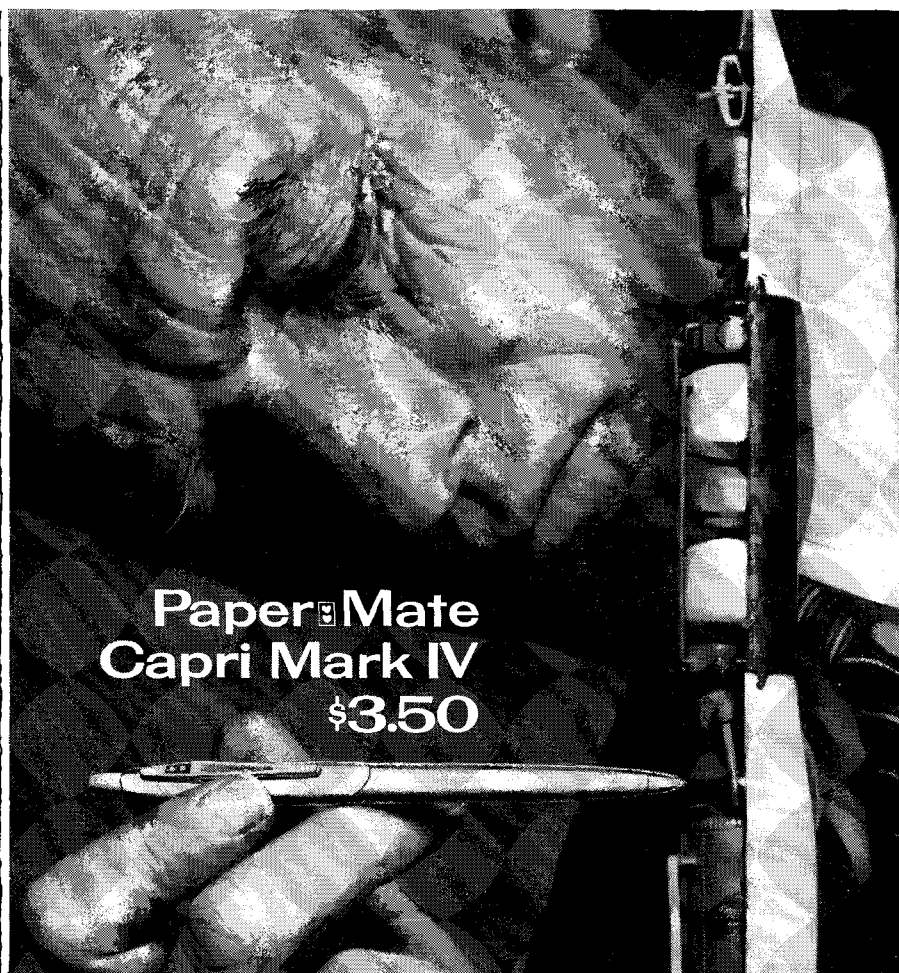
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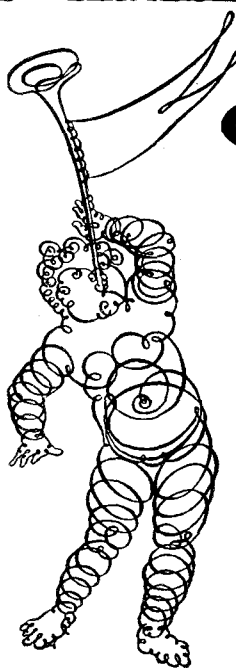
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LAST week, the Royal Ballet of London opened a four-week stand at the Metropolitan Opera House, bringing with it all the trappings of ballet in the grand manner, as well as the sterling workmanship and the reverence for hallowed tradition that we have learned to expect in its productions. The opening performance was an almost entirely familiar one—Tchaikovsky's "The Sleeping Beauty," in full-length form, painstakingly resuscitated according to the choreographic conventions laid down by Marius Petipa for its Russian première in 1890, and differing from its last local performance by the Royal Ballet only in a few minor changes of cast and some refurbished costumes. Performed thus, "The Sleeping Beauty" has something of the character of a ritual, but to the British dancers it is also obviously a labor of love, and though its staid and majestic choreography has its dull passages, and its spectacularity is that of an era long past, the total production, with its magnificent scenery by Oliver Messel and its platoons of well-schooled dancers, is, in its way, quite ravishing. Its great—as opposed to its merely admirable—moments the other night were provided mainly, as might be expected, by Margot Fonteyn, as Princess Aurora, and, watching her neat, exuberant, precise, and wonderfully controlled dancing of the role, I found it impossible to believe that she is now a veteran who has been doing it for some twenty years. Technically, she was impeccable, and—more than that—she imbued the part with such a spirit of warmth and youthful gaiety that even bits of acrobatic display like the famous Rose Adagio became ebullient expressions of Aurora's delicate, eager, girlish personality. There were other moments that approached greatness, too—notably the dancing of Brian Shaw in the Bluebird divertissement of the last act. Deanne Bergsma, dancing the Lilac Fairy for the first time here, turned out to be a very tall, quite pretty ballerina who performed acceptably but without the fluidity of line that I have seen in some Lilac Fairies of the past.

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tions—an affectionate revival, by Frederick Ashton, of “La Fille Mal Gardée,” which, one learns on consulting the history books, first saw the light in France in 1786 and is regarded by the authorities as the oldest ballet capable of surviving in a contemporary repertory. Certainly there was nothing about this performance of it to suggest an essay in antiquarianism. “La Fille Mal Gardée,” like “The Sleeping Beauty,” deals with true love, menaced and ultimately triumphant, but it does so in an engagingly comic, rather than a romantic, manner. The music, cleverly adapted by the company’s conductor, John Lanchbery, from an 1828 score by Ferdinand Herold, has a bright *opera-buffa* air often reminding one of Rossini. The plot is about a peasant maiden in love with a humble but handsome swain, and involves the couple’s efforts to outwit the maiden’s ambitious, scheming mother, who is firmly bent on marrying her daughter to the idiot son of the big local landowner. This, in the telling, may not seem the most original or exciting of dramas, but as a ballet scenario it is close to ideal, and Mr. Ashton, who has always had an inimitable flair for the farcical, has converted it into an evening of perfectly delightful horseplay, interspersed with some poetic love scenes that offer stunning opportunities for dancing of a more formal sort. The peculiarly British fondness for pantomime has a field day. There is an unforgettable ensemble of chickens strutting about the barnyard. Alexander Grant, as the idiot suitor, whose closest attachment in this world seems to be for his red umbrella, and Stanley Holden, as the furious outwitted mother (the role is traditionally danced by a man), create two truly hilarious impersonations. For the real balletomane, though, the high point of the evening comes toward the close of the first act, when Nadia Nerina and David Blair, as the lovers, engage in a series of set numbers that call for the ultimate in grace and virtuosity. Miss Nerina, in particular, appears to have found in this work the perfect setting for her talents, which, as I have noted before, are earning her a unique place among ballerinas of the lyric type.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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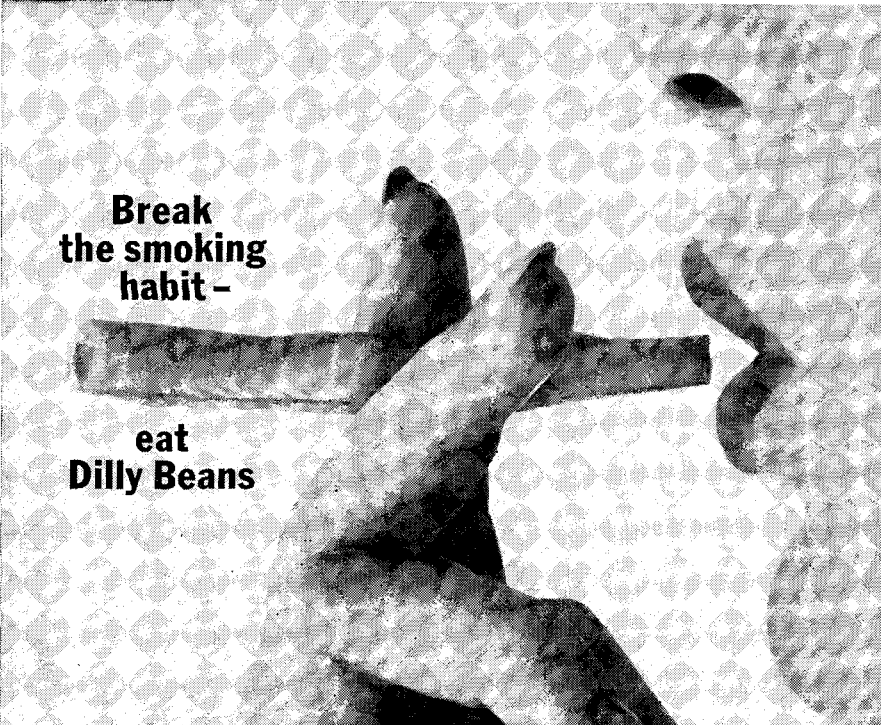
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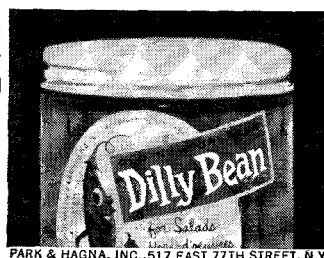
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LETTER FROM THE OLYMPICS

SEPTEMBER 11

THERE is a childish sadness about departing from an Olympics stadium after the last day of the Games. It is like leaving a school where one has been happy, and knowing that the school will never reopen. A world has fused, existed, and dissolved. Here in Rome, the first day of the Games, when nobody knew his way about, has receded into the distant past, although it was only two weeks ago. Actually, there were only eight days of competition in this particular stadium—the Opening Ceremony having preceded the starters' guns by a week—but so many exciting things happened in those eight days that they seem a long time. At the opening, the blue-smocked girl ushers huddled, intimidated, in the runways, sure that they would never be able to make themselves understood by the *forestieri*, and accepted your ticket only when you forced it upon them; then they led you to someone else's place and abandoned you. And the boy venders, crying "*Aranciata! Coca! Birra! Limonata!*," walked on your feet and spilled the drinks down your neck. But by the last day the girls had become helpful and authoritative, bouncing deadheads with a wave of a girlish hand, like an umpire calling an out, and the boys had become nimble as chamois, threading their way between bony English knees and vast German paunches without touching a marker, and making change for a thousand-lira note with one hand while pouring a Coke with the other. These talents, laboriously acquired, have now become useless. Once the seats seemed hard and narrow; at the end, we had become hardened and narrowed to them. Seats that commanded a good view of the finish were in a category marked "extra"—pronounced by the ushers "ek-ke-stra"—and were priced higher than mere first-class. They were also ek-ke-stra narrow, because our thrifty Olympic hosts wanted to fit in as many of them as possible. (A seat was the space between two lines on a bench; they were drawn by a man whose regular job was cutting diamonds.) But by the last day these hardships seemed jokes, for we—*forestieri* and *Italiani* alike—had shared emotions that men experience only at Olympia: elation that was not based on doing somebody in the eye, despair that washed away at the stadium gate on the way home. And

now it was done. We streamed out toward the grim rendezvous with the autobuses. (At least, the others did. I had that game beaten.) For the last time, in the gathering dark, we walked over the bronze letters, spelling "Duce Duce Duce," that were set into the pavement; for the last time we heard the loudspeakers of the police announcing,



in three languages, one after another, the loss of some wretched child by its parents, who had not had sense enough to hold on to it. (And if they had had more sense, they would have left it at home in England or Milwaukee.) The venders, desperate, for the last time hawked their souvenir goods. The bottom had fallen out of the market; there were thousands of Olympic balloons, millions of souvenir badges, billions of Olympic buttons left over. As usual, nobody stopped.

Since the Cerimonia di Apertura, in canicular heat, the weather of Rome, especially in late afternoon, has changed to autumnal cool, and this, too, has made the opening seem long ago. For the last time, I walked across the bridge over the Tiber—wondering, for the last time, what went on aboard the shabby houseboat moored to the Rome-side bank—and, proceeding three blocks right, then one block left, arrived on a desolate piazza without history, where, at the *gelateria*, I drank two glasses of mineral water. This routine had within a few days become part of my life. I turned left again for half a block and came to a submerged garage. I walked down the ramp, and there the *garagista* was waiting for me.

He trundled a Fiat out of the herd grazing in the subterranean pasture. We got in, and he drove me to the Grand Hotel. On the way, we talked, in pidgin Italian, about what had happened in the stadium that day. He was my discovery of the Games. On the evening after the Apertura, baffled because there were no taxis and the buses were packed, I was struck by the thought that in any place where there were garages there must be cars, and somebody to drive them. I found my man and made myself understood. Now this logistic accomplishment, like the skills of the ushers, would be wasted. Parting from the small *garagista* and his small car, I felt sad. I never learned his name, but other motorists addressed him as Cretino.

WITHIN the stadium, the last day furnished a full measure of excitement. Nothing happened to equal Elliott's splendid Olympic mile, or the feat of the New Zealanders in the eight-hundred-metre and the five-thousand-metre, but a Russian, Bolotnikov, won a great race in the ten-thousand-metre. It was the first and only running event won by a Russian male. (The Russian women won six gold medals in the stadium, and the men five—Bolotnikov's, the high jump, the javelin, the hammer throw, and a walk.) The distance runs are not an American forte, and if one judges only by the competitors exhibited in American championships, it is hard to imagine how exciting a great distance race can be. At home, there are seldom more than one or two men in the field who have a chance; the rest jog along on sufferance for what seem interminable laps, and then, at the end, the favorite comes away and wins as he pleases. At most, there is a duel. But in Olympic competition, where there are so many good runners and no common form, the game is serious from the first. A man from Poland or Australia or Morocco takes the lead, and, for all the spectators know, he means to stay there. This time, our only entry—a runner named Truex—was an outsider. (Finishing sixth, he did better than had been expected.) Patriotism promising no reward, I therefore rooted for Rhadi, a Moroccan, who ran second for about half the distance, always accompanied by two Russians. Then they ran faster than he did. An Australian named

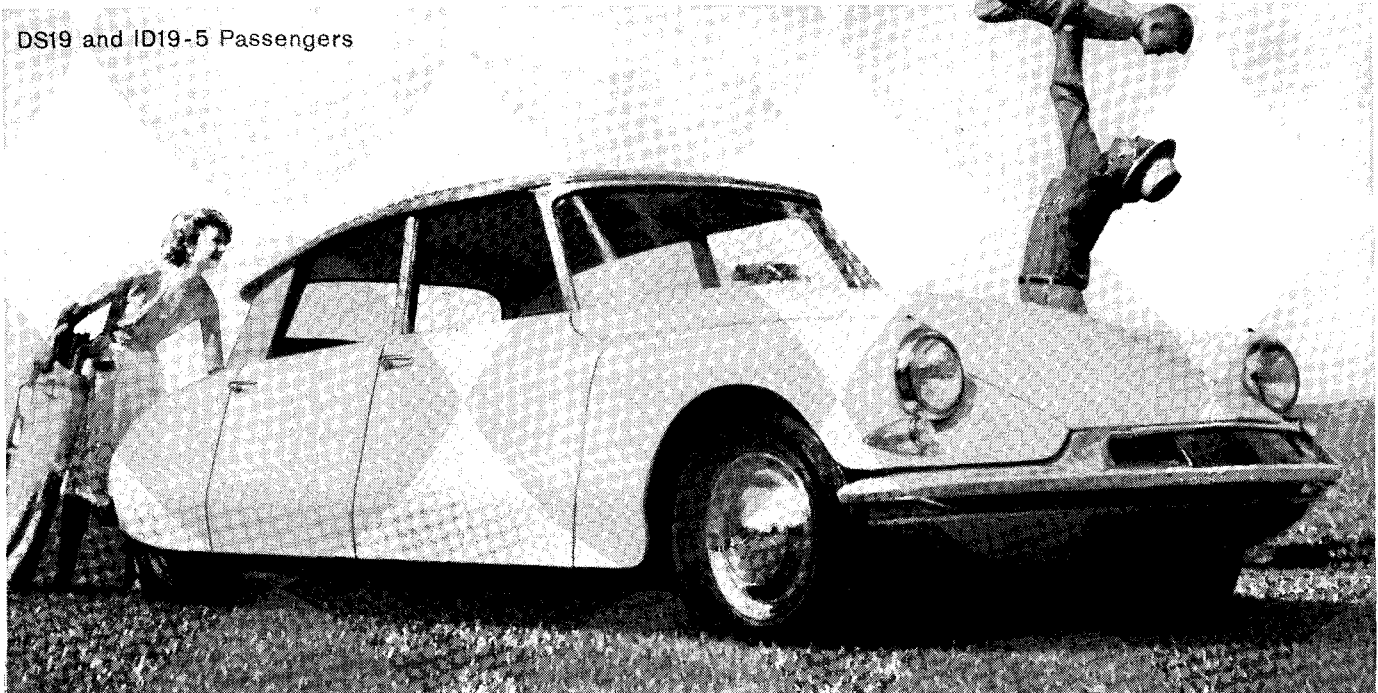
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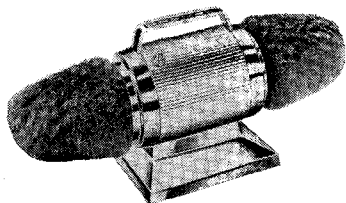
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Power went up and fought them for the lead, and after that a German with a Polish name, Grodotzki, got into the race. The second Russian dropped back a few yards, and the German, the Australian, and Bolotnikov, a barrel-chested blond, fought it out. At the end, Bolotnikov went ahead and won by ten yards. I had rooted for Rhadi, first, because I have had a sentimental interest in North Africa ever since I took Carthage's side against Rome, and, second, because I wanted to see one of the new nations win a big event, to encourage the others. (Milkha Singh, of India, had proved a first-class quarter-miler, but finished only fourth.)

In general, though, the exotics had proved slightly disappointing. The notion that every jungle harbors instinctive high jumpers and every desert swift-footed runners was exposed as a romantic fallacy, and the new boys looked a couple of Olympiads away, by which time they would have had some coaching. In the sixteen-hundred-metre relay, the American team, including two Davises—Glenn, white, and Otis, colored—won handily, beating Germany for first. Glenn Davis, winner of the four-hundred-metre hurdles in Olympic-record time, ran the third leg, and handed over a five-yard lead to Otis Davis, who had won the four-hundred-metre flat in world-record time. In that event, Otis had just outlasted the German quarter-miler Kaufmann, and in the relay, Kaufmann, running the anchor for Germany, started as if in a hundred-yard dash. He caught Otis in a hundred yards and then stopped, as if he had run a hundred-yard dash. Davis simply kept on running, and the margin between them was the same at the finish of the leg as at the beginning. Each Davis has now won two gold medals.

The American women's relay team then won the four-hundred-metre relay. All these runners were colored, and Wilma Rudolph, our last runner, made the women in the other lanes look like members of a third athletic sex—perhaps junior misses. She runs the hundred in time that would have won dual meets between men's university teams when I went to college. I am on principle opposed to the serious consideration of women's track events in Olympic Games, but if they are to be taken seriously, American women may as well win them. In fact, although the whole unofficial, quantitative method of "scoring" the Olympic Games by number of medals won—with no regard to what they are won for—is insane, I, like everybody else in this atmosphere, found myself beginning to fall for it. If there



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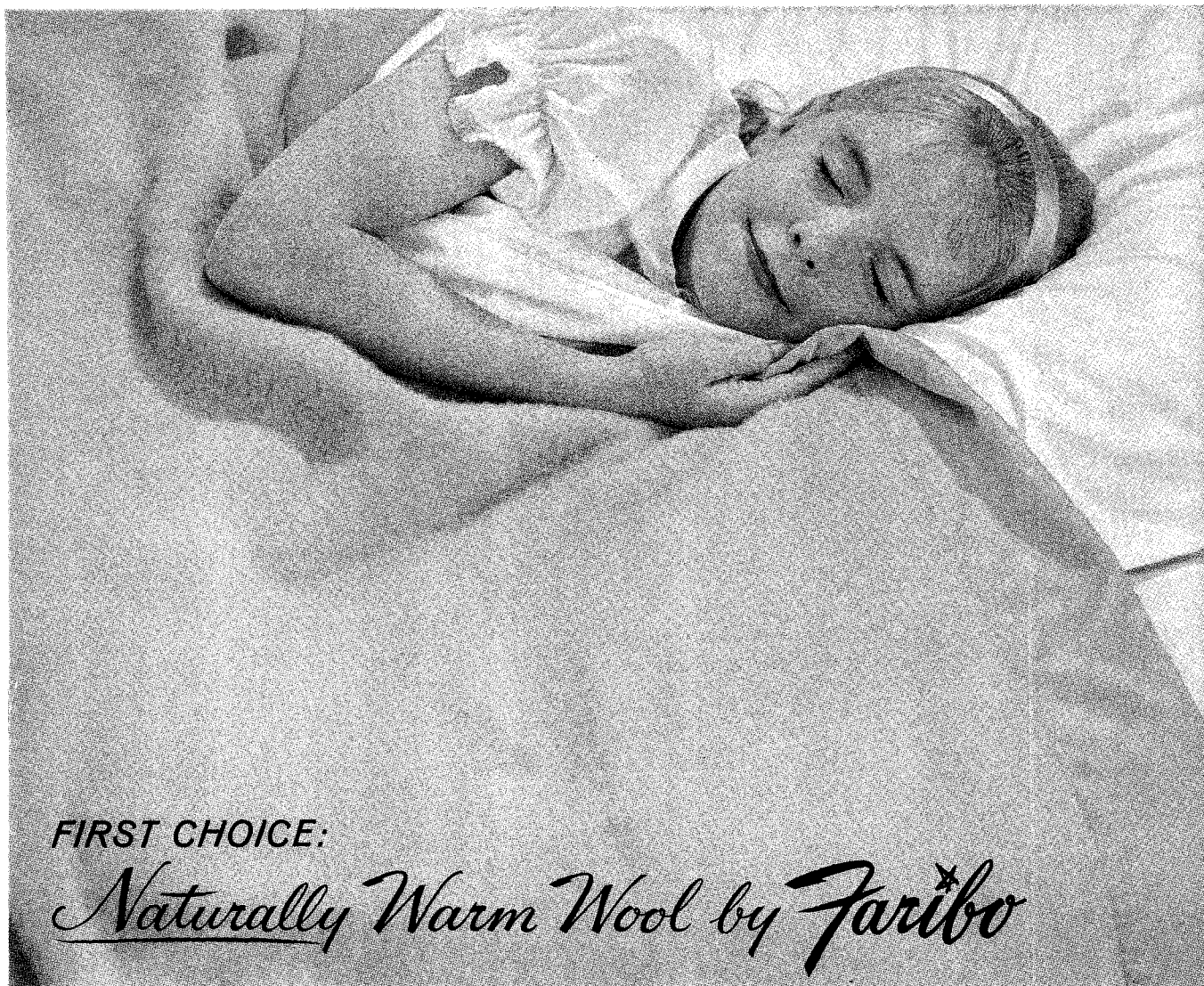
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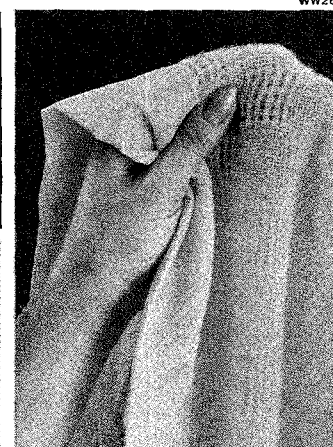


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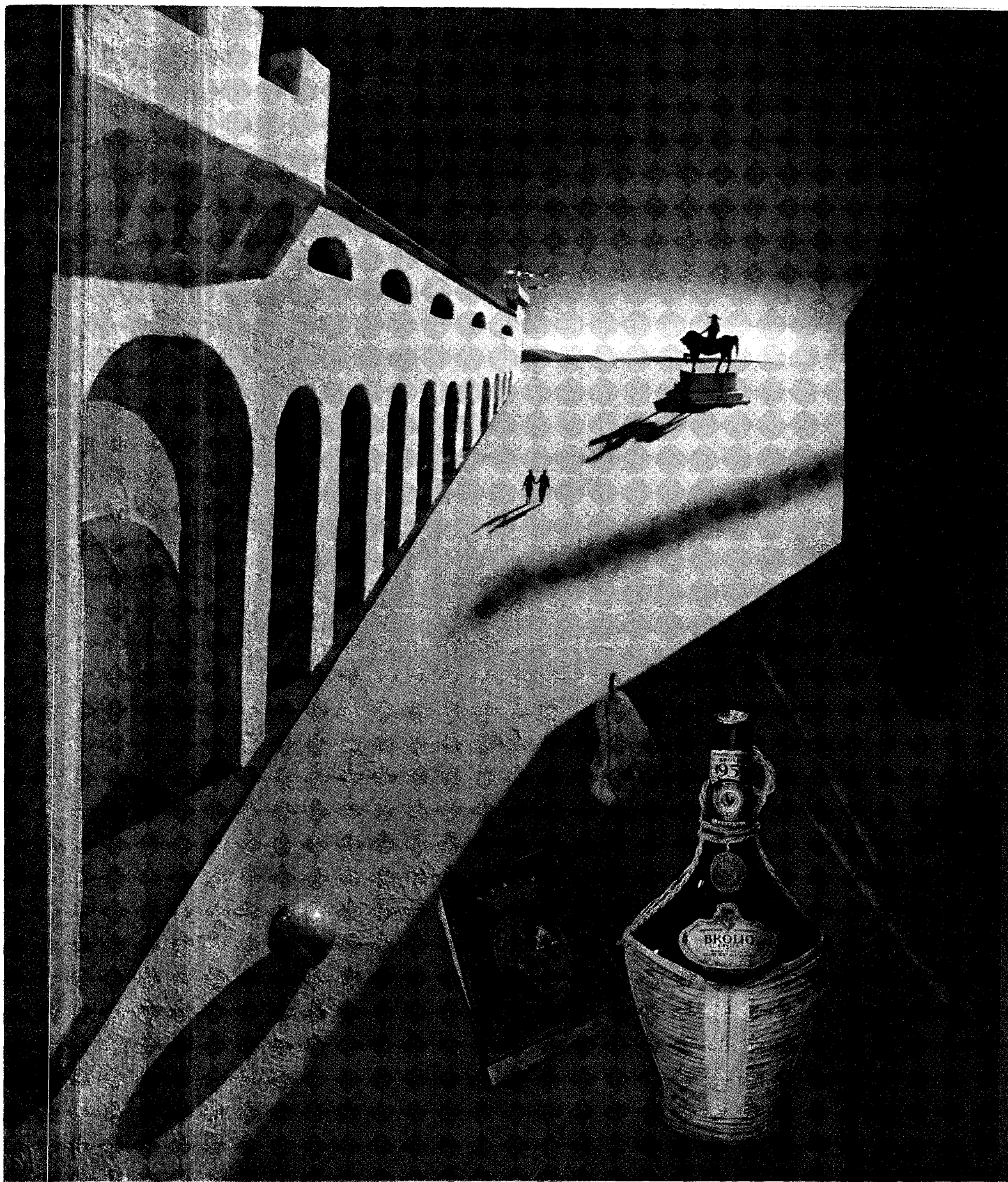
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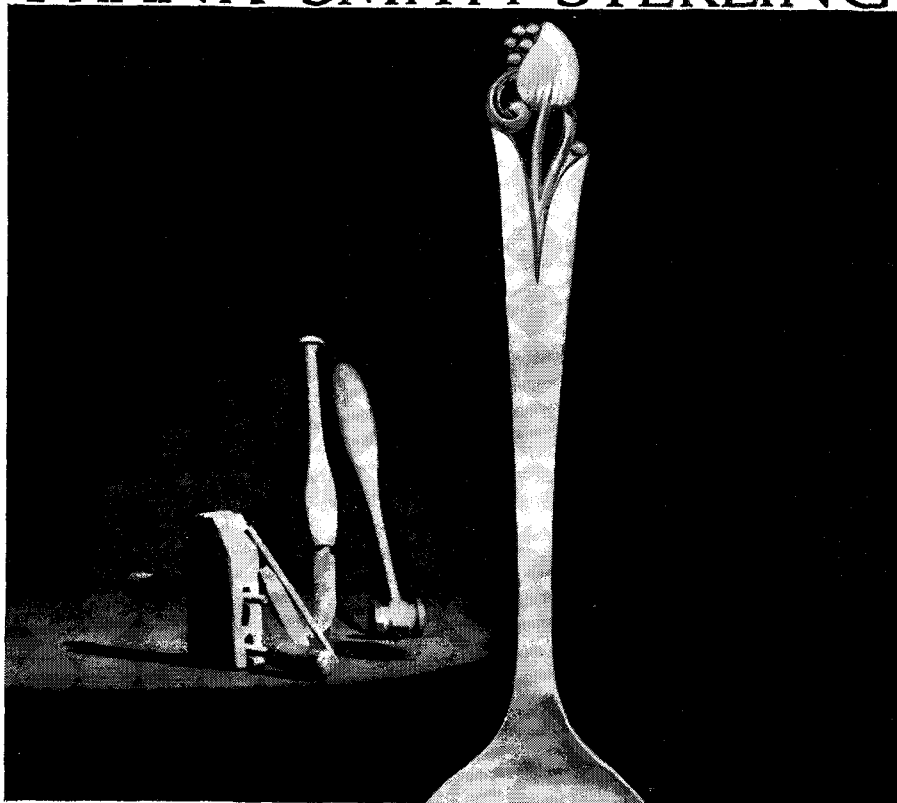
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were a contest in bird calling or clipping poodles and we did not win it, I would be desolate. In any case, Miss Rudolph is a joy to behold, even when standing still.

In the four-hundred-metre relay for men, which we Americans expected to be another handy win, we were dismayed when Norton, our second man, started fast without the baton and then had to come almost to a stop to receive it from Budd, our first runner. The bad pass must have cost us a fifth of a second, which is more than two yards, but Norton ran well with the baton after he got it, and passed it smoothly enough to Johnson, our third man, who handed it to Dave Sime, the anchor. Sime, still behind when he got the stick, ran a beautiful hundred and finished a clear winner over the Germans. We all sighed with relief. It was then announced that the pass, which had hurt only the Americans and had not hampered the Germans at all, had been illegal. It was indeed, according to an old Olympic rule that never made much sense. A relay runner (after the first man, naturally) gets off to a flying start, but the rule limits the distance he can run before receiving the baton. It stands to reason that the fresh man will do better than the one who has just run himself into the ground, and that there is nothing to be gained by letting the tired man carry the baton extra distance, which is the natural result of accepting the baton late. Still, a rule is a rule, and the Americans were disqualified. This set off a victory demonstration among the massed Germans on the other side of the field, who chanted "Heil! Heil! Heil!" as if their compatriots had won by their own virtue, and the German relay team, by now in sweat clothes, rushed to the center of the field and hugged one another. The United States did not need the gold medal to affirm its lead in "light athletics, masculine," as the Italian papers refer to track, but with few exceptions the citizens of the short-lived stadium republic mourned for Norton. A powerful Negro who looks like a champion, he came to Rome hailed as the best American sprinter—he had won the tryouts in the United States. Since he has been here, nothing has worked for him. He ran sixth in both the hundred and the two-hundred, which he had been touted to win, and, to make things worse, these events, usually considered an "American fief," as the Italian journalists kept reminding us, were won not by other Americans but by Europeans. American sprinters whom Norton had beaten in the United States finished second in

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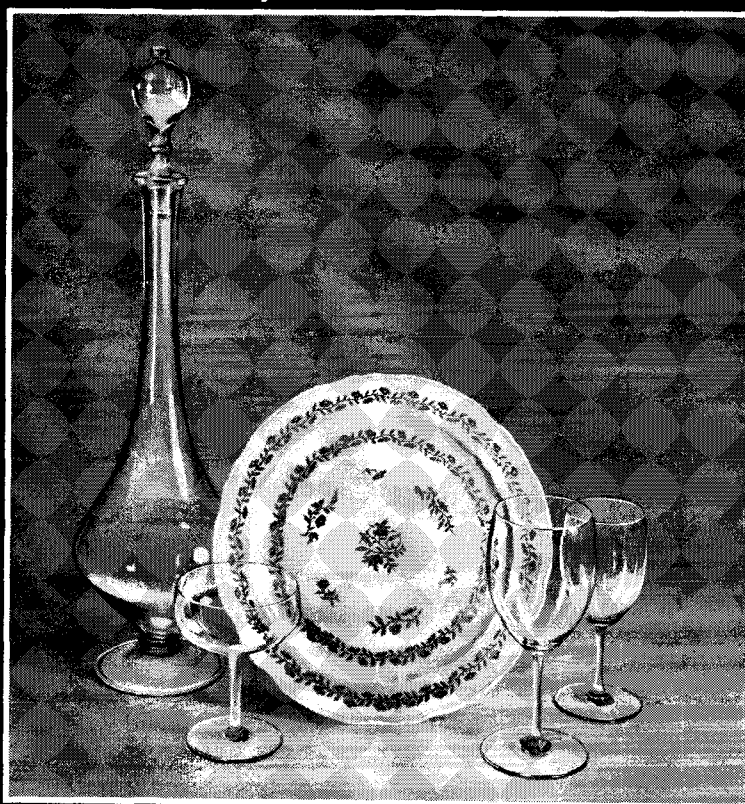


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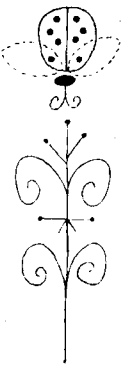
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both races. Now, with a sure win in prospect, he had blown not only his own gold medal but the gold medals that his three mates on the relay team had earned with their legs. This must have been the bitterest thought of all for him. He had suffered the equivalent of the slump that sometimes affects even the best ballplayers, when they go a week without a hit and then the ball hits them on the head or goes between their legs in the field. Poor Norton's slump came in the week of the World Series. Miss Rudolph's announcement that she was going to marry him should have cheered him up, but it apparently just made him nervous. (He can still beat her four yards in a hundred, anyway.)

WHILE Norton's bad luck hung over the stadium like rain clouds, fortune smiled on V. Cybulenko, a large, knock-kneed Russian javelin thrower with a retreating hairline. In the qualifying throws that morning, he had got only a passing grade, while a Pole named Sidlo had thrown the spear eighty-five metres—around two hundred and seventy-nine feet. But throws in the qualifying round do not count in the preliminaries or the finals. That was Cybulenko's first stroke of luck. His second was that on his first throw in the afternoon preliminaries he got the javelin out eighty-four metres. His third was that a wind then arose and it began to rain, making it impossible for anybody to throw within fifty feet of form. Cybulenko himself kept chucking the spear like the others, and could not approach eighty-four again. His fourth bit of luck was that although throws in the qualifier do not count in the preliminaries, throws in the preliminaries count in the finals. Sidlo's eighty-five, therefore, was out, and V. Cybulenko's eighty-four was in. It was all rather like a medieval miracle—especially the wind that arose and deflected the spears of the adversaries—and it would have been easier to understand if V. Cybulenko had represented a more godly constituency, such as Ireland or Spain. (The Irish, who have a fine Olympic history, got nothing at all this time, and the Spaniards drew their usual blank.) V. Cybulenko won, and should have a prosperous later life, charging people ten kopecks to touch him for luck.

While the javelin-throwing went on at one end of the stadium, the women's high jump proceeded at the other, supporting my thesis that there should be separate championships for big women and small women. The winner, a Miss Balas, of Rumania, was about one and

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five-eighths times as tall as the next two contenders. She cleared 1.85 metres, which is six feet and seven-eighths of an inch—an Olympic record for women of any height. This, like Miss Rudolph's time for the hundred on the flat, was a performance that would have won her a varsity letter at Leland Stanford or Yale thirty years ago.

ALTOGETHER, it was a great day. Traditionally, it would have been finished off by the arrival in the stadium of the winner of the marathon, which would have started there some two hours earlier. A Roman expert in protraction, however—perhaps the same genius of the hotel industry who thought of the gap between the opening and the beginning of the Games—had decided that it would be a better idea to hold the marathon all by itself, two evenings later, on Saturday, and sell seats in grandstands along the approaches to the finish. This was, moreover, to be the first scenic marathon in history, run under special street lights along classic thoroughfares like the Appian Way and finishing in front of the Arch of Constantine. The runners would familiarize themselves with historic sights along the route, reflect upon the grandeur that was Rome, and perhaps identify with the Christian martyrs. Then, on Sunday, there was to be a Cerimonia di Chiusura, or closing (more tickets), in the stadium. But the jig was up. One could deduce it from the first pages of the newspapers even on Friday, the day following Mr. Cybulenko's good luck. *La Stampa*, while carrying the customary Olympic picture of an "agonistic" finish on the front page, gave it no space in the text; instead of Olympic coverage, it featured the headline "CANCER KILLS 70,000 PERSONS IN ITALY EACH YEAR." *Il Messaggero* brightened its first page with "THE BODY OF A WOMAN WITH THE CRANIUM FRACTURED FOUND IN A THICKET ALONG THE VIA FLAMINIA." *Il Tempo*, the rival of *Il Messaggero*, made its play with a young man in Sicily who had blown out the brains of his grandfather, his grandmother, and his small nephew and niece—a shocking example of irresponsible conduct. Thus, each returned to its normal preoccupations.

The Italians by now had finished their collection of medals—in all, thirteen gold medals and a mess of little ones. It was, beyond doubt, a fine showing for a nation of fifty million people, and it has acted on the national spirit like a magnificent *zampone* washed down with a bottle of Nebbiolo. The twelfth of these medals was, I think, the best,



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except for Berruti's victory in the two-hundred-metre. It came in the equestrian Grand Prix des Nations, for individual jumping, which was run off under the cypresses in the Piazza di Siena, a meadow in the pleasant park that backs up to the Via Veneto. There were wooden stands around the piazza, and the whole affair had a flavor of horse-loving rusticity within a few hundred yards of the screaming brakes and packed café tables of the honky-tonk thoroughfare. The winner, Raimondo d'Inzeo, and his brother Piero, who finished second, have been among the great riders of the world for a long time. Never before, I suppose, have brothers scored such a one-two in the Olympics. Horse-show riders have longer careers than quarter-milers; the cast of this Prix des Nations included many who rode in 1952 at Helsinki, when Pierre Jonquères d'Oriola won for France after a great jump-off against the German Thiedemann. D'Oriola and Thiedemann were here again, but they were off form. (All Frenchmen have been off form in every sport here; it is not their year.) The course did not look hard. It was, rather, tricky; horses that had skimmed briskly over the hardest-looking jumps came to grief on jumps that less talented entries negotiated with ease. Raimondo d'Inzeo had one perfect round in the morning—the only perfect round of the competition. No other rider had fewer than four faults in the morning, and the four-fault man was an Argentine outsider, from whom a second great round was hardly to be expected. This put the pressure on d'Inzeo's opposition, and they started the second round like batters with two strikes and one ball on them. They could not afford mistakes, and d'Inzeo could afford one or two. He made twelve faults in his afternoon round. The Englishman David Broome made the fewest—seven—but he had had a mediocre morning round, with sixteen. He took third place; Piero d'Inzeo, with eight faults in the morning and eight in the afternoon, was the second best. It was a restful occasion.

THE exotics had their revenge—and a salutary revenge—in the marathon. I noted two weeks ago that when the Ethiopian athletes marched past the president's tribune in the Cerimonia di Apertura, I wondered what they were thinking about. They were competing in a stadium begun by a man who had suppressed their country. The inscriptions commemorating the fall of Addis Ababa still deface marble blocks in the stadium approach. There is a highly vocal Neo-Mussolinian group

CONE CHAIR

BY *Verner Panton*



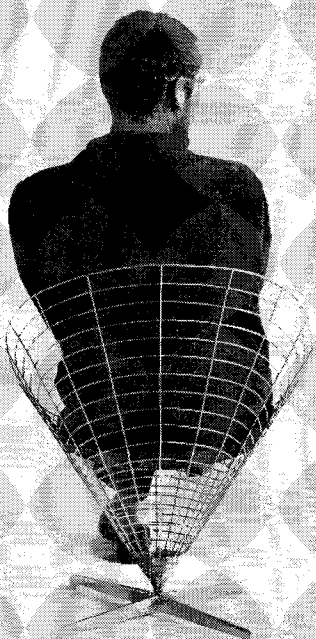
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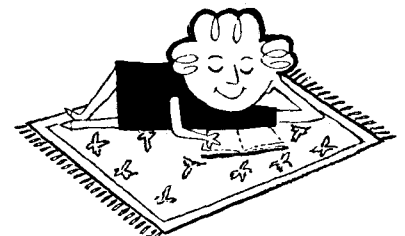
CONE CHAIR

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here that opposes all attempts to erase the words of the great maker of hollow phrases; for example, the editorialist of *Il Tempo* suggested in a front-page piece this morning that all the troubles of the Western world had started with Italy's expulsion from Africa, and his remarks on "Rooseveltian democratic ideology" would have satisfied the late Colonel Robert Rutherford McCormick. What at least one Ethiopian had been thinking at the Cerimonia became apparent yesterday evening. He was a man named Bikila Abebe, and he had been thinking, correctly, that it would be a fine thing for the home folks if he could run barefoot all over Rome and win the marathon. So he did. It wasn't even a race; he just ran away from the field, accompanied most of the way by the Moroccan Rhadi, who had used the ten-thousand-metre as a tune-up. The two Africans, symbolizing the escape of their continent from people like the editorialist, fled through the night, leaving behind not only the representatives of the colonial powers but the Russians, whose intentions they apparently suspected. They moved so unobtrusively that half the people in the streets didn't know that the business end of the marathon had passed by. They did not stop even for an *espresso* at a bar or to buy a picture postcard. (All businessmen here have complained that the visitors have spent no money.) Whether they spoke to each other, or what they said, is not on record in the public press, but all agree that they appeared in good spirits. Half a mile or so from the Arch of Constantine, the Ethiop left the Moor. He ran on alone, no doubt thinking how kind the ancient Romans were to have spread soft cobblestones for his feet; it was about the best break they ever gave anybody. Arriving at the Arch, he inclined his head and waved his hands in greeting. He was polite; clearly, he hoped that the people were glad to see him. He had had a nice lope, and in his inner Amharic mind perhaps he attributed Rhadi's defeat to the Moroccan's addiction to shoes. He walked about to keep warm until the Olympic victory ceremonial, which could not be consummated until the appearance of the third man, a New Zealander, who did not arrive for a considerable time. After him, the other representatives of the higher cultures arrived, at intervals of from three minutes to half an hour, and fell on their faces. It was a glorious ending to the Olympic Games that Mussolini planned to hold, and should teach *Il Tempo* that a man's a man for all that. *Evviva l'Etiopia!*

— A. J. LIEBLING



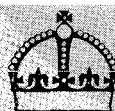
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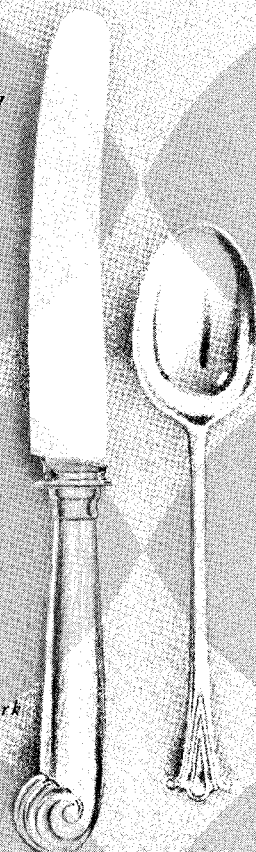
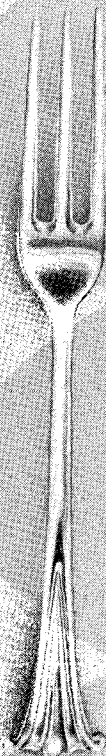
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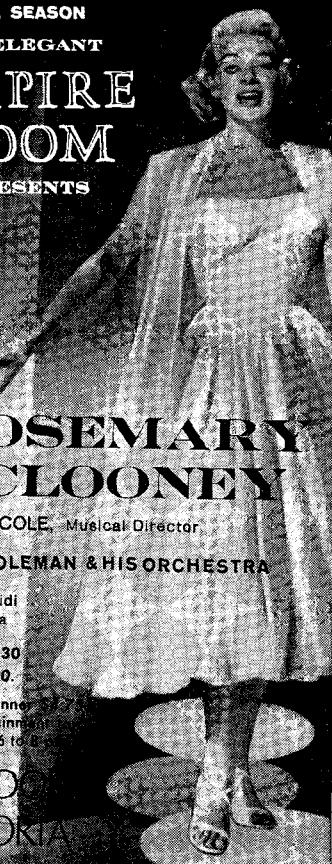
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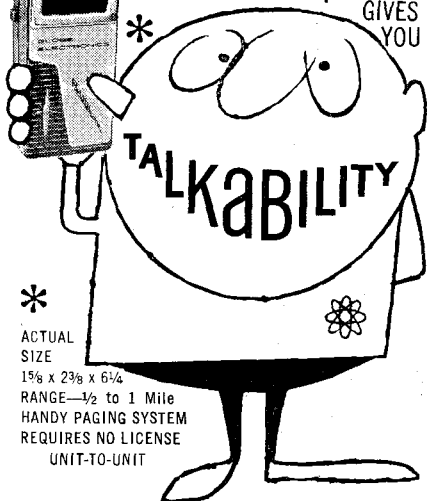
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NEW YORK, N. Y.
SEPTEMBER 5, 1960

The Editors, *The New Yorker*
DEAR SIRs:

THOSE of your readers who, like me, enjoyed Miss Lillian Ross's account of the recent adventures of eighteen young natives of Stinesville, Indiana, and its environs, as tourists in New York ("The Yellow Bus," issue of August 20th) might be interested in the adventures of two New Yorkers—my husband and me—as tourists in Stinesville, Indiana.

Just as the Stinesville graduates had heard something about New York before coming here, we had heard something about Stinesville before going there, because my husband's maternal grandfather, William Emery, had run a limestone quarry in Stinesville during the eighteen-nineties, and my mother-in-law's earliest recollections are of the town and of the lovely countryside and its simple rural pleasures. She also remembers that one day, when she was five or six, the hired girl took her to a lynching as a way of passing the afternoon.

It was five summers ago that we went to Indiana. We got almost as far as Stinesville when my husband went to Bloomington, to teach at the annual week-long writers' conference sponsored by Indiana University, and I went with him. Immediately after we arrived, the Bloomington newspaper, the *Herald-Telephone*, called up to interview my husband as a member of the conference's faculty, and he mentioned that his grandfather had quarried limestone in Stinesville until he moved to Calaveras County, California, where he bought an interest in a gold mine—or, to be more exact, in a mine without any gold in it. The *Herald-Telephone* naturally reported what mattered: "EARLY STINESVILLE STONEMAN'S GRANDSON LECTURER HERE." The conference itself and its several distinguished literary figures were relegated to a picture caption.

The newspaper publicity brought us an endearing lunch guest, Mrs. Aimée Weinland, née Miller, who had been a Stinesville playmate of my mother-in-law's, and whose father had been Stinesville's Baptist minister. My mother-in-law remembers Preacher Miller leading his candidates for baptism right into the local creek and dunking them thoroughly. The creek was named,

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heaven knows why, Jack's Defeat. ("The saved," she told us, "would come up coughing and spitting and shivering but *saved*.") In the eighteen-nineties, Stinesville had accommodated several denominations, but I was not surprised to learn from Miss Ross that Mary Jane Carter, the daughter of the Nazarene minister, was the only member of the Bean Blossom Township High School class of 1960 who had heard of an Episcopalian. My husband's grandparents, who had emigrated from England, were Episcopalians, but they kept quiet about it when they discovered that it was the wrong thing to be in the Middle West, and tactfully sent their three children to all the Stinesville Sunday schools and strawberry festivals more or less in rotation—an upbringing that left my mother-in-law and her brothers theologically confused but tolerant.

Mrs. Weinland asked about the Emery family and then told us that she herself had moved the twelve miles to Bloomington years earlier. She said that lots of people had left Stinesville. The town began to decline after 1893, when a depression shut down the limestone quarries. Their owners, in most cases, had not been rich enough to wait out the bad times. The few who had been had acquired all the properties, incorporated them, and ascended to Indianapolis high society, and most of the other owners, like Grandpa Emery, had moved away.

Mrs. Weinland lamented Stinesville's diminution only briefly; she had come to reminisce. She told us one story we already knew by heart: how on the night the Emerys left Stinesville the whole town turned out to see them off. A great crowd assembled at the Monon Railroad depot in Stinesville and lit a huge bonfire—whether to keep warm or for fun or to signal the train to stop we don't know. But Dennis Smith's rule, as reported by Miss Ross ("In Stinesville, they see you on the streets after eleven, they run you home"), has had at least one exception in the town's history. Mrs. Weinland and my mother-in-law agree that the Emerys' train departed at midnight, and the bonfire must have burned for quite some time after that.

With our second-hand recollections refreshed, my husband and I felt that we had to pay a visit to Stinesville to see the fabled depot and, if possible, the Emerys' former house and quarry. (Before we left Bloomington, we were taken to see its landmark, the luncheonette where Hoagy Carmichael is said to



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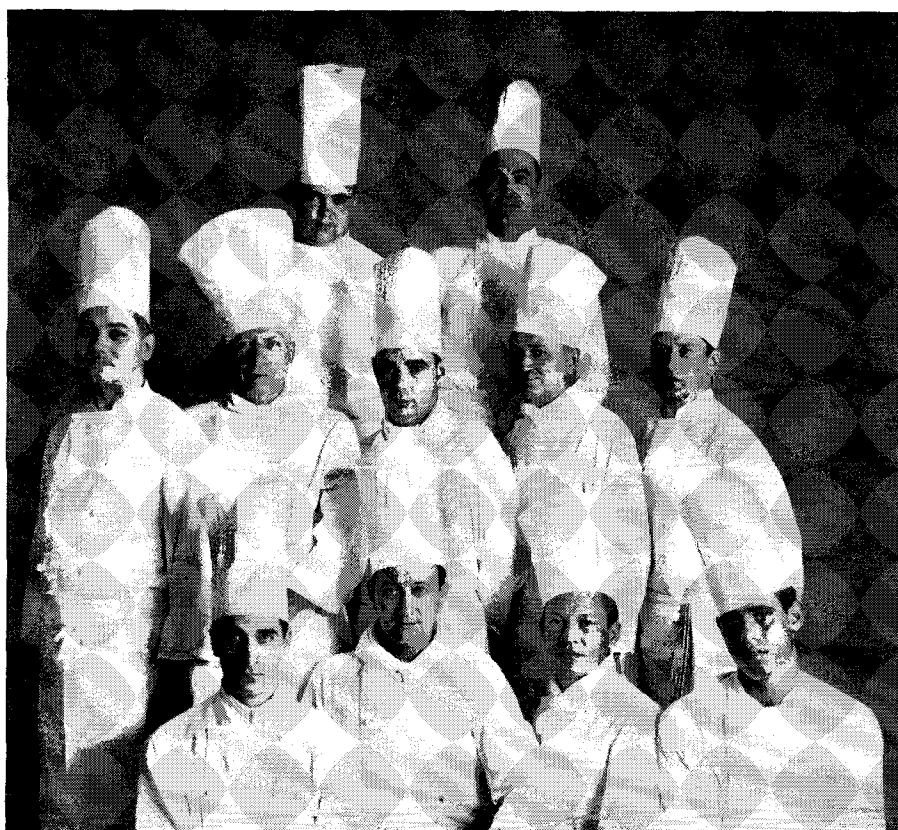
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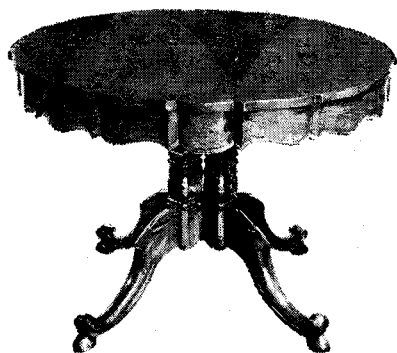
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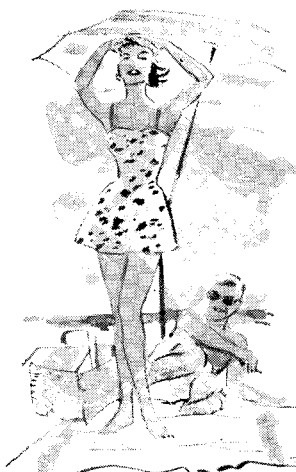
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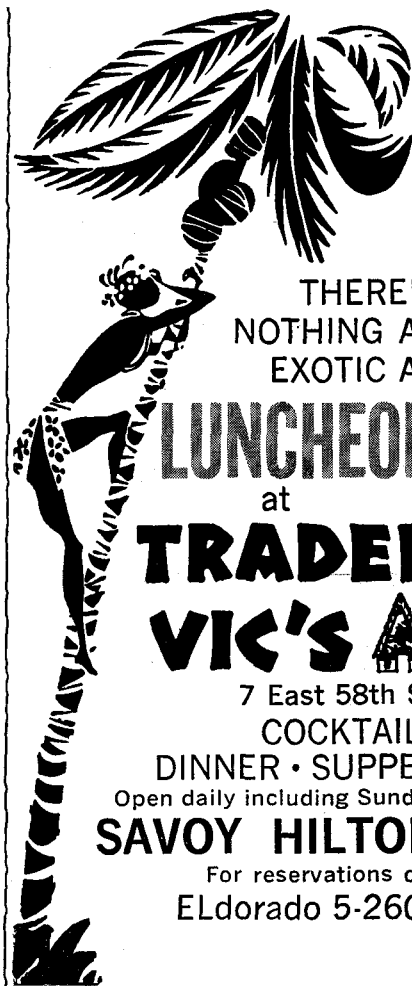
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have composed "Star Dust.") The conference ended on Saturday. On Sunday morning, packed and dressed, we got into the car, drove past Frisch's Big Boy, and headed northwest for Stinesville. My husband, at the wheel, was wearing a summer-weight business suit, a white shirt, and a necktie, and I a dark cotton dress, black high-heeled pumps, stockings, gloves, and a hat. By Stinesville standards, we looked "peculiar," we now realize. At the time, five years before Miss Ross's article, we would have described ourselves as looking inconspicuous.

The road from Bloomington to Stinesville dwindled progressively. The last bit, leading right into Stinesville itself, resembled a private-access road to somebody's weekend retreat. It was so rough and narrow that we thought we were lost, but in our going-back-to-the-roots frame of mind we felt that this was our country and we couldn't be lost, except geographically. Then, to our relief, the road dipped into a valley and there was Stinesville spread out before us on the far slope—an aggregation of square white buildings sitting higgledy-piggledy in very green, undulating countryside. We crossed the Monon Railroad tracks, but if there was a station, apart from a kind of shed, we didn't see it. As I recall, we passed a store or two, and then, following the road, started up the hill. It was noon. Church services had just ended. Directly in front of us, on either side of the road, was the entire population of Stinesville, looking as if it had been freshly laundered. Our car was creeping along. If we had come upon only a single Stinesville resident, or even if the group had been less solid, everything might have turned out differently; we might have had the nerve to ask directions. Finding the entire population standing there was terrifying, for as we approached, everyone stopped talking and children ran to cower behind parental hips. The scene was deathly still, and every Stinesville resident turned to look at the black car with New York plates. The senior class of '60 discovered that New Yorkers do not smile at visitors from Stinesville. That matched our earlier discovery: Stinesvillers do not smile at visitors from New York. Actually, they glare at them.

We inched onward, following the road up the hill and admiring some more square white houses. Then, because the town seemed to be petering out and we hadn't the faintest idea where the road might lead, we swung into the wide, gravelled driveway of



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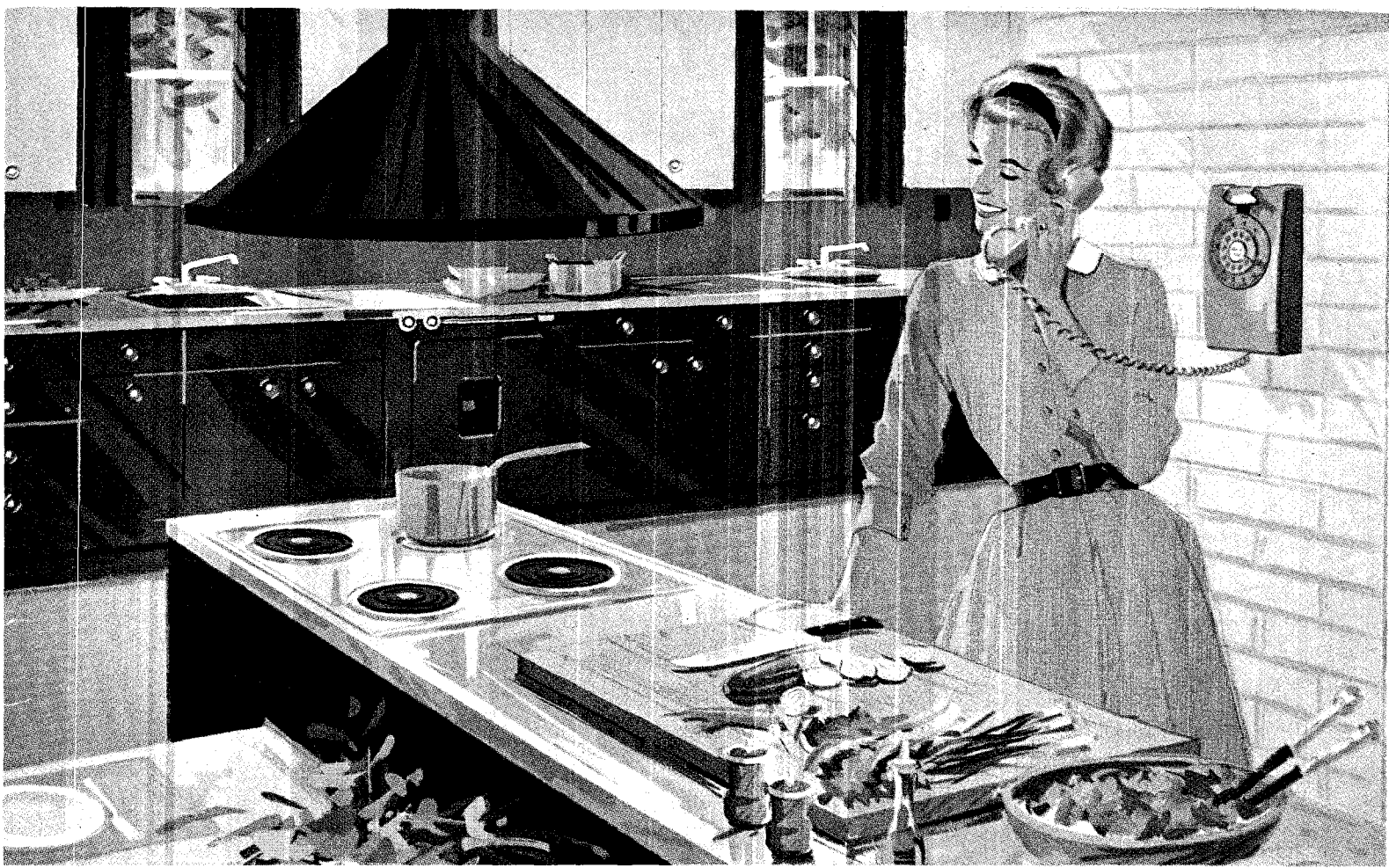


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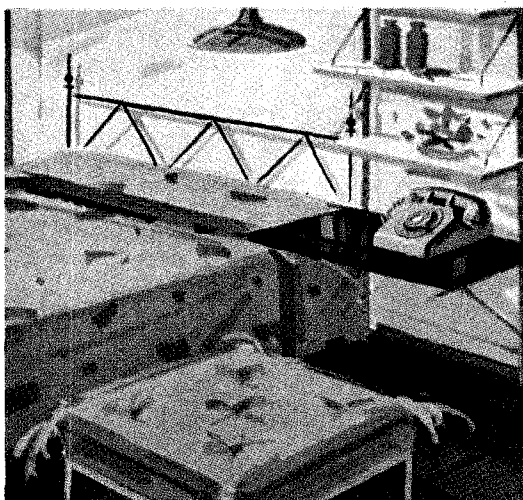
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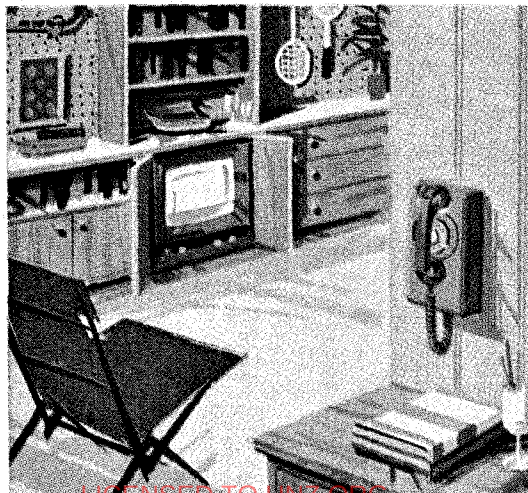
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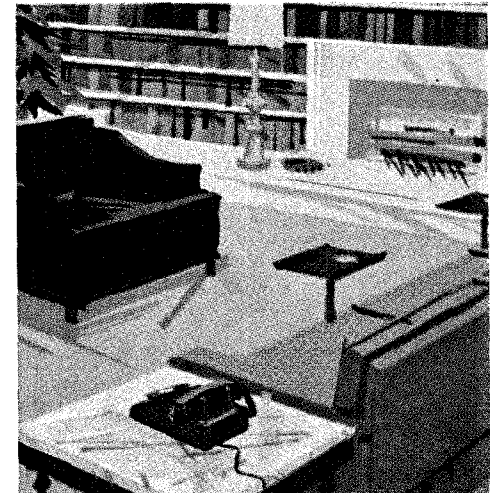
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what looked like a big school. (We have no doubt, in retrospect, that it was the Bean Blossom Township High School.) My husband turned the car around, and we prepared to run the gantlet a second time. At our reappearance, the hush fell once more. My indelible impression is that the Stinesvillers on my side of the road had arranged themselves in ranks, like those in a photograph of a savage tribe that, a week before posing, had eaten a missionary. I said nothing of my panicky notion to my husband until we reached the outskirts of Indianapolis, and then he admitted he had been remembering that the Indiana State Historical Society, in answer to a letter from my mother-in-law, had confirmed her recollection: there really had been a lynching in Stinesville, and she, in the hired girl's care, had doubtless seen it.

I suppose we spent a total of ten minutes in Stinesville, and we didn't talk to a soul. I wouldn't say we hated it, exactly. It was frightening, but, in time, a visitor might learn to appreciate the town. I doubt if we shall ever know, because, like Connie Williams, of Stinesville, we're satisfied with what we've got back home.

Sincerely,
NAOMI BLIVEN
(Mrs. Bruce Bliven, Jr.)

Since the expression *in the long run* can hardly be described as a precise scientific term, we shall speak instead of the *limit of the relative frequency*, which as far as we are concerned, really means exactly the same. Therefore it is the limit of the relative frequency which is defined as the probability of a given event, and as we can easily see, this is only the intuitive definition which we introduced in Chapters 3 and 6. Since the idea of a limit belongs to the study of calculus, we shall not burden ourselves with this complex notion, and use instead the more intuitive, yet easily understood expression *in the long run*.
—From *Modern Elementary Statistics*, by John E. Freund.

Too bad the matter ever came up.

I'll bet the country is full of women just like me who are running themselves ragged doing "volunteer work" they wouldn't have volunteered to do in a million years.

We are probably marked as women who can't say "No" to a good cause or to the persuasive voice of a do-gooder. Workers we are, but "volunteer workers" we definitely are NOT.

Try adding a bay leaf to your chicken fricassee along with the usual onion and celery.—*Raleigh (N.C.) News & Observer*.

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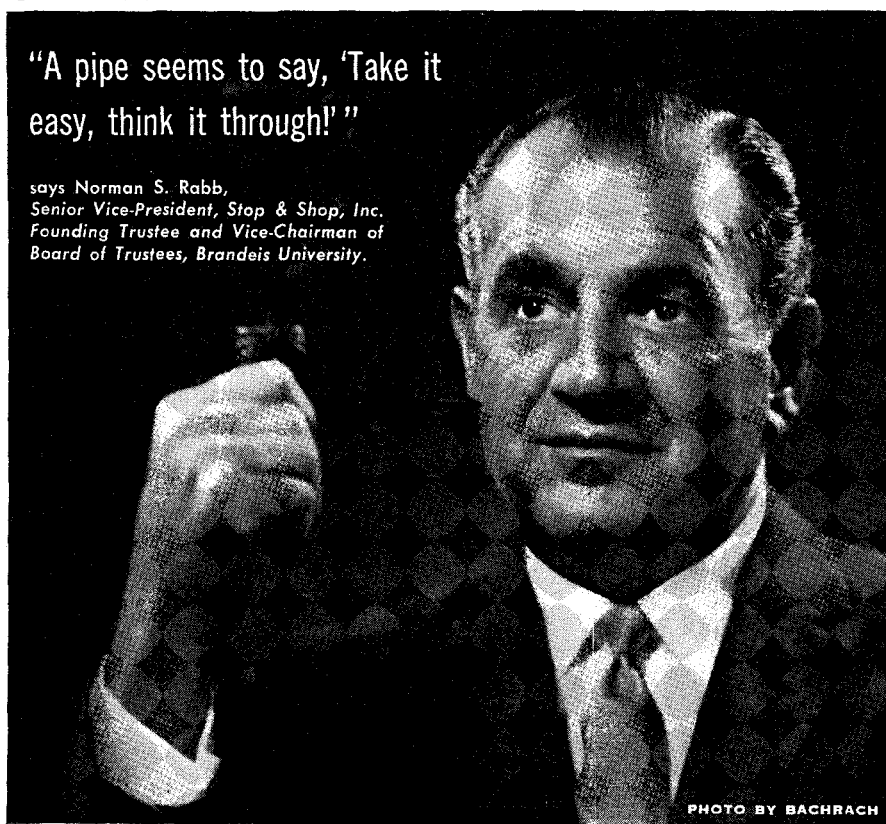


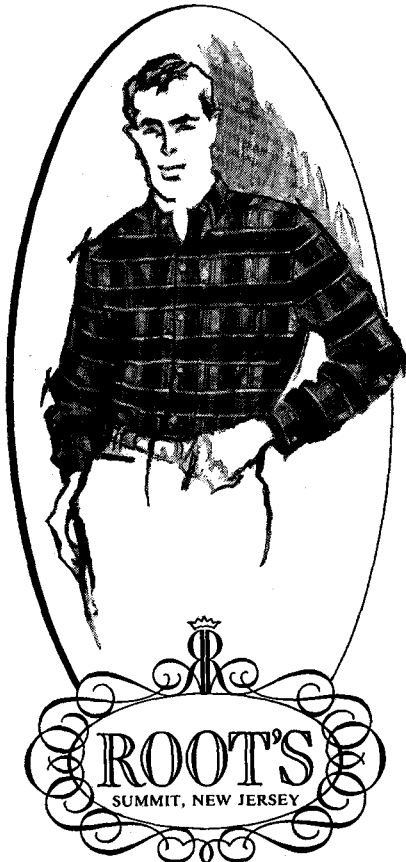
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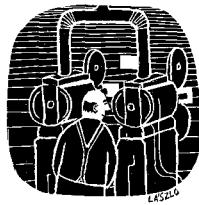


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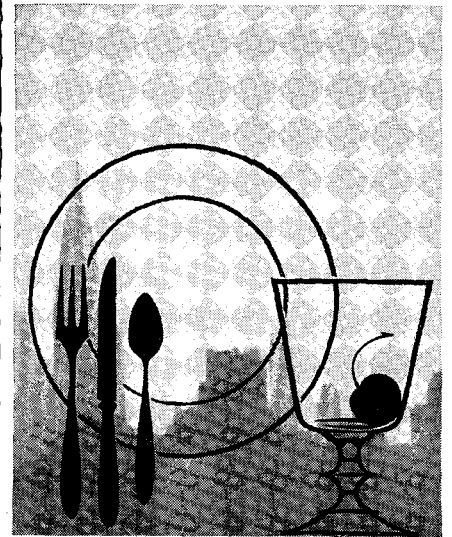
No Fun



MY chronic Anglophilia took a terrible beating in the course of "Carry On Nurse," which has just come to us from over the water and is distinguished by a vivid lack of those qualities of wit and understatement for which British comedy is famous. The scene is a men's ward in a small hospital, and plot there is none, though pranks abound. The makers of the picture have assumed that the sight of people sick in bed is so laugh-provoking that nothing more is needed save a single basic joke to ring changes on—in this case, the embarrassment that grown men are supposed to feel at having to be undressed and vigorously handled by young female nurses. Why are the naked bodies of men thought to be so funny, when the naked bodies of women are not? This is a big question, going straight back to prehistory, where, for the moment, we may safely leave it; let me simply note that people don't make comedies about *women's* wards in hospitals, and I hope they never will.

On the program with "Carry On Nurse," at the Little Carnegie, is a short called "Day of the Painter," which is said to be causing a to-do in artistic circles. In conception the film is a rather heavy-handed and Philistine spoof of that branch of abstract art known as action painting, but in execution it happens to be delightful; the myriad colors shown uncoiling onto the canvas (or, more properly, the Masonite) as the artist hurls them there by the uncalculated canful are enchanting to behold, and, by a fitting irony, the artist's finished work strikes me as much more charming than I suspect the perpetrators of the spoof intended it to be.

A YOUNG friend having reported that "Strangers When We Meet" had set back the cause of adultery by twenty years, nothing would do but that I go and judge the picture for myself. I find that my young friend, like so many young people nowadays, was on the conservative side; two hundred years would be more like it. Kim Novak is as beautiful as they come, and Kirk Douglas has a handsome head of teeth and hair, but because they are depicting



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"nice" people the affair between them is doomed from the start, and, having read the script, these two diligent actors know it and show it. (The script, by Evan Hunter, is taken from a novel by Evan Hunter, who thus has only himself to blame.) Douglas plays a talented architect married to an attractive but pushing wife; Miss Novak plays the wife of a personable but stiff—well, stiff. She and Douglas meet and melt on that temptation-beset suburban errand the delivery of small children to an early-morning school bus, and slowly, sadly, measuring their guilt with many a sigh, slip over the brink. Eventually, they slip back, brinks in movies often being practically at dead level, but before they do we are taken through some fairly harrowing domestic crises. Oscar Wilde said that only a man without a heart could fail to laugh at the death of Little Nell; I feel the same way about a scene in "Strangers When We Meet," in which poor Kim, in a judiciously unbuttoned sweater, vainly attempts to arouse desire in her genuinely puzzled husband. As an amateur of architecture, I enjoyed watching a house, supposedly designed by Douglas, go up before my very eyes. It turns out to be quite a pleasing house, in the fashionable Japanese vein. The man who commissions the house is a successful novelist, played by Ernie Kovacs, who is himself a successful novelist. In the picture, he writes his novels in a monogrammed dressing gown and bare feet, with a big cigar in one corner of his mouth.

—BRENDAN GILL

In a bowl, put the yolks of 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ pound butter cut in pieces, then add the hot vinegar. Cook, standing in boiling water, whipping all the time.—*Washington (D.C.) Post & Times Herald*.

The devil we will.

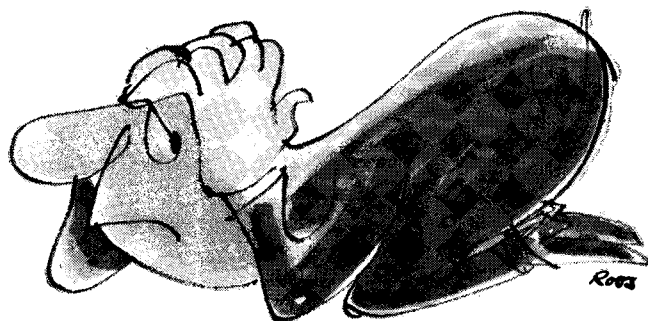
Members of the Junior Welfare League of Marietta are busy weaving angel's hair into filmy draperies, gilding ropes to tie them, and doing numerous other things they are not divulging.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Are we allowed to speculate?

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THE WAYWARD PRESS

A LITTLE over a month ago, on the morning of Wednesday, August 17th, a brief newspaper feature, distributed by the Publishers Syndicate, set off the kind of ripple in the American political community that is ordinarily set off only by major public events. Long before August 17th, politicians and political buffs had begun to speculate on what this particular story might have to say, and on the eve of its publication, when the hundred and twenty-five newspapers that buy the feature already had the text, their editors were telephoned by many highly placed friends seeking advance dope. Then, when that Wednesday morning finally arrived, nine politicians in ten pounced on their papers not to get the news of Eisenhower or Khrushchev or the Congo but to read a column by Dr. George Gallup giving the results of the first Presidential-preference poll taken after the Republican and Democratic Conventions by his American Institute of Public Opinion, of Princeton, New Jersey.

There is a strong likelihood—and I shall explain why shortly—that in the course of canvassing the country the Institute's pollers had found a modest majority for the Democrats among the persons questioned who knew their own minds. This, however, was not the news that Dr. Gallup gave his readers. Instead, he announced, with finality, that

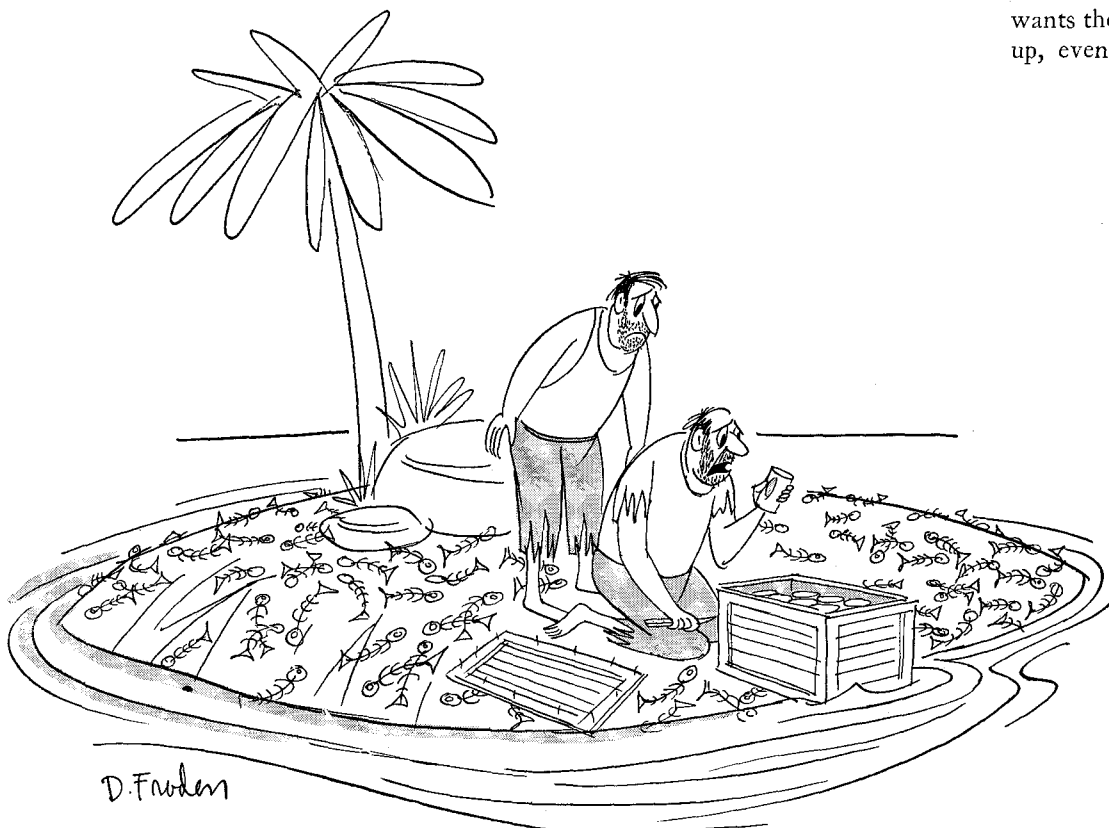
DISSECTION OF A POLL

fifty per cent of the American electorate currently favored Vice-President Richard M. Nixon, that forty-four per cent favored Senator John F. Kennedy, and that six per cent was undecided. If this caused distress in the Kennedy camp—and, of course, it did—the fact was promptly denied by Senator Kennedy's press secretary, Pierre Salinger; at a hastily called press conference he said that Kennedy's men were not alarmed, that they had little regard for polls, and that the result of the election would be entirely different from the result obtained by Dr. Gallup. Most of the newspapers in the country carried the story of the Salinger press conference the next day, but few, if any, of them bothered to add that at least one statement made by Salinger—the statement about the Kennedy camp's low opinion of polls—was less than forthright. The truth is that Senator Kennedy has made lavish use of the services of another professional polling firm, Louis Harris & Associates, ever since he began promoting his Presidential candidacy. The Senator's strategy has always been much influenced by Mr. Harris's findings about the state of public opinion, about the issues capable of generating votes, and about Kennedy's standing with the electorate.

For reactions from the Nixon camp, it was necessary to wait for the August 29th issue of *Time*. On the basis of a background briefing that Nixon's political chief of staff, Robert Finch, had given a number of reporters, *Time* revealed that the Nixonians, while cheered, were themselves concerned about the Gallup-poll results. This concern was ultimately traceable to the fact that Nixon, like Kennedy, is a lavish poll-user. He regularly commissions national surveys from two competing organizations—one headed by Claude Robinson, a Princeton ally of Dr. Gallup, and the other headed by the public-relations director of the Republican National Committee, Lou Guylay. In addition, the Vice-President frequently patronizes local pollers, hundreds of whom are now in business in this country. Pollers had been crisscrossing the nation for Nixon during the time that Dr. Gallup's pollers were at work. Maybe, as will be seen, they were the same pollers. Yet, according to *Time*, the Nixon polling results had shown that perhaps twenty-five per cent of the voters were undecided, in contrast to Dr. Gallup's six per cent. To the Nixonians, this suggested the horrid possibility that a substantial share of the voters Gallup had given to Nixon were either undecided or very feebly decided and might move into the Kennedy column later on. Obviously, Nixon wants the campaign trend to be up, up, up, even if this means starting lower

down. Hence the Nixonian concern disclosed by Finch and reported by *Time*. The concern was justified by the next Gallup Poll, published on August 31st. This showed that Kennedy and Nixon were running exactly neck and neck, each with forty-seven per cent of the vote, while the same old six per cent was undecided.

Clearly, both sides took the stories of August 17th and August 31st with great seriousness, and as the campaign goes on, each successive poll of Dr. Gallup's will cause a new ripple. So will the results obtained by Elmo Roper's polls, which are usually transmitted to the nation by the Columbia Broadcasting System. State-wide polls in Iowa, Minnesota, Florida, New Jersey, California, and Texas—all conducted by large, estab-



"Tuna fish!"

lished organizations—will cause milder ripples. And the politicians will have innumerable private polls taken for their own guidance. The whole country, in short, will be poll-ridden. It seems a good idea, therefore, to see what lies behind the impressive but mysterious façade of poll-taking, or what is known to its practitioners as public-opinion science.

TO begin at the beginning, I, for one, do not doubt the validity of the poll-taking technique that is used by Dr. Gallup, Louis Harris, Claude Robinson, and almost all the other professional pollers. During the 1952 campaign, my brother Stewart Alsop proved it to me, though inadvertently. Stewart and another reporter, Walter Ridder, had taken a pulse-feeling trip through the Midwest farm country, and Stewart had written a funny piece about it, which he called "The Ridder-Alsop Poll." Four out of five Iowa farmers whose pulses he and Ridder had tried to feel had either grumpily turned their backs or set their dogs on the strangers. In his article he hinted what so many other people have said—that professional polling is basically nonsensical, because hardly anyone will let himself be polled. Louis Harris thereupon offered to bet that Stewart would change his mind if he just joined Harris for two days of doorbell ringing in the professional manner. He did, and Harris won the bet hands down.

What Stewart learned was a lesson long since learned by encyclopedia salesmen and brush venders—that a few simple devices make all the difference when you ring a strange doorbell. The professional poller carries a clip board bearing a neat block of mimeographed polling sheets, which gives him a vaguely official look. Then, too, unless he is invited, he never so much as puts out a hand toward the screen door; thus he avoids being mistaken for a tax collector, a rapist, or some other undesirable character. He has a standard introductory patter that leads, without an instant's pause, into his first question: "Good-afternoon-sir-I've-been-asking-all-your-neighbors-some-questions-part-of-an-opinion-survey-I'm doing-I-wonder-if-I-could-ask-you-some-Did-you-vote-in-the-last-Presidential-election?" In forty-nine cases out of fifty, the person being polled is startled into answering. After that, he will almost always be sufficiently enchanted by the sound of his own voice to answer all the rest of the questions. By such devices, the professional pollers get a very high percentage of respon-

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Shake with ice, strain into glass.

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Juice of 1 Lime
1 1/2 oz. Galliano
Shake vigorously with cracked ice, strain into cocktail glass.

ITALIAN STINGER COCKTAIL
1 oz. Galliano
1 1/4 oz. Brandy
Shake well with cracked ice, strain into cocktail glass, sip slowly.

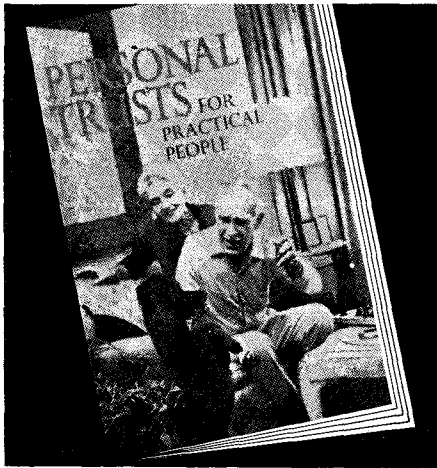
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1/2 oz. Orange Juice
1/2 oz. Cream
Shake in cracked ice, strain into cocktail glass. Salute!

ITALIAN HEATHER COCKTAIL
2 oz. Scotch Whisky
1/4 oz. Galliano
Stir in ice-filled mixing glass. Drop in twist of lemon peel.

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Pour 1 1/2 oz. Galliano over cracked ice, squeeze 1/4 section fresh lime. Stir, serve and accept compliments graciously!

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ses—and, as studies have shown, truthful responses.

So much for the strictly reportorial aspect of polling, which is the only aspect I myself have come to know at first hand. For the true practitioners of public-opinion science, like Dr. Gallup, it is one of the less important aspects. This can be easily deduced if one accepts the startling likelihood I have already noted—the likelihood that at the end of its reportorial phase the Gallup poll that eventually gave Nixon a 50-44 margin actually showed a modest lead for the Democrats. Let us take this poll, therefore, as a specimen for dissection.

SINCE the value of any poll depends entirely on the persons polled, we should probably begin with "the sample," as the public-opinion scientists call it. Well, for Dr. Gallup's August 17th poll he used what is called a probability sample. Such a sample is supposed to reproduce in miniature the American electorate, in all its geographical and economic variety, with all the regions and all the different types of neighborhood in each region proportionally represented. When a probability sample is prepared at Dr. Gallup's headquarters in Princeton, polling locales are chosen in due proportion but at random, as it were, from grab bags containing a vast number of possible locales of different types—rural, urban, small-town, and so on. The part-time pollers who do most of Dr. Gallup's field work are directed to the chosen locales, and in each they are required to collect a package of ten or twelve filled-out polling sheets. The laws of probability are then relied upon to balance distortions in any one package of polling sheets with counter-distortions in another package. The size of the sample used in the August 17th poll was perhaps even more significant than its character. For this fairly awe-inspiring report on the initial standing of the Presidential candidates, Dr. Gallup used a sample of just sixteen hundred ballots. Hence, a maximum of sixteen individuals was represented by each of those impressive Gallup percentage points that caused Republican cheerfulness and Democratic despondency. Mere possession of the lead position is what chiefly impresses the political buffs, and at the very outside (it is quite far outside, as will be seen) no more than sixty-four changed minds would have given the Democrats the lead position in the August 17th poll. That is all it would have taken to give Kennedy forty-eight per cent, Nixon forty-six, and undecided six, and thus Republican



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cheerfulness would have been transmuted into creeping gloom, and Democratic despondency would have been replaced by hopeful smiles. The small human content of the Gallup percentages becomes even more interesting when you consider the gigantic swing of sentiment that Dr. Gallup claims to detect by quite small changes in those percentages. Consider, for instance, the difference between the August 17th poll and the August 31st poll. The Nixon percentage dropped from 50 to 47, and the Kennedy percentage rose from 44 to 47. This net change of three percentage points looks innocent enough until you remember that in 1956 62,027,040 citizens went to the polls and that of this total three per cent is 1,860,800. Thus, a change of forty-eight ballots in the Gallup sample—all that was needed to produce a three-per-cent change in the poll—was in effect presented as meaning that a rock-bottom minimum of 1,860,800 persons had swung from support of Nixon to support of Kennedy in the space of a fortnight. When this matter of the small human content of his percentage points was recently pointed out to Dr. Gallup, he replied that "a favorite criticism of polls based on scientific samples is that . . . a switch of a few voters would change the results," and went on to brush this criticism grandly aside. Yet Dr. Gallup himself evidently feels that there are risks in small samples. Even for polls less important than the one published on August 17th—most recently, his pre-convention trial heats—he has frequently used a sample larger than sixteen hundred. In the last weeks before the most run-of-the-mine elections—for Congress, say—he almost invariably uses a "double sample," of thirty-two hundred ballots. And for the only polls of life-and-death importance to him—the last polls before Presidential elections, taken just prior to the actual voting, when gross errors might be fatal to the Gallup empire—Dr. Gallup regularly uses a sample of from five to ten thousand.

WHEN the polling sheets that were the raw material of Dr. Gallup's August 17th article were collected in Princeton, a week or so before that date, they probably showed some such result as: Kennedy, 640 votes; Nixon, 610 votes; undecided, 350 votes. Why do I say so? And if I am right, how was a result that seemed to favor Kennedy metamorphosed into a result that favored Nixon? The answers lie in the Gallup system of processing. This system is private but not exactly secret. It

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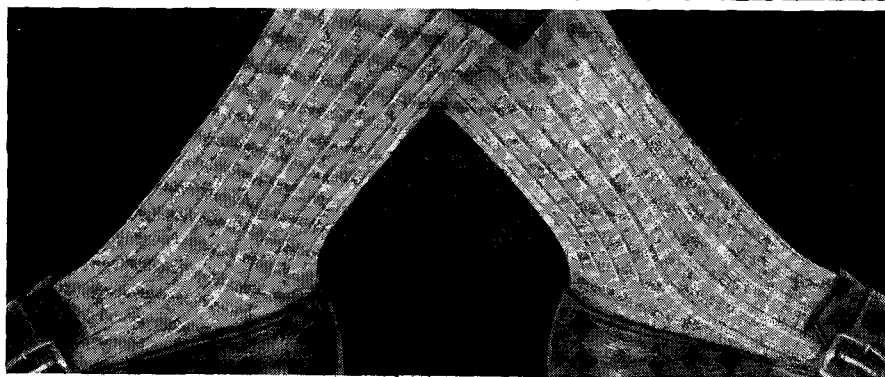
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has been written about in the learned periodicals interested in public-opinion science. By calling members of the Gallup staff, and by writing to Dr. Gallup, I was able to get answers—reluctant and incomplete, but still answers—to some of my own questions about the process. It is subject to change without notice, however, as when the Gallup poll began to publish only “moving averages” of its pre-convention trial heats between Republicans and Democrats. Until last winter, when this change was made, Dr. Gallup had simply published the results of the most recent monthly poll taken. With the change of method, the most recent poll was averaged with the previous month’s poll, thus minimizing the swing. But this was not explained, and, in fact, the average of the latest result with the previous month’s result was described as a “current” result. Kennedy had an actual lead of 55-45 in the March trial heat with Nixon, but when the March result was averaged with the February result, the Kennedy lead over Nixon was reduced to 53-47, and this was stated to be Senator Kennedy’s “current” lead, which everyone took to mean the Kennedy lead in March. The truth was later ascertained and published, and there was some surprise and, according to a high-ranking Gallup staff member, Emery Ruby, “a good deal of criticism.” In post-convention polls, therefore, Dr. Gallup has abandoned the use of moving averages in favor of truly current results. But this return to the earlier method was also made without announcement. I learned about the change only because I remarked to Mr. Ruby that I supposed that moving averages were still being used. This is not the first time that Dr. Gallup has abandoned a step in his poll-preparing process after the step was publicized. On other occasions, the Gallup response to publication of his methods has been to acknowledge the methods in question. Thus, a newspaper article about the process behind the August 17th poll was followed, in the release on the August 31st poll, by clarification of one step in the process. This mysterious process, not voluntarily revealed to the customers, may be described as cooking the poll—though not as crooking the poll, since each step in the process is logically defensible.

The first step is to reduce the total sample by throwing out a large proportion of the ballots—about twenty per cent, in this case—because the Gallup organization believes that the persons involved will not vote. As it happens, the throwout invariably reduces the

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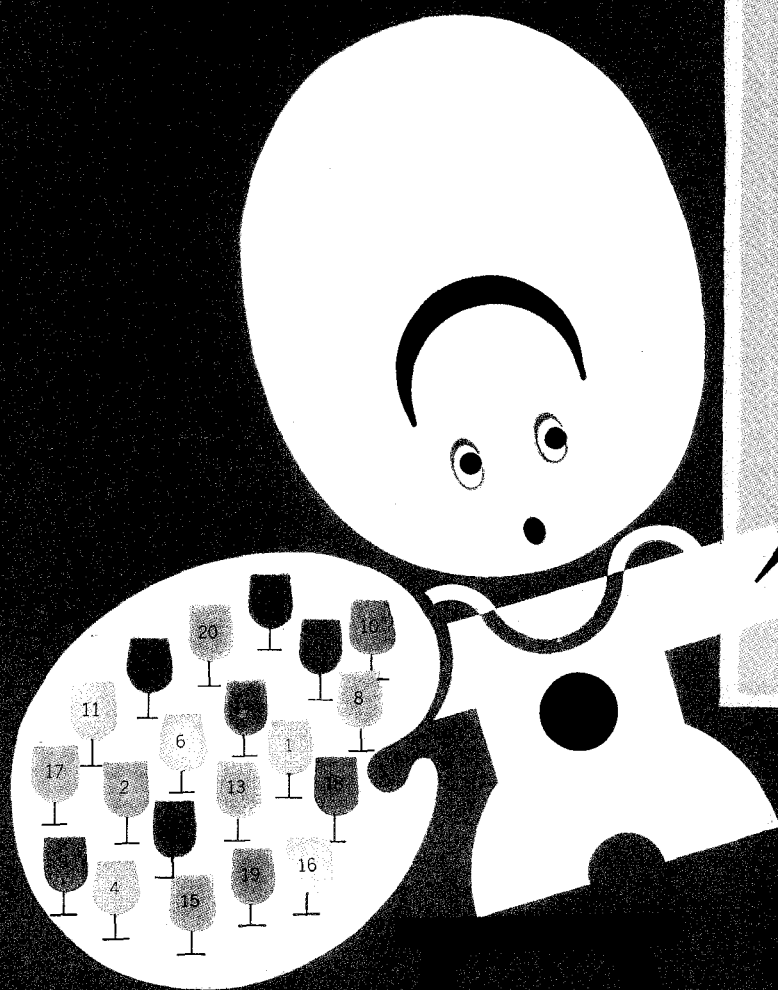
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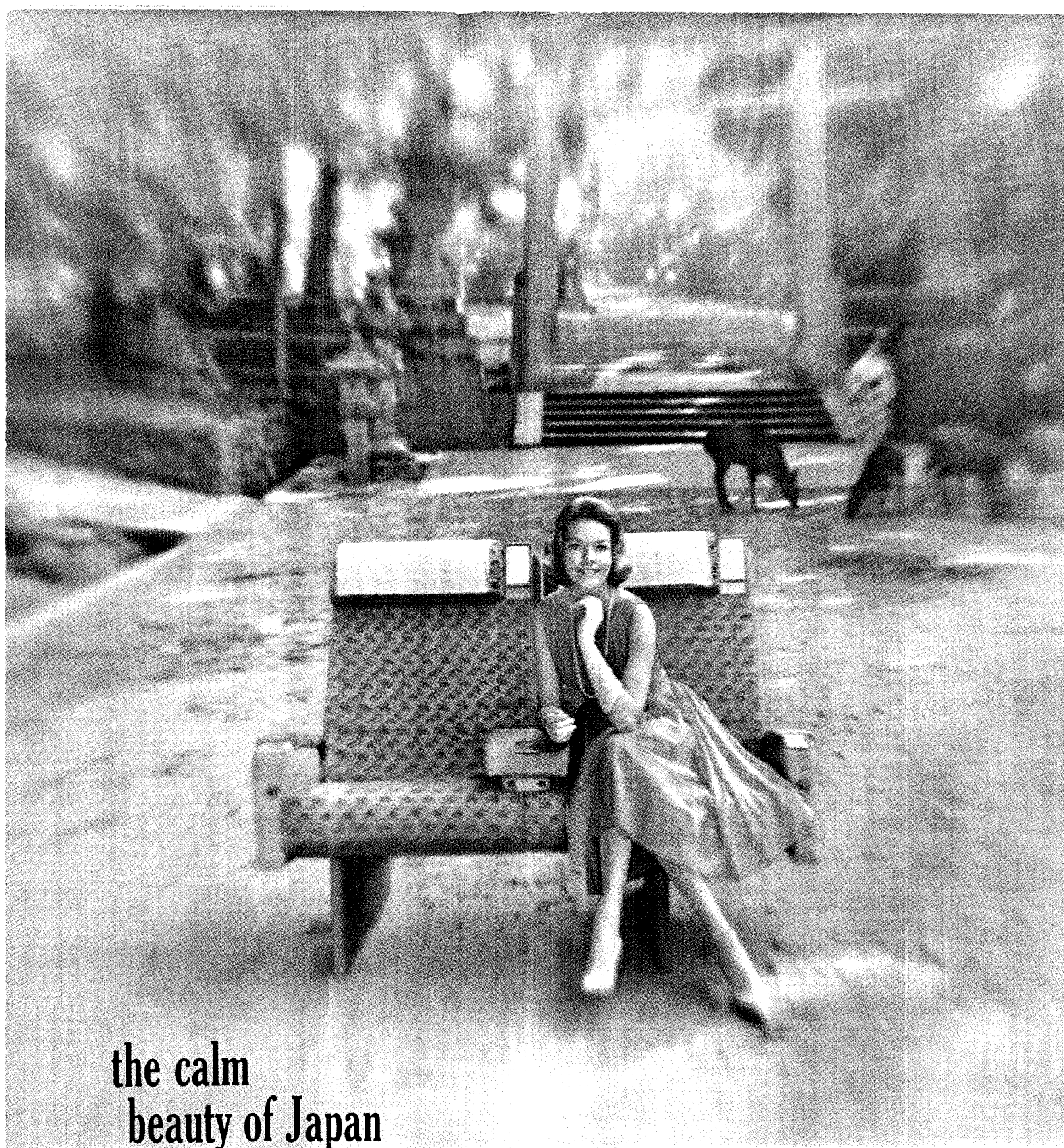
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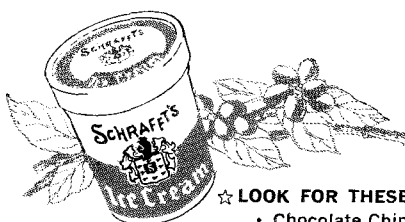
Democratic percentage, and usually quite heavily. For this, Paul Perry, the director of research for the Gallup organization, is my authority. During a talk I had with him about the August 17th poll, he told me that thrown-out ballots "regularly show Democratic majorities." The throwout also tends to reduce—and even more heavily—the percentage of undecided voters. Some victims of the throwout—aliens, for example, and Negroes in certain areas of the South—are actually debarred from voting. Most of them, though, are people whose intention to vote is merely doubtful, because of such signs as slowness to register and failure to vote last time. Unless the experience of Dr. Gallup's field army is very different from my own, only a few potential voters will ever admit that they do not *intend* to register and vote, yet no one can be certain that a previous non-voter who says he now intends to vote will not end up by carrying out his intention, so in large part the throwout is arbitrary. Nevertheless, the arbitrary character of the throwout does not prove that its purpose is partisan. As every pollster knows, non-voters are predominantly found in the lower-income groups, which are also predominantly Democratic. Including too many non-voters in a poll thus tends to give the poll a misleading Democratic bias. In 1944, Dr. Gallup tried to meet this difficulty by conferring on the Republicans an advantage factor of two percentage points, which was also arbitrary and also defensible. Dr. Gallup did not state plainly that he was doing this, however, and when the use of the Republican advantage factor was disclosed in a post-election Congressional investigation of his methods, there was much malicious comment. The throwout of suspected non-voters has been used ever since, with much the same purpose and much the same effect. In the August 17th poll, the first step in the cooking process cut the sample to about twelve hundred and eighty ballots. This had three results. It reduced the percentage of undecided voters quite drastically—probably by about half. It reduced the Kennedy vote by an amount that is unknown but that must have been substantial. And it materially reduced the number of persons behind each Gallup percentage point. No more than fifty-two minds changed would now have been enough to put the Democrats in the lead position.

In the next step of the process, the famous Gallup percentages were quietly transmogrified. They ceased to be percentages of real persons, whose

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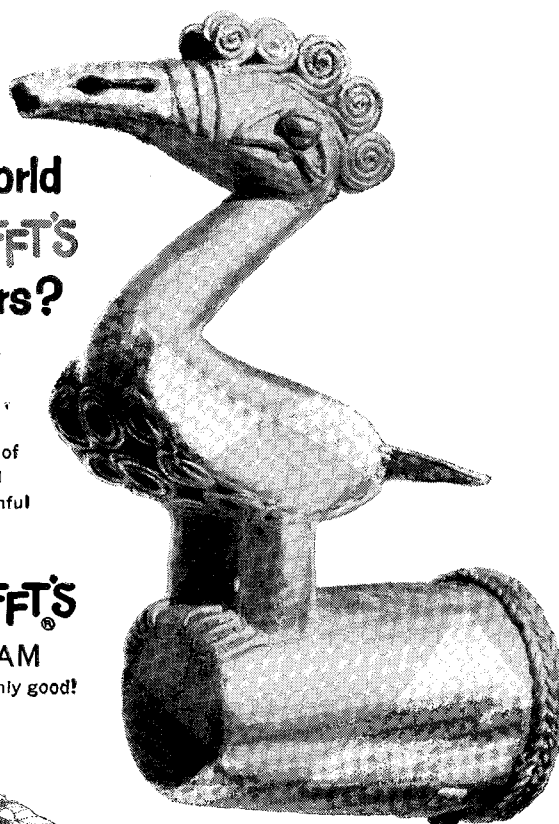
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terminology: "When I use a word, it means just what I choose it to mean, neither more nor less." On this basis, all the people who had called themselves undecided but had indicated a leaning were added to their entirely decisive brethren. Thus Dr. Gallup reached his final result. Mr. Perry has disclosed that Senator Kennedy had a "slight lead" among the leaners who were transformed into fully "decided" voters, so the concluding step in the process benefited the Democrats. It can be assumed, however, that the effect of Step No. 3 was not enough to counterbalance the effects of Steps No. 1 and 2. I make this assumption with considerable confidence after writing to Dr. Gallup to suggest that the Democrats must have had an actual majority in the unprocessed ballots of his August 17th poll. Far from denying that this was the case, Dr. Gallup replied, "To report that the Democrats have a majority in the unprocessed ballots would add nothing to the public's understanding, or correct interpretation, of our figures, and it certainly wouldn't be news."

WITH due apologies to Dr. Gallup, the mere possibility of such a Democratic majority will most certainly be news to large numbers of people, including many leading Democrats, and quite a few of these will be inclined to accuse Dr. Gallup of giving his published poll a partisan bias. I do not believe that the poll published on August 17th had this bias. Indeed, I happen to think that the Gallup polls have thus far reflected fairly accurately the candidates' standing in this election. Yet it must be admitted that suspicious Democrats can argue that Dr. Gallup has a material interest in the Republican Party's health and prosperity. To be sure, Dr. Gallup has repeatedly proclaimed his political virginity. His American Institute of Public Opinion, he has emphasized, does no polling for either political party, or for any candidate of either party. Here, however, we encounter another important Gallupian phenomenon, which may be described as pollster's split personality.

In the vast hive of pollsters centered in Princeton, almost everyone has several personae. Claude Robinson, for instance, does his polling for Vice-President Nixon and other eminent Republicans in what he calls his *pro-bono-publico* persona, as Claude Robinson, Inc. He does his research for commercial clients in quite another persona, as the Opinion Research Corporation. And he also has

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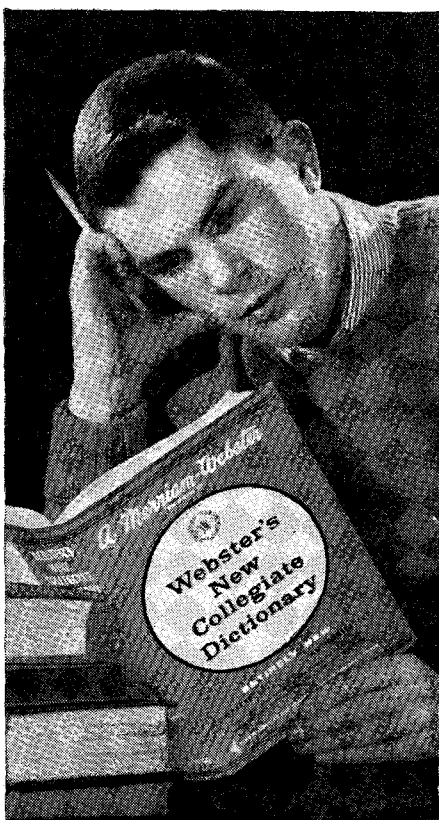


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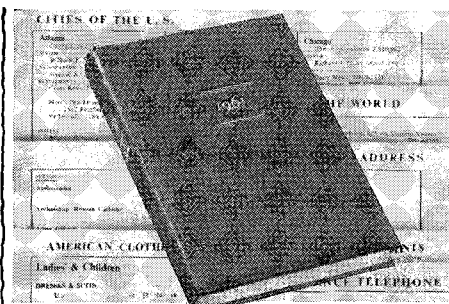
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a third persona, which he shares with Dr. Gallup, in the form of Gallup & Robinson, Inc., a firm dedicated to advertising-copy research. Again, Joseph Bachelder, a former Gallup employee, is the head of the Industrial Advertising Research Institute; this is his principal commercial persona. In addition, he was the chief poller for the Republican National Committee in 1952 and 1956, and as such, he asserts, he had nothing to do with the Industrial Advertising Research Institute. This divided life might still be going on if Bachelder had not ventured to suggest to President Eisenhower that the Republican Party ought to follow something like the line marked out by Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller. The official Republican torch then passed to Claude Robinson. Nonetheless, Bachelder's political persona is still hard at work. During the New York gubernatorial election of 1958, Bachelder became poller-in-chief for Governor Rockefeller, the most lavish poll-user of them all, and the Governor is currently checking on his party's campaign progress with more Bachelder polls.

As for Dr. Gallup, his personae are so numerous that they are hard to keep track of. Worth noting are Gallup & Robinson, already mentioned; the Gallup Organization, Inc., which is devoted to market research; the mighty American Institute of Public Opinion itself; and, finally, Public Opinion Surveys, Inc., which is the Gallup field force. The Gallup empire may be envisioned as a Hydra, all of whose heads, or thinking parts, like the American Institute, are sustained by a single body, Public Opinion Surveys. The field force does the necessary hard work of collecting the samples that the heads analyze and process. The field organization is the most costly part of any polling empire. As Dr. Gallup himself has said, "A lot of money is required to maintain a nationwide staff of a thousand persons, and the more interviewing that is given to these field representatives, the better we and they like it." In short, the overhead is awful unless the field organization is in constant use. Public Opinion Surveys solves this problem, in part, by contracting to get samples for pollers outside the Gallup empire. In this manner, a good share of the Republican funds paid over to Claude Robinson ultimately reach the Gallup coffers, for Robinson, in his *pro-bono-publico* persona, uses Dr. Gallup, in his Public Opinion Surveys persona, to collect the samples for many of the polls ordered by Vice-President Nixon. This is why the Nixon and Gallup post-con-



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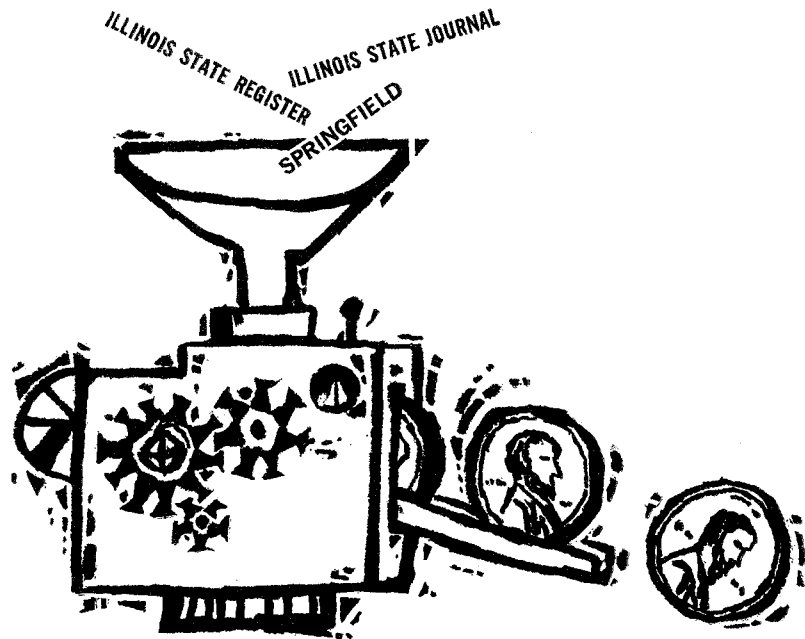
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vention pollers may have been the same persons. (They also may not have been, since Robinson sometimes uses other field organizations.) The share of the Republican swag that goes to Gallup through Robinson may be guessed from Joseph Bachelier's statement that approximately ninety-five per cent of the price of any poll that Governor Rockefeller orders from him is paid out to the field organizations he commissions to collect the samples. A single poll with a sample of about three thousand will cost a politician anywhere from sixteen thousand to fifty thousand dollars. Consequently, non-stop political polling with large samples, which is virtually standard practice for both parties in election years, can run into fairly big money, though not big money compared to Dr. Gallup's revenue from commercial polling.

Presumably, the pet pollers of Democratic politicians could also order their samples from Dr. Gallup's Public Opinion Surveys. "Any qualified researcher," Dr. Gallup has written me, "can use the field or staff facilities of this organization at a standard rate." But there is no record of any important Democratic poller's having availed himself of this opportunity—possibly because of fear, no doubt ill-founded, that other people besides Democrats would hear about the trend that such a poll revealed. Democrats are perhaps troubled because Dr. Gallup frequently feels the political pulse without publishing his results, and the unpublished results sometimes have a way of becoming known in high Republican circles. In late June or early July of 1959, for instance, the American Institute of Public Opinion took a poll that showed Vice-President Nixon trailing Senator Kennedy by a 39-61 ratio. During July, I heard about this poll in the political encampment of Governor Rockefeller, where the unpublished Gallup results caused a good deal of glee. The public, though, did not hear about the July poll until August—after the Vice-President's television debate with Nikita S. Khrushchev, which had given Nixon an enormous boost in the next Gallup sampling.

ALL these curious facts, if I may venture a judgment, do not justify any suspicion of Dr. Gallup's motives or methods. To be sure, in the pre-convention period Dr. Gallup has opportunities to influence the fortunes of an aspirant of either party by publishing or not publishing the results of polls showing how well or ill the man did against the aspirants of the other party. Dr. Gallup is



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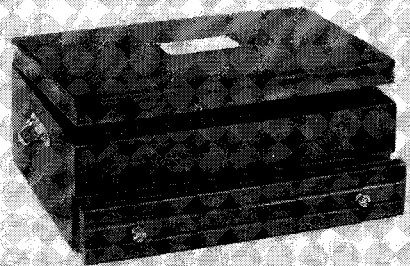
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not compelled to include anyone in his pre-convention polls except the most obvious front-runners, and he makes his own choices of which trial heats to publish. At one time or another, almost every Presidential aspirant, whether his showing is published or left unpublished, becomes convinced that some sort of dark design lies behind these choices of Dr. Gallup's. I would say that this case is unproved. I would also say that even if Dr. Gallup were not a highly moral man, he has far too big a stake in being right about elections, both in terms of prestige and in plain financial terms, to risk any skulduggery. The trouble in these cases I have been examining is simply Dr. Gallup's incurable habit of mystification, abetted by his Humpty Dumpty way with words.

There was nothing wrong, for example, with his decision to give the Republicans a two-per-cent advantage factor in 1944; what was wrong was concealing the decision. There was nothing wrong with including the leaning voters in the August 17th ratings; what was wrong was calling voters "decided" after they had originally told his field workers they were undecided. There was nothing wrong with going over to moving averages last winter; what was wrong was presenting the moving averages as "current" findings. Finally, there was nothing wrong with transforming a Democratic majority into a Republican majority by making defensible allowances for non-voters and regional voting habits; what was wrong was Dr. Gallup's apparent conviction that the public had no right to know about this transformation and the reasons for it. How Dr. Gallup feels can be judged by his reaction to a recent public ventilation of these private processes. It specifically exculpated him from any political bias, yet it struck him, he wrote me, as "grossly unfair," and is likely to have been attempted only "for political reasons."

There are indeed political reasons for looking behind the polling façade, but not of the partisan kind Dr. Gallup was talking about. The point is that all public political pollers, and Dr. Gallup far more than any of the rest, now have the status of important, if extra-constitutional, American political institutions. In the pre-convention period, Dr. Gallup's findings certainly influence the fortunes of candidates for the Presidential nominations almost as much as the primary elections did, and perhaps more. As Vice-President Nixon often said, rather apprehensively, before his nomination, "It was the polls that beat Bob Taft." Although Dr.



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Gallup denies that polls can have any bandwagon effect during the campaign itself, his findings in that period undoubtedly influence the state of mind, and therefore the behavior, of almost all politicians in both parties. In these circumstances, there ought to be no room for mystification or private caprice or loose use of words. A public institution, even if it is extra-constitutional, ought to be public from start to finish—from the unprocessed sample to the final percentages.

Dr. Gallup's answer to suggestions that the public is entitled to all his crude data is that the public does not need to know all the data, because his poll is sufficiently dependable. In reality, the evidence for this assertion is not overwhelming. In 1944 (when soldiers overseas could not be polled), Gallup underestimated the Democratic vote by 2.3 per cent of the national total, or 1,105,000 votes. In 1948, the year Thomas E. Dewey failed to beat Harry S. Truman, Gallup underestimated the Democratic vote by 5.4 per cent of the national total, or 2,637,000 votes. In 1952, Gallup went just about as far in the other direction, overestimating the Democratic vote by 4.4 per cent of an increased national total, and thus cheating the Republicans of 2,714,000 votes. And in 1956 he again underestimated the Democratic vote, that time by 1.7 per cent of the national total, or 1,054,000 votes. Once close, once only pretty close, once seriously far off, and once right off the beam is the actual Gallup record in the last four Presidential elections. This record does not suggest that public-opinion science can as yet be considered a precision instrument. To see how far from precise it must be, one need only return to the August 17th poll. If you prorate the undecided, as Dr. Gallup has often done, that poll showed Nixon with a 53-47 lead over Kennedy. Suppose it had been the last poll before the election. Then a pro-Republican error equal to the percentage error in 1948 or 1952 would have been enough to misforecast the real result. In either case, Kennedy would have been on top. And a percentage error merely equal to the one in 1944 would have left Nixon with a popular lead of seven-tenths of one per cent, and therefore in grave danger of defeat by Southern or other electoral votes.

Superficially, it is not easy to see why Dr. Gallup and almost all his competers feel it necessary to present as perfectly "scientific" a method that is really rather rough, though often valuable and deeply interesting. The political buffs, who are the most faithful followers of

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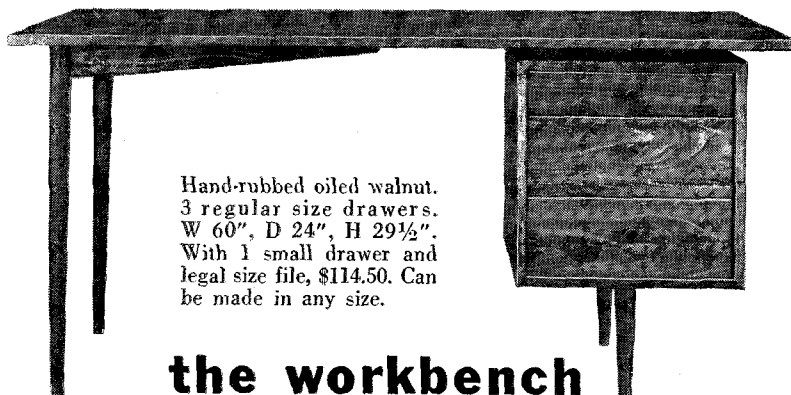


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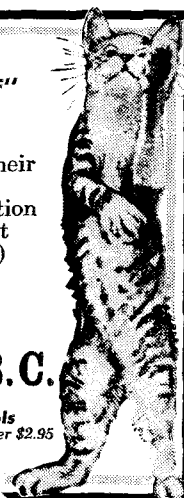
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Dr. Gallup, would have been at least as pleased if on August 17th he had told them something like this: "I've just completed my first post-convention poll on the standing of the candidates. It was based on a carefully constructed probability sample of 1,600 votes. Kennedy got 640 votes, Nixon got 610, and 350 were undecided. This is an election in which indecision is rife among the voters. On the surface, Kennedy is ahead, but I feel pretty sure, on the basis of long experience and internal symptoms in the ballots, that at least 320 of the ballots ought to be thrown out as coming from non-voters. If I'm right about these ballots, this would reduce Kennedy's total by 105 votes, Nixon's total by 65 votes, and the undecided total by 150 votes. Then, too, when you're interested in the popular vote, you have to make a bit of a discount on all the remaining ballots from our Southern region, and this again cuts down the Democrats and the undecided. Finally, my experience suggests that undecided but leaning voters generally vote the way they lean. So we can distribute the leaners, who are about six per cent of the total, with a few more leaning to Kennedy than to Nixon. In my opinion, therefore, the real split of the politically active electorate today is something like Nixon, 50 per cent; Kennedy, 44 per cent; and 6 per cent wholly undecided."

With such a presentation no one could quarrel. Of such a presentation no one could entertain the slightest suspicion, even though the discounts made along the way might cause argument among the experts. Such a presentation, I further think, ought to be demanded by the newspapers, or at least by those newspapers that still seek to give their readers the facts and to let the readers form their own judgments of the facts. There is only one trouble with such a presentation—or, at any rate, only one trouble that I can think of. Year in and year out, businessmen are the chief customers of all pollsters, and businessmen tend to spend far more on market research if they are persuaded that public-opinion science is an instrument of truly micrometric precision, capable of detecting the slightest change in the public's taste in tail fins, packaging, or margarine. Or candidates.

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